McCALL'S

THREE MAGAZINES IN ONE

May the splendid contents in this issue assure

A Merry Christmas to One and All!

DECEMBER
1938

TEN CENTS
IN U. S. AND CANADA

SPEND A LITTLE AND GIVE A LOT!

Cannon Towels for Christmas

SPENDING ABOUT $1 OR LESS?

Well, you can give a mighty nice Cannon gift for a dollar bill . . . or even less. Boxed sets of 2 and 3 pieces, about 79c . . . 3 and 4 pieces, $1. Six-piece pantry sets, about 89c and $1. And don't forget: Girls collect odd, gay towels like boys collect neckties! Send 2 Cannons at 49c each or one big dazzler at $1.

SPENDING ABOUT $1.95 TO $2.95?

Then shut your eyes and pick out 'most any Cannon creation . . . they're all gorgeous! Packed like French bonbons in pretty-ever-after boxes. Six-piece sets tied in bright satin bows; a range of 5 colors at $1.95 the set, and a choice of Decorators' Colors in texture-towels at $2.95 the set.

THOSE $4 AND $5 FRIENDS!

Ponder over them no longer! Cannon gift sets at $3.95 and $4.95 look important, are lavish in content . . . and even people-who-have-everything *must use towels!* Send a rich, ribbon-hinged cabinet or transparent treasure-box, containing 6 or 7 pieces. Or, for about $3.50 up . . . bath ensembles of 4 pieces.

FROM CANNON MILLS • MAKERS OF CANNON TOWELS, SHEETS AND PURE SILK HOSIERY

Men look—Men linger

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

Protect your smile. Let Ipana and massage help your dentist keep your gums firm and teeth sparkling!

ONE quick glance at Ann, one swift glimpse of her youthful loveliness and every man's heart speeds faster. They look—and they linger—*until Ann smiles.* For Ann's smile is Ann's tragedy—a smile that reveals dull teeth and dingy gums—telltale evidence of "pink tooth brush" ignored, of careless, unforgivable neglect.

No girl with a spark of intelligence would neglect "pink tooth brush." That first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush is simply a warning—but a warning not to be ignored.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

Take no chances. The very first time your tooth brush shows "pink"—*see your dentist at once!* You may or may not be in for any real trouble, but let your dentist decide. Probably his verdict will be "gums grown lazy and tender—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chewing by our modern soft, creamy foods—gums that need more work and exercise." And, like so many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the health of your gums as well. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases in the gum tissues—weak, tender gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Start now with the modern dental routine of Ipana and massage, that millions of men and women have discovered is one sensible, helpful way to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a smile that wins admiration.

TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, get a D.D. Tooth Brush from your druggist today—the brush with the "twisted handle."

LET IPANA HELP KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER!

LOOK, AUNT SUE! IT TALKS ABOUT "GUM MASSAGE." WE PRACTICE IT IN SCHOOL!
YOU MASSAGE YOUR GUMS LIKE THIS AND IT HELPS KEEP THEM FIRMER AND STRONGER!
SMART LITTLE ANN! IT WAS HER TIP ON IPANA AND MASSAGE THAT MAKES BILL LIKE MY SMILE!

Ipana

TOOTH PASTE

McCall's

OTIS L. WIESE,
EDITOR

DECEMBER 1938

THREE TAKE A FIRST BOW

CONSTANCE PARDEE is really two persons—her husband, Russell Collinge and herself. He is an illustrator with leanings toward writing. She has had leanings in that direction herself—ever since she took a poetry course at Smith and had a sonnet returned by two magazines. They live in New York because they find that for them, the creative spirit seems to work best surrounded by virtually no space, lots of traffic and fire sirens and unlimited hot water. They also find that they write better working together—so they are collaborators. And they have fun. Once in a while they get odd looks from fellow subway riders, but they're not fighting. They are merely discussing a plot. Such as the surprising one that rings up the curtain on "Fourth Act."

LEONARD Q. ROSS is Chicago born. At twelve, he became a delivery boy. At sixteen, a bus-boy in a swanky golf club. When he was fired for serving forks with grapefruit, he served time as a drug store clerk and dramatic coach. Then he set about an education and got a Ph.B. from Chicago University. After some tutoring he taught night school to adults eager to become American citizens. In one of his classes he discovered the prototype of the fictional character about whom he wrote, "The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N"—which caused the crowds to roar. His humor is a by-product of the same exquisite satire you'll find in "Washington Correspondent"—the complete novel in this issue—but in his writings on political science not at all.

SALLIE BELLE COX grew up in West Virginia, was educated in Massachusetts and started out to help the world by helping children act in plays she had written. First in a Cleveland orphanage, then in a summer camp on Lake Champlain. One autumn she came down to New York, lost the way that led South and found herself teaching dancing. Her feet got tired, so she sold toys in a department store. Which was no rest for her feet, so she taught swimming. She waked up one day standing in front of a microphone mimicking babies. And she has never been able to live down the name, "Cry Baby Of The Air Waves," although she now writes fiction in the delightful vein of "Full Many A Rose." She is married to Raymond Knight who is her favorite author,

Turn to page 105 for McCall's Special Gift Offer

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•• A subscription to McCall's makes an ideal Christmas Gift. Turn to the attractive special gift offer on page 105.

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Theirs!.. a better chance at beautiful, healthy teeth, because of LUSTER-FOAM

(C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na)

Energizing agent in New Listerine Tooth Paste makes possible more thorough home care . . . supplements diets and professional treatment

Dainty Luster-Foam gives this safe, delightful, new dentifrice amazing penetrating power, hence super-cleansing ability.

That's why thousands turn to it every week . . . why mothers particularly, insist on their children using it.

Not until you try the New Listerine Tooth Paste itself can you appreciate what a dental improvement it is . . . what super-cleansing it gives . . . how quickly it removes dull films and discolorations . . . how wonderfully fresh and clean it makes your mouth feel.

Energized, Yet Safe

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a dainty, aromatic "bubble bath" (20,000 bubbles to the square inch).

Gently it surges into decay areas that ordinary tooth pastes seldom reach or cleanse...the hundreds of visible and invisible tiny pits, cracks and fissures on tooth enamel, where many dental authorities state between 75% and 98% of decay starts. (See panel at right.)

Acts 4 Ways

There, as on other tooth surfaces, it acts 4 ways to combat decay safely. Remember them:

1. *Sweeps away surface debris, oils and fats that make teeth unhealthy and dingy.* **2.** *Erases dangerous film that clouds the enamel and harbors decay organisms.* **3.** *Fights acids of fermentation, a major cause of tooth destruction.* **4.** *Removes millions of germs that hasten decay.*

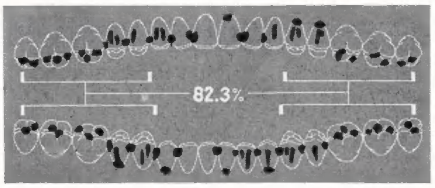
Don't expect Luster-Foam to act like soap does; it is entirely different. You're simply conscious of a delightful feeling of cleanliness, freshness and invigoration that actually lasts for hours.

You owe it to your children and yourself to start right now with the new formula Listerine Tooth Paste, energized by Luster-Foam. Get it from any drug counter, in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢, and 40¢ Double-size containing more than ¼ lb. of tooth paste.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LET A ROSE PROVE HOW LUSTER-FOAM PENETRATES AND SPREADS

Dip a rose petal in water. Note that the water does not spread over the surface, but stands like small dewdrops. Now add a little Listerine Tooth Paste to the water and dip petal again. Behold! the petal is completely covered with water. Luster-Foam detergent has made possible this penetrating and covering action. It cuts the waxy coating on the rose, just as it cuts the oily coating on the teeth. This penetrating power explains why Luster-Foam reaches and cleans the danger zones on the teeth where from 75% to 98% of decay starts. See chart below.



THE *NEW* FORMULA
supercharged with
LUSTER-FOAM
(C_{14} H_{27} O_5 S Na)

That tireless pair, Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, do a bit of globe trotting in "Too Hot To Handle," a fast-moving movie of newsreel makers and takers

WHAT'S GOING ON THIS MONTH

MOVIES

By Pare Lorentz

WHILE one is a comedy, and the other a war story; while one is a made-over stage play, and the other is an original screen play, and even though one of them is a French picture, I think the two best pictures of the month present enough contrast in technique and in presentation that it is fair to examine them jointly.

The Pultizer prize play of 1937, *You Can't Take It With You*, was written by the two most successful humorists in the theater, George Kaufman and Moss Hart. It was adapted by Hollywood's most successful and, at present, highest paid scenario writer, Robert Riskin, and directed by the most popular, and one of the highest paid men in Hollywood, Frank Capra.

The French picture, *The Grand Illusion*, was written and directed by Jean Renoir, one-time assistant to Rene Clair, and at present one of the leading movie-makers in France.

Originally, *You Can't Take It With You* dealt with the antics of Grandpa Vanderhof's family. Grandpa himself hadn't read his mail in years, and did not believe in paying the government income tax. His daughter wrote plays because eight years before some one left a typewriter in the house. His son-in-law, who liked to make fireworks, had for some years been making fireworks in the basement, in company with the ice man, who had dropped in to help him and who, along with everyone else who dropped into Grandpa's house, remained.

There was Essie, who took ballet lessons, and her husband, who once played football at Alabama, but who just played the xylophone now.

I do not want to lessen your pleasure in meeting Grandpa's family first hand, but I do want to point out the fact that Mr. Kaufman and Mr. Hart wrote the kindliest play of their careers, and presented this happy menagerie as a group of rugged individualists more to be envied than scorned.

Director Capra had two serious problems when he set out to adapt this prize-winning play for the screen. First he had the usual Hollywood handicap of having to reinterpret a play that already had been superbly directed and acted. He had also the problem of making pictures of nothing much but dialogue—a directorial problem that is a great deal more perplexing than you might realize. He had to keep his movie going at a brisk pace—he had to keep his dialogue moving at the same speed, and he had only a few interiors in which to put his camera; he had, in fact, mostly to work in Grandpa's drawing-dining room. This technical problem was solved beautifully, and Capra deserves all the praise he has been given recently for breaking down the script into a fast, entertaining, and always interesting picture.

I QUARREL, however, with his interpretation. If the authors had any great message in their play it was heavily disguised; they wrote the most successful comedy of the year and that was enough for everyone concerned, including the audiences. Now, however, you find two different plays in *You Can't Take It With You*. You find Grandpa and his family as merry as they were on the stage, although no one in the world ever will be Grandpa save Henry Travers. And I do not understand why Capra didn't employ Mr. Travers.

Of course, Mr. Travers is not very well known to movie [*Turn to page 37*]

Given one ideal and four boys, Spencer Tracy starts "Boys Town" which starts Mickey Rooney on the straight and narrow and adds up to superb entertainment for you

You'll understand every word Pierre Fresnay says to Eric von Stroheim although they speak in French for, so ably acted is "Grand Illusion," no explanations are necessary

THE MOVIE GUIDE

IF I WERE KING. A handsome, well-made, amusing re-creation of the old Justin McCarthy play about Francois Villon and Louis XI, in which Ronald Colman plays a debonair, if calm, poet of the slums; Basil Rathbone a sly but witty Louis XI; and in which the Preston Sturges dialogue, and Frank Lloyd's direction combine to make it an excellent costume picture.

STRAIGHT, PLACE, AND SHOW. A musical comedy version of the Damon Runyon horse-racing farce, which the Ritz Brothers ride almost to death, but which is wild-eyed and tuneful enough to stand the strain of the comedians.

THERE GOES MY HEART. The plot about the reporter who falls in love with the heiress he is reporting is used in this one as an outline for a series of Laurel and Hardy slapstick sequences, with Fredric March as the reporter, Virginia Bruce as the heiress, and with Patsy Kelly as the leading comedienne.

Neighborhood Notes

BOY'S TOWN. A dramatization, in which many shots were taken at the real school of Father Flanagan's home for delinquent or homeless boys, Boy's Town, Nebraska, in which Mickey Rooney is the young thief who finally is reformed by the school, and in which Spencer Tracy gives a good characterization of the kindly priest.

YOUTH TAKES A FLING. A light comedy, that unfortunately tries to take itself seriously at times, concerning a salesgirl who successfully woos a bashful truck driver and prevents him from running off to sea, in which Andrea Leeds is not a very happy leading lady, and Joel McCrea makes a good truck driver.

RECOMMENDED: "Adventures of Robin Hood"; "The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse"; "The Valley of the Giants"; "Spawn of the North"; "Algiers"; "Four Daughters"; "Three Loves Has Nancy."

Part of the rhythm of dancing is an occasional pause.

In festive settings, too, Coca-Cola fits in...naturally

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Easy to take home... the six-bottle carton

You find a pause for ice-cold Coca-Cola welcome everywhere. So, of course, you find it in the finest homes, too ... because ice-cold Coca-Cola does things for thirst that everybody likes. Its life and sparkle fit any occasion.

Frosty bottles of Coca-Cola are always the signal to make a sociable pause *refreshing*.

MY, MARY! IS CAKE MAKING AS EASY FOR YOU AS IT LOOKS?
YES—IT'S VERY EASY!
THIS NEW CRISCO IS SO CREAMY
IT MIXES UP PERFECT CAKES
IN NO TIME AT ALL!
Crisco
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ARE GOOD CAKES SLOW WORK? Even if you answer "Yes," that doesn't mean *you're* a slow worker. Possibly your shortening may be slowing you up. Old-fashioned shortening comes out of the icebox chilled stiff . . . not creamed a particle! So you cream and *cream*—not wanting to risk getting a coarse-grained cake!

NOW—QUICK EASY WAY TO PERFECT CAKES. Millions of women are getting light delicious cakes without any slow hard creaming. They're using Crisco—the new improved Crisco—the shortening that doesn't have to be kept in an icebox. Now Crisco is even creamier than you can imagine. A new million-dollar process whips Crisco to satin-smoothness, to instant-mixing creaminess!

GIVE CAKES A QUICK START! Whisk creamy Crisco, sugar and eggs together, at once! That's all! Easy? Why, tests show with Crisco instead of stiff icebox shortenings you save up to half the blending time!

TRY CRISCO'S HOLIDAY CHOCONUT CAKE! Watch your family praise it—as much as any cake you ever made—even with the most expensive shortening.

CRISCO *now Creamier*

NEW . . . IMPROVED . . . FOR DELICIOUS DIGESTIBLE FOODS

NEW CRISCO RECIPE!—HOLIDAY CHOCONUT CAKE

½ cup Crisco	3 sq. chocolate	½ tsp. salt
1¼ cups sugar	1 cup sour milk	1 tsp. soda
1 egg, unbeaten	2 cups flour	1 tsp. vanilla

Stir creamy Crisco, sugar and egg together. (Creamy Crisco mixes instantly.) Add melted chocolate. Add sour milk alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Add vanilla. Bake in two 9-inch layer pans rubbed with Crisco, in a moderate oven (350° F.) 30-35 minutes. Cool. Put together and ice with—

Toasted Almond Icing: Blend ¼ cup Crisco, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 cup confectioners sugar. Beat in one egg white. Add 3 tablespoons milk and 2¼ cups confectioners sugar. Beat. Add ¼ teaspoon almond flavoring and 1 cup of finely chopped toasted almonds. Melt 2 squares bitter chocolate and spread over side of cake—dip ends of whole almonds in chocolate and decorate top.

All Measurements Level. Recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trademark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Company.

How Dull, Dry-Looking Hair Reveals Glamorous, Natural Beauty

Millions Thrilled by Beauty Miracle of Special Drene for Dry Hair

WOMEN with dull, dry-looking, unruly hair need no longer despair. Here is an amazingly easy way to reveal all the glamorous natural beauty that is hidden away in your hair. A way that leaves your hair without a trace of ugly film to cloud its charm and beauty—leaves it radiating with its full natural sparkle and gleam—brilliant beyond your fondest dreams.

Special Drene Shampoo for Dry Hair leaves unruly hair thrillingly soft and manageable, so that it sets beautifully after washing. A single sudsing and thorough rinsing in plain water leaves hair gleaming and glistening in all its radiant natural brilliance and lustre.

Drene works these wonders because it is an entirely different type of shampoo. So different, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. Its whole beautifying action is the result of its amazing lather. For Drene actually makes five times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so gentle and cleansing that it washes away dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide its natural brilliance, nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. Instead, Drene removes ugly film often left by other types of shampoo. So vinegar, lemon and special after-rinses are totally unnecessary. And, because Drene contains no harmful chemicals, it is safe for any kind of hair. Special Drene for Dry Hair is made and guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. It is approved by Good Housekeeping.

So—for thrilling, natural beauty of dull, unruly, dry-looking hair, ask for Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department or 10c stores. Or—at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home or have it done by a professional beautician, you'll be amazed and delighted to see your hair manageable and sparkling. How glorious a Drene shampoo really is! *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

SPECIAL drene FOR DRY HAIR

Or use Regular **drene** *for Shampooing Normal or Oily Hair*

This thrilling coiffure was photographed after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. The hair is soft and manageable, its natural brilliance revealed.

for Sweetheart Wife or Mother

Margaret Holloway whom little Martin had tried to call "Mother" but who had said, "Never you mind, Martin, you wait till I am a mother to you, then you can call me 'Mother'"

Marcella Thornheur of the gay, improvident Hewitt clan, whose marriage to somber Emil had made the country folk say, "You can't hook a skittish colt up with a plodding ox"

Miss Adelaide—"old Miss Adelaide" the children she taught called her, but to Sid Ames she would ever be a lovely, pink-cheeked girl with a hesitant expectancy in her eyes

By Lenora Mattingly Weber

THE sleet-tinged wind, whipping over gray plains, battered at the school bus as Sid Ames stopped it at the corner of Section 18. He looked at his two remaining passengers and announced—he always announced this same thing—"Last stop of the Opal limited."

Today was the day before Christmas. His gentle attempt at jocularity went unnoticed. Ten-year-old Martin Holloway slumped disconsolately on one of the long, black leather seats. Miss Adelaide, the school teacher, sat in the weary, let-down relief which follows the giving of the Christmas program for which one has drilled and practiced the upper four grades for weeks and weeks.

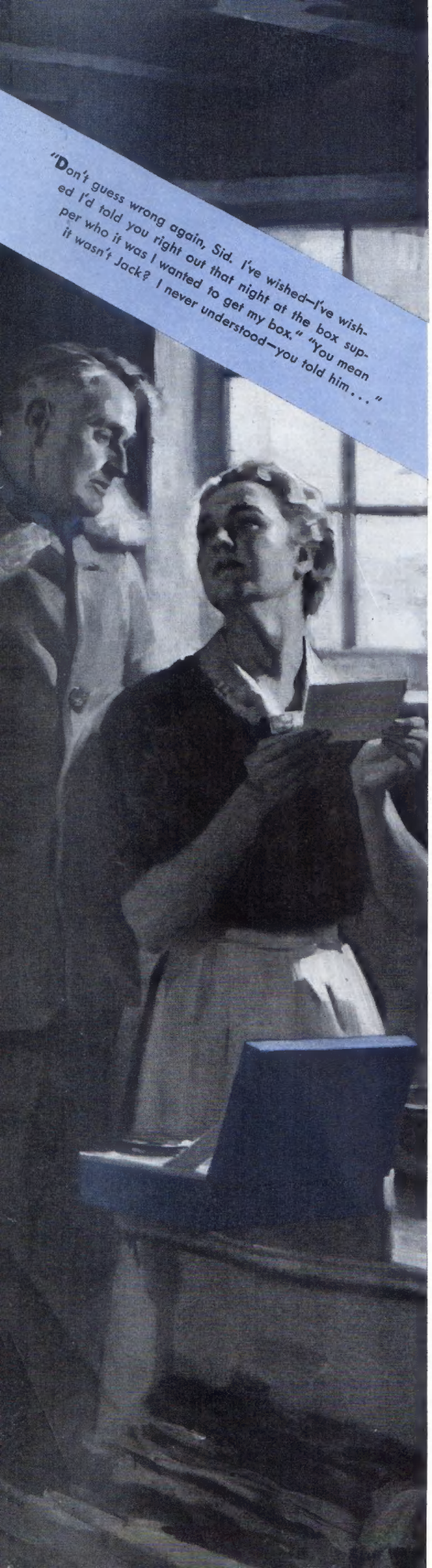
Sid, himself, never felt jocular when he came to the corner of section 18. He always hated to have Miss Adelaide leave the bus. His eyes always followed after her while she went through the barbed-wire gate, on past the windmill. And when the door closed behind her, he always drove on with a deep sigh heaving through his tall, gaunt frame.

Today he felt not at all jocular. With Christmas vacation ahead, it would be many days before he saw Miss Adelaide again. It was for his hour of driving Miss Adelaide to Opal in the morning, back in the evening, that he lived the other hours. For nineteen years he'd lived for these hours.

The passengers got out into the blustery wind. Three ranch houses lay within walking distance of the bus's last stop. To the right was the ranch home of Miss Adelaide's brother, with whom she lived; to the left was the spick and span farm of Emil Thornheur who owned a herd of purebred black Angus cattle. On beyond that, and a little to the left, was the Holloway house which little Martin's own carpenter-father had built.

Today Miss Adelaide seemed to dawdle a little, as though maybe she, too, were reluctant to leave, and Sid wished, as he had wished so many times, that he could talk with the ready ease of his brother Jack. But all he could say was, "You want to take care of that cough, Miss Adelaide."

He knew somehow that that wasn't what he should have said, for Miss Adelaide gave him a look of weary irony, answered, "It's a good strong cough—it can just about take


"Don't guess wrong again, Sid. I've wished—I've wished I'd told you right out that night at the box supper who it was I wanted to get my box." "You mean it wasn't Jack? I never understood—you told him . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY

care of itself." And then, holding the fur collar of her coat tight against the wir started on.

Martin pushed up close to Sid. He had something to talk over with him, for he said in a whisper, "Gee, I thought old Miss Adelaide would never go."

Sid reproved him, "She isn't old." . . . But a dull pain pushed into his chest. Why, of course!—Miss Adelaide had been teaching in Opal for as many years as he'd been driving the school bus. And it was nineteen years since they'd consolidated the schools. He'd seen others grow up, marry, have children, get middle-aged or old— But not Miss Adelaide! She'd always seem the same lovely, pink-cheeked Miss Adelaide, with that hesitant expectancy in her eyes.

Surely that wasn't nineteen years ago that he had found her crying in the vestibule—or trying not to. It was at a box-supper dance at the schoolhouse. The boxes of supper were being auctioned off. And when one box—it was trimmed in purple and white crêpe paper—had been put up, a little tremor of excitement had run through the folks, "That's Miss Adelaide's." Sid had bid along with the others to get the bidding started. His own brother Jack had bid up to the very last, but a cattle buyer from Denver had bid so high, he'd crowded out Jack; as Jack said he wasn't bidding the price of a cow for a box when he wasn't dead sure whose it was.

And so Sid, going after the wash boiler for the women to make coffee in, had come upon Miss Adelaide there in the dimly-lighted, drafty vestibule where the coats were hung. She was pretending to get something out of her coat, and she was trying so hard not to cry that she was trembling all over.

He had said, "Why, Miss Adelaide, what's the matter?"

She had only fumbled on at the coat in her arms, and he had said, "I guess maybe it's—maybe you feel bad about who got your box—"

She had said smally, "Yes—I do."

One of the women had come pushing out then to hurry him with the wash boiler for the coffee. . . But after the dance Sid had given his brother, Jack, to understand how hurt Miss Adelaide felt because he, Jack, had dropped out of the bidding. You bet Jack saw to it that he got her box at the next supper dance. Jack gave her a big rush. And yet—and yet. . . . Sid could still remember the night that Jack came home late and, in disgruntled anger, wakened Sid to tell him. "Whatever gave you the idea that that schoolmarm was shedding tears over me? She don't even let a guy down easy." Jack had unlaced his boots with vicious snaps. "She told me I wasn't good enough."

Wasn't good enough! Any hopes Sid might have had died right then.

For Jack was well-built; he wore his clothes with a certain strut, whereas Sid knew that his gaunt, six-foot-two looked farmerish even when he dressed in his best dark suit to go to funerals. Jack had a glib wit that made Sid feel his tongue-tied inaptitude the more. And about this time their mother "took down." Her lingering sickness had sapped all Sid's attention, all his pay from driving the school bus.

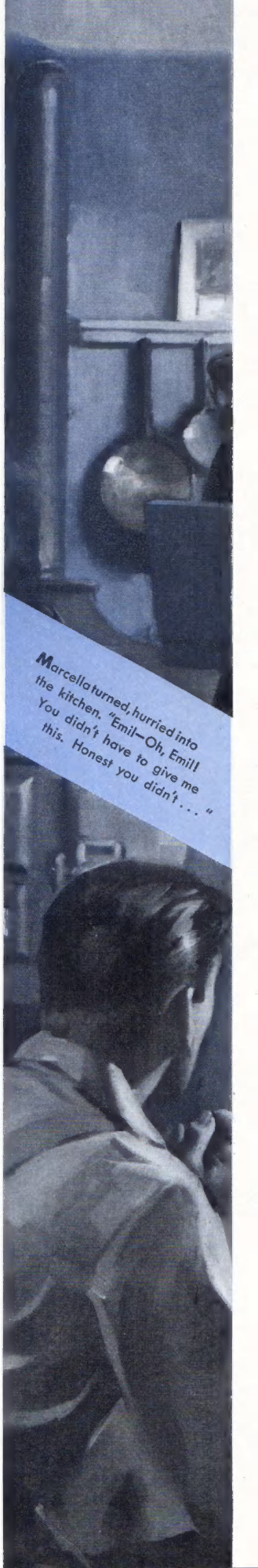
THAT'S why he'd taken the school bus contract. They had to have money for doctor bills and they weren't getting any cash off the farm. He and Jack had got the bus-driving contract. They had planned to take turns driving it. But Jack had too much git-up-and-git to be tied down to a bus and a lot of kids . . . Well, his mother was dead now—going on eight years she'd been dead—and Jack had had jobs in Vancouver and Rochester and Los Angeles; Jack had had two wives and a son who scarcely seemed his because the boy spent part of his time with his mother. And Sid still drove the school bus. He supposed he ought to quit and tend to the farm, but as long as Miss Adelaide taught in Opal he wanted to be the one to drive her back and forth.

When Jack came home for a visit he always badgered Sid about his bus-driving. Old Hen-biddy Sid, he called him. Sid knew he was. But he couldn't help switching his lunch bucket with the little Rippeter girl when he felt hers so without weight to it. The pupils were supposed to come to the highway for the bus, but Sid drove up to the Strasser house so the tall, blue-lipped Strasser boy with the bum heart wouldn't have to walk the distance. He wasn't supposed to be delayed but often if Miss Adelaide came out with no overshoes on—and Sid had learned to read gray flannel clouds in the sky—he'd send her back to get them.

And they were beginning to call her old Miss Adelaide! Women of the countryside had never been any too kind in talking about her. Women aren't to the Miss Adelaides who have once refused their brothers—even their own husbands. "Too bad," they said, "she never found anybody good enough for her."

The kids called him Old Sid. That didn't matter. But not Miss Adelaide—old. . . Yet he kept seeing her going through the barbed wire gate. He saw again that tired, middle-aged slowness of hers in opening the gate, in stepping through it. She used always to stoop down and duck under it. Just like the kids—kids wouldn't bother opening a gate when they could scrouge under.

It was little Martin Holloway tugging at his arm that brought him back to this windswept gray day. The little boy tried to



make his voice casual. "Well, don't look like I'm going to get my twelve-gauge Hercules gun."

Sid said kindly, "You don't say. You can't manage to sell more than three of your Beauty Boxes, huh?"

"No," Martin said with a quavery smile, "just the ones I sold to the station agent's wife, and the lady that gives music lessons, and the man in the saloon that bought one for his lady friend."

Sid gave a tch-tch-tch of sympathy. Martin was one of the kids which, according to Jack, Sid wet-nursed. But the little codger had the wistful hunger in his face that comes of a friendly talkative ten-year-old being pushed out in the cold at home. His own mother was dead and Sid knew that his young stepmother had her hands full with her own little tot and all the care it needed since it had been stricken with infantile paralysis two years ago.

Sid was practically a partner in this selling of Beauty Boxes which was to get Martin a gun. Martin had brought to Sid a page out of a farm magazine with its luring headlines. "What boy wouldn't like this hard-hitting twelve-gauge gun? You never miss with this Hercules." Beneath the picture of the gun was another picture and more large print which challenged, "How many Indians can you find lurking in ambush?" The insinuation was there that you had only to find every Indian lurking in the most distorted position of ambush to get the gun.

Sid had helped Martin find them. They'd turned the picture at every conceivable angle. They had found fourteen Indians. Martin said now, "I'll bet no one else found that Indian that was all mixed up in the hunting dog's tail, don't you, Sid?"

THE picture, with an X marking each Indian, had gone off to the Easyway corporation. But, instead of the gun arriving, there had come addressed to Martin Holloway a carton containing six boxes, each containing powder, rouge, perfume, lipstick, and skin beautifier.

The letter explained to Martin that his correct answer to the puzzle showed him to be a person of unusual perception, and great ability. The disposing of these six "Beauty Boxes" would be no feat at all. Your friends would thank you for introducing them to such a bargain. Never before had these been sold for less than four dollars, but to make the selling easy they were slashing them to only two dollars and forty-nine cents. All that stood between Martin and the Hercules gun, "the envy of every boy who sees it," was the selling of the six beauty boxes, which would sell themselves.

But they hadn't. Martin had worked at it all through November and up to this 24th of December. He had sold three boxes and had three boxes to dispose of before he could get the gun.

Sid said with his slow smile, "Guess nothing else'll satisfy you like that gun—"

"Gee, it's a swell gun," Martin answered. He squirmed with a small twinge of guilt. For there was only one thing the little boy kept from Sid. With a child's canniness he sensed that Sid wouldn't approve of his real reason for wanting the gun. It was to get in strong with the Odler boys. Grown-ups didn't like the Odlers because they didn't go to school, and they took pot shots at neighbors' turkeys, and they stole tobacco from bunkhouses. Well, as far as that went, Martin didn't like them either—but being with the Odlers made his lonely Saturdays and Sundays less long and dreary.

Martin wheedled, "You haven't changed your mind about getting one, have you, Sid? See, it says right here it's the perfect gift for sweetheart, wife or mother—and there's cards—did you ever see such pretty Christmas cards?—to go in the box."

Sid had refused before on the ground that he had neither sweetheart, wife, or mother. But now he said, "Well, I guess I might take one."

Martin got out the gift cards to let Sid choose one bearing sweetheart, wife, or mother sentiments. But their attention was diverted. Someone was calling to Sid. A young woman was hurrying toward them, the wind swaddling her clothes about her legs. It was Emil Thornheur's wife, Marcella, she who had been Marcella Hewitt.

Martin tugged at Sid's arm again, yelled over the wind, "Sid, I wonder if maybe Emil Thornheur would change his mind like you did and take one of the other Beauty Boxes?"

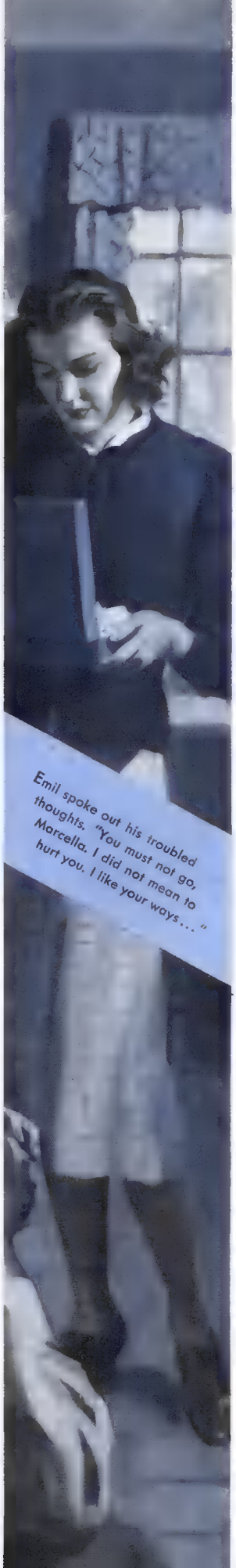
Sid shook his head discouragingly. "Now, Son, you know how Emil is. He has to get more for his money than anyone else. He couldn't be old lady Thornheur's son and be any different."

The little boy said, "Say, I've got an idea—I mean a business idea."

Because of the business idea engrossing him and because of Marcella Thornheur calling out to Sid, Martin didn't go into which card Sid preferred to put in his gift box. Martin, sorting the cards on the running board, reasoned by swift deduction. Sid wouldn't want a wife one, or a mother one, so he'd give him the one the salesman in the saloon had taken for his girl friend.

And Martin, with only two boxes left, went hurrying down the road.

Marcella Thornheur wasn't dressed warm enough for such a bitter cold day. She had only a sweater pulled on hurriedly over a wash dress. But even in the wind that [*Turn to page 32*]



Emil spoke out his troubled thoughts. "You must not go, Marcella. I did not mean to hurt you. I like your ways . . ."

Margaret said, "It's lovely, Martin. It's beautiful. I—I never had anything so beautiful. But—you can't get your gun now." "Oh, that's all right. I can get a wagon. I don't care so much about the gun . . ."

If you had your life to live over again and knew as much from the beginning as you do now, would you live it the very same way? Here's the story of a girl who found a written answer

THE desk drawer was stuck. Ann pulled harder and suddenly it came out with a rush, spilling erasers, pencils, receipted bills and blotters. Crumpled up at the back was a letter that had been caught—a letter Ann had written five years ago, sitting at this same desk in an apartment on West Tenth Street. She smoothed out the pages and began to read:

Dear Van: You will never see this. But I am going to write the whole story down to get it out of my mind. I am tired of you. I am tired of waking up at four A.M. wondering if things would have been different if I hadn't gone to France. Or if I hadn't said what I did about Marjorie just after you met her. *That* was a week-end—remember?

It started out no differently from the others I'd spent in Brookline. Your mother wrote me saying she was sure I needed a change from New York and Art School, and you wired:

OMIT TOOTHBRUSH IF NECESSARY BUT NOT GOLF CLUBS.

You met me at South Station that April Saturday. As I came down the platform one part of me saw you—a not very tall young man with dark hair and a strong jaw, a little too beautifully turned out. The other part of me couldn't see you at all for wondering why I was so helplessly in love with you.

You turned around. "Don't tell me—let me guess! That woman's here again!"

I said, "I know—these week-ends are a great trial to me, too." But I couldn't keep the utter happiness out of my eyes. We went off to spend the afternoon playing uproarious golf in the rain.

At dinner that night we talked about the Cape. Your mother said, "I hope we'll see a lot of you this summer, Ann, even if Van will only be down week-ends."

"I was certainly your star boarder last year," I answered, "maybe you'll be glad of a little peace."

"Don't be silly—we adored it. But I have an idea your mother may be pleased not to have Van underfoot all the time. I think she doesn't quite approve of us as summer neighbors, anyway. I still feel a little guilty about those beach pajamas. A lady of my size—"

"A lady of your size looks very impressive in beach pajamas, Emily, my pet," you said irreverently. "As for Ann's mother, I'm sure she thinks I'm wonderful. I'm frightfully polite to her."

So you were—too polite. Mother, being from Vermont, regarded your somewhat Continental manners with a suspicious eye. She never said much, except when I stayed out too late with you, and her friends were pointedly understanding about the Modern Daughter. Then she would talk to me very seriously and tell me *she* believed we played chess or listened to symphonies on your victrola until two in the morning but other people did not. Neither she nor Father would stand for gossip. The name of Allen, untarnished after fifteen summers on the Cape, must remain so.

"Ann, dear," said your mother, bringing me back, "Van tells me that you two are going over to see Marjorie Hamilton tonight."

"Yes," you said, "I want you to meet Marjorie. She's quite ■ person. Teaches history at Radcliffe and incredibly naïve in some ways. You, my fine woman of the world, will be amused."

"A nice thing—taking me to call on Another Girl! Mrs. Norton, I'm afraid your son is just a Captain Macheath at heart!"

Your mother has ■ lovely twinkle.

I went upstairs and put on my brightest lipstick and the hat with the silly bow. I was sure a Radcliffe history teacher couldn't be your dish. I hoped she was middle-aged, with spectacles.

"Don't tell me—let me guess? That woman's here again!"

We went off to spend the afternoon playing uproarious golf

I realized she was about my age and there were no spectacles

It was too late. "Hello, Ann," you said. "You know Marjorie?"

I remember when the maid showed us into the Hamilton living room Marjorie was curled up on the window seat, looking out into the rainy night. She uncurled slowly, ■ little awkwardly, and came to meet us. With a distinct shock I realized that she was about my age and there were no spectacles. She was tall—taller than you, and had black hair waving softly over a high white forehead. Her eyes were very blue, and she had an absurdly engaging smile.

After the introductions (I don't think she expected me—I wonder what you told her afterwards) we settled down to talk. I didn't say much, though. I listened.

You drew her out, watching with that bright intense look of yours; making her talk about herself and her ideas, till her mind was all spread out for you to study. Once in a while, you'd quirk an eyebrow at me with a "didn't-I-tell-you-amusing-isn't-it" expression.

It was amusing—at first.

MARJORIE, of course, was more and more intrigued. When we went into the kitchen to make coffee, she let it boil over twice, listening to your theory that certain people are rare, beautifully made violins in a world full of brass bands and ocarinas. I had heard it before.

I was beginning to feel I'd had about all I could stand when you said, "Think we'd better go, Ann?"

Your sense of timing was always remarkable.

Later, when we were in your old playroom having a nightcap, you said, "Well, what did you think of young Radcliffe?"

Then I made a mistake. I said, "Van, you ought to go easy on that girl. She's obviously falling for you, and underneath that gallant chin-up business she's pretty defenseless. You could hurt her badly."

You were silent for ■ while, watching the embers of the fire through your glass. I'm afraid you were contemplating the idea of your fatal power and finding it not unattractive. But you came out of it and made the right answer. "You know, Ann, what I've always found so satisfying about you is your independence. None of the usual feminine weaknesses—you're my favorite person."

And you held my hand hard. So, for the moment, I was content.

All day Sunday you couldn't have been more charming, and just as the train was pulling out that night, you said, "Look, Ann, maybe Chatham would be ■ nice place for a wedding, some day—"

I went back to New York on little gold clouds.

I didn't do much work at school that spring. I looked out the window, mostly, or did small water colors of Nauset Light and the beach at Chatham. I'd daydream all the way to Washington Square on the bus, and arrive at the apartment with my arms full of jonquils, because I never could resist the flower barrows on Tenth Street. When there was a letter from you in the box, I'd race upstairs, drop the flowers in the sink, and sit in my favorite corner of the couch to read it.

Sally would come in from work, with her feet hurting. "All starry-eyed again, are you?" she'd say, looking at your letter. But she was ■ good gal and didn't tease me much or ask questions.

Finally, however, I decided to ask her advice. There was fog that night, and the ferry whistles sounded lost and lonely, the way I was feeling. You see, you hadn't said any more about a wedding at Chatham—or anywhere else. And your letters were beginning to be full of casual references to Marjorie. Too casual—and I didn't like

fourth act

BY CONSTANCE PARDEE

ILLUSTRATED BY IRVING NURICK

it. So I said to Sally, "I haven't told you much about the Van Norton situation, but it's getting me down. Will you help?"

"Sure, if I can," she answered. "What's the difficulty?"

After I'd described that call on Marjorie, I said, "It's this way: I was engaged to Van when he went to Rome a year ago last fall. Well, I didn't have a ring exactly, and nobody knew, but it was all set. He was going to finish his scholarship and be a pretty remarkable architect. Then he'd go into his father's office and we'd be married. Up to Christmas I thought so, anyway. I had a Christmas present—a lovely antique silver necklace. And then I didn't hear anything—not anything at all! Before that I'd had a sixteen or twenty page letter by every mail, but now boat after boat came in, empty as far as I was concerned. I was frantic, of course. I pictured a low Roman fever or something, and at the end of four weeks I nearly called him up. But I restrained myself and called Brookline instead. I was past caring what his mother thought.

We didn't dance...we sat and played chess, very seriously

She told me he was in Paris having a grand vacation, she'd had a letter that day.

"That must have been a nice moment!" put in Sally. "Didn't he write you at all?"

"Oh, yes, the last week in February I had a note—a note! 'Dear Ann: Have been away on vacation. Sorry not to have written. Will explain.' It was quite cheering."

"You poor unfortunate dope!" said Sally. She was making a spring dress—a green and white print—and she couldn't get the neckline straight. So she was looking in the mirror and taking out pins, but she was still listening, and said, "Go on—what was she? A blonde?"

"No, it turned out she was a redhead—like you—but I didn't find that out till summer," I said, gazing out into the fog and remembering. "In May, I got a long letter saying he was terribly disillusioned with himself, but there was Someone Else. He'd tell me all about it when we saw each other at Chatham. It wasn't much fun—that day. You'd think I'd have known by then, but seeing it in his handwriting was pretty bitter. There's no use going over details. The point is, I handled the whole thing extremely well."

I had a queer emptiness in my middle, my knees were rubber

"And what did you *do*, Dorothy Dix?" asked Sally, from the depths of the green print, with her mouth full of pins.

"I simply wrote him that it was all right with me, and we'd straighten things out in the summer. So I waited, and when I got to the Cape, Sheila was there visiting him. She was a good-looking piece, too. All great green eyes with lashes—out to *here!* I still waited, and after a week she left. In a couple of days Van came over. He didn't say a word about Sheila and neither did I. Then he came again and then again, and pretty soon we were together all day every day and on into the night, and still he didn't tell me anything and I never asked."

OH, VAN, that enchanted summer! Swimming in the early mornings when the spray was hard and cold as diamonds—you'd laugh at me for shivering and lend me your fuzzy bathrobe; playing golf till our shadows were yards long in the evening light on the fairways; coming home from parties along the small sandy back roads with the sea mist blowing across the moon. And you never touched me—not once. Only you would look at me sometimes.

Sally said, "Come on, Allen, I know that look. Let's have no glamour, *please!* What happened—where did all that leave you?"

"I didn't know. I only realized that Sheila was out of the picture. Toward the end of the summer, from things Van let drop, I gathered that she'd tried to tie him down. And he didn't wish to be tied. That gave me my cue. I've been playing a game with him ever since—the game of living in the present, and having fun together, and never making plans or talking about love. Oh, a very gay, modern, amusing game. Don't ask me about that engagement of ours. It hasn't been mentioned."

"I feel the need of beer and cheese," said Sally, putting down the dress in a heap. "You'd better have some too. You're either a heroine or a sucker—and I know what I think!"

She got the beer from the icebox while I found the crackers and spread one for her. "Look, the thing is, I've been hoping that after a while Van would find out that he really wants me around all the time. I very carefully *haven't* been weak and feminine, I *haven't* tried to tie him, and I ought to be exactly the kind of person for him. But if Marjorie Hamilton is going to be another Sheila—well, my elegant restraint is wearing a little thin. If he brings her to Chatham this summer, I shall probably make scenes."

Sally bit a cracker thoughtfully. "If you ask me," she said, "and I take it you *are* asking me—I'd try something else. Your Aunt Grace wants you to go abroad with her in August—wish *I* had an Aunt Grace!—well, go with her. Maybe if you aren't where he can say 'Hi' and have you come running, he'll stop taking you for granted and think, 'Heck, I miss that girl—I'll have to do something about it when she gets back.' If this Hamilton *is* a menace, and starts orange-blossoming like Eyelashes, he'll probably be jumping up and down on the dock. If he's not—so what? You had a swell trip. Personally, I think he sounds like a heel, and if I were you I'd—"

I used to sit on the boat deck and try to figure things out

Just then the telephone made a noise and I grabbed it before it finished one ring. But it was not long distance. It was only Dickie Andrews asking us to a party. So we didn't talk about you any more that night.

I WROTE Aunt Grace and told her nothing could please me more than going to France with her in August. In June, I finished school and went up with Mother to open the Chatham house. I wasn't much help to her, though. I saw your mother and she said you wouldn't be down for two weeks. I thought she looked at me as though she wanted to tell me something else, but she didn't. I set my teeth and tried not to worry. Most of the time I spent on the beach, watching the sandpipers and the fat white clouds. Or playing golf by myself.

The Saturday morning you were coming, I woke up early. It was one of those warm, delft blue days. After breakfast I sat on the sun porch and pretended I wasn't listening for the telephone. It rang. Oh, yes, it rang. The fish market had some lovely lobsters; the Garden Club wanted Mother to be on a committee; would I go on a sailing picnic with the Carpenters? I politely would not.

Late in the afternoon, I decided to go play golf. The Club drive was full of cars, among them your roadster. I went in to buy some balls, and I saw the register:

MISS MARJORIE HAMILTON—BROOKLINE

That was bad. That was very bad. But I would *not* go crushed lily and trail home. I walked down the fairway into the sea wind. As I came over the hill to the second tee I saw you through the scrub pines. You were sitting on the bench, unnecessarily close to Marjorie who had on floppy brown slacks.

"You know why I came down. I wanted to find out about you"

[*Continued on page 86*]

Not for just an hour

BY FANNY HEASLIP LEA

GREGORY JONES, artist, hadn't asked modern, disillusioned young *Kit Greenwood* to marry him. It was Kit who had said, "I'm going to marry you, aren't I?" And, over her laughter at her own shamelessness, she had heard him say, "I still don't think it will work. . . ."

But they had been married at noon on the following Saturday and had caught a one o'clock train from New York for Boston. Kit had told her mother—luxury-loving, twice-divorced *Lydie Norman*—that she didn't want her to come to the ceremony. "It won't seem like a wedding at all," Lydie had protested. "That's what I'm hoping," Kit had told her.

They had gone to Boston for the purpose of seeing Greg's mother. But *Mrs. Jones* hadn't got Greg's letter and was in Provincetown. However, they did meet *Jim McCann*, an old and good friend of Greg. And it was Jim's half-veiled warning to Kit that Mrs. Jones was, actually, as austere as the girl had imagined which made her secretly rejoice their meeting could be postponed. That night Kit and Greg went back to New York.

About a month before their marriage, Greg had entered a competition for murals for a library. And he had worked to the exclusion of food and sleep and —Kit. Their first quarrel was about that. Kit had grown restless—and Greg could not help seeing. He said to her one day in a burst of irritation, "Go to ■ movie or something. Whatever you do—get out!"

But Kit didn't go to a movie. A nostalgic urge led her into the flower show. And that was how it happened she saw *Todd Patterson* again—for the first time since her marriage and the first time, too, since Todd had broken his engagement to her. He was with *Julia Dulany*—a wealthy, glamorous, domineering woman of undetectable years. At Mrs. Dulany's invitation, Kit had gone on for cocktails with them. Later, when she had slipped quietly into the studio, she had found Jim McCann with Greg.

It was not until after Jim had gone that Greg came to the question Kit had hoped he would not ask. "Did you say you went to your mother's after the movie—or what?" She said, "I went to the flower show and I met Todd Patterson. With an awfully interesting woman—a Mrs. Dulany." Greg's voice grew cold with anger. "How often have you seen Patterson since I married you?" he demanded. "Never, Greg. Don't be a fool." Her own anger flared. "I don't know anything about jealousy," she said scornfully. "If that's what's the matter with you!" "You don't know anything about jealousy!" Gregg stormed, "because you still don't know anything about love. I haven't got a real wife—you don't want ■ real husband!"

Part 2

ON THE night of that bitter quarrel which followed Kit's unarranged but not entirely undesired meeting with Todd, Greg and Kit, though both were wounded into alienation, slept together. With no tenderness between them they slept, felt each other's nearness in their sleep and woke still alien to find the routine of the day still possible to follow. Kit got breakfast, stirred the dust on the floor with a broom and put the garbage outside the door. Then while Greg got to work she went for a walk.

She had no definite destination but she wanted to be away from the atmosphere of the studio and from the presence of that strange, aloof Greg for whom apparently she had suddenly ceased to have any attraction. Heretofore it had been easy to smooth over any small differences between them by a direct appeal to his senses. That approach to understanding was now abruptly and, to her, mysteriously closed.

Turning over in her mind the events of the night before as her heels struck hollowly against the pavement, it seemed to her impossible for them to go on. She was willing to make any concession required of her. It seemed unfair that Greg himself could not make a few. First and foremost a larger place to live in. Room to get away from each other when necessary. But useless to insist upon that. Greg had, before he married her, signed a year's lease and at this season it would be difficult if not impossible to sublet. Reason, there, was on his side. On the other hand maybe getting away from each other was not what they needed. Maybe they needed to get out more together, if only to walk as she was doing now.

She left equal unrest behind her in the studio. Before his drawing-board Greg sweating over Skipper Ireson and the women of Marblehead, cursed Mrs. Dulany and all other idle females—including Lydie, even if she was Kit's mother—until he might have been old man Ireson himself. For the crouching, humble figure of Ireson in the cart, as Greg had first conceived and drawn him, he now substituted a standing one, gave to the old man's head and chin an air of proud and silent defiance. After all what could the women of Marblehead have known of that episode at Chaleur Bay, except what their men-folk had chosen to tell them—what their own imaginations had built on that one-sided evidence, bolstered by women's own damnable talent for gossip and exaggeration?

Ironically enough his work that morning went swifter and better for mental and physical strain . . . and the artist in him knowing it, also knew the cause. Maybe being married to Kit was not going to be such a drawback to him after all. Maybe he had needed someone to stir him out of dogged effort into sharper, more relentless expression of himself. If she would only understand or care what he was trying to do, instead of being resentful and at times even slightly contemptuous of it. Lydie was probably responsible for a good deal of Kit's indifference. Lydie thought that because a man was an artist he had to be something exotic. Well, damn Lydie! He was not going to be exotic for her nor anybody else. He would have to try to be fair about Todd Patterson, though. There Greg knew a twinge of remorse. Kit was used to having people around her. She was used to a lot of attention. If she said Todd was nothing to her it was probably true. Still it would take a little doing on Greg's part to sit quiet while she went around asking for trouble.

Neither had ever said, "I love you" but they married, only to discover that marriage is more than ■ matter of sharing a roof

At lunch he told her somewhat grudgingly: "Go on—see the Dulany woman if you like. I've got to keep my nose to the grindstone till I get this thing done. But that's no reason for putting you in ■ chain gang. I know it. See Patterson, too, for all I care."

Kit agreed reasonably, trying to see his side as well. "It's better for me to be out from under your feet, isn't it, Greg? While you're working hard. And I can't go roaming around by myself all the time, can I?"

"I know it. I don't ask it of you," he said.

So after that she had been to luncheon on Mrs. Dulany's invitation and eventually to more than one cocktail party where Todd was sometimes present, sometimes not.

Lydie was from the first deeply interested in Kit's new acquaintance. (As to the quarrel with Greg, Kit kept Lydie in blissful ignorance.) "Oh, Kit darling . . . not *the* Mrs. Dulany. Not *Julia* Dulany. How wonderful. What a wonderful contact for Greg to have. How long has he known her?"

Kit said they didn't know each other at all.

"Then it must be arranged right away. A portrait painter needs all the good contacts he can get. Now tell me more about Mrs. Dulany. How in the world did you ever come to meet her?"

Kit told about Todd and the flower show. She was annoyed with Lydie for leaping at the possibility of Mrs. Dulany's being useful to Greg.

"Oh . . . Todd!" said Lydie and smiled wisely to herself. "I might have known. . . . Todd would!"

That annoyed Kit even more. "If you think there's anything funny about Todd . . ."

"Funny . . .?" said Lydie all wide-eyed innocence. "You do have the horridest mind, darling. Quite naturally a rich middle-aged widow likes to have nice young men around. And Todd is such a lamb." Obviously Lydie was envying Mrs. Dulany. "I don't suppose she's had you out to her place in Connecticut," said Lydie. "They say it's too marvelous."

"She asked me," Kit said. "I haven't been."

"Greg mind?" said Lydie.

"Not in the least," said Kit with a secret qualm.

Lydie murmured: "He's learning."

LYDIE'S comment, however, only reinforced what Kit had already guessed about Todd's friend. She was ■ very rich woman and in her own way a very important one. Beside the house in Connecticut which she opened yearly for a little matter of a couple of months or so, there was a penthouse apartment in New York . . . also in use not more than ■ few weeks each winter; a villa somewhere along the Riviera; when she went to London she leased ■ place for the season, something on Belgrave Square or overlooking Regent's Park. Todd from time to time conveyed such bits of information to Kit. Always, of course, with amusing casualness.

"Julia's such a grand girl . . . it's hard to remember she's a Mrs. Croesus as well. Plain as an old shoe . . . if she likes you."

She liked Kit. That from the first had been apparent. It had not occurred to Kit to question the reasons for Mrs. Dulany's liking her, nor to be unduly flattered. Each disliked cant. Each esteemed frankness. Only natural they should like each other.

"Seeing ■ good deal of Mrs. Dulany, aren't you?" asked Greg before very long.

Kit said: "She wants to meet you. She'd really like to, I mean. She told me so the other day." Although it had been entirely Mrs. Dulany's idea, Kit wished that Lydie had not anticipated such a meeting. Kit hated climbers and Lydie would unquestionably now credit her daughter with adroitness in handling what Lydie would call her opportunities.

Greg looked surprised. He stared shrewdly, then because Kit looked hurt he laughed. "I wouldn't meet Queen Mary herself, nor the whole royal family. Not while I'm in the jam I'm in now." He was destroying sketches almost as fast he made them.

He did not trust himself to discuss Mrs. Dulany further. His nerves were ragged, his temper becoming daily more dangerous; and always at his back was

Suddenly he said, "Is it pretty rotten for you, Kit . . . living with me? Do you ever wish we hadn't gone off the deep end?"

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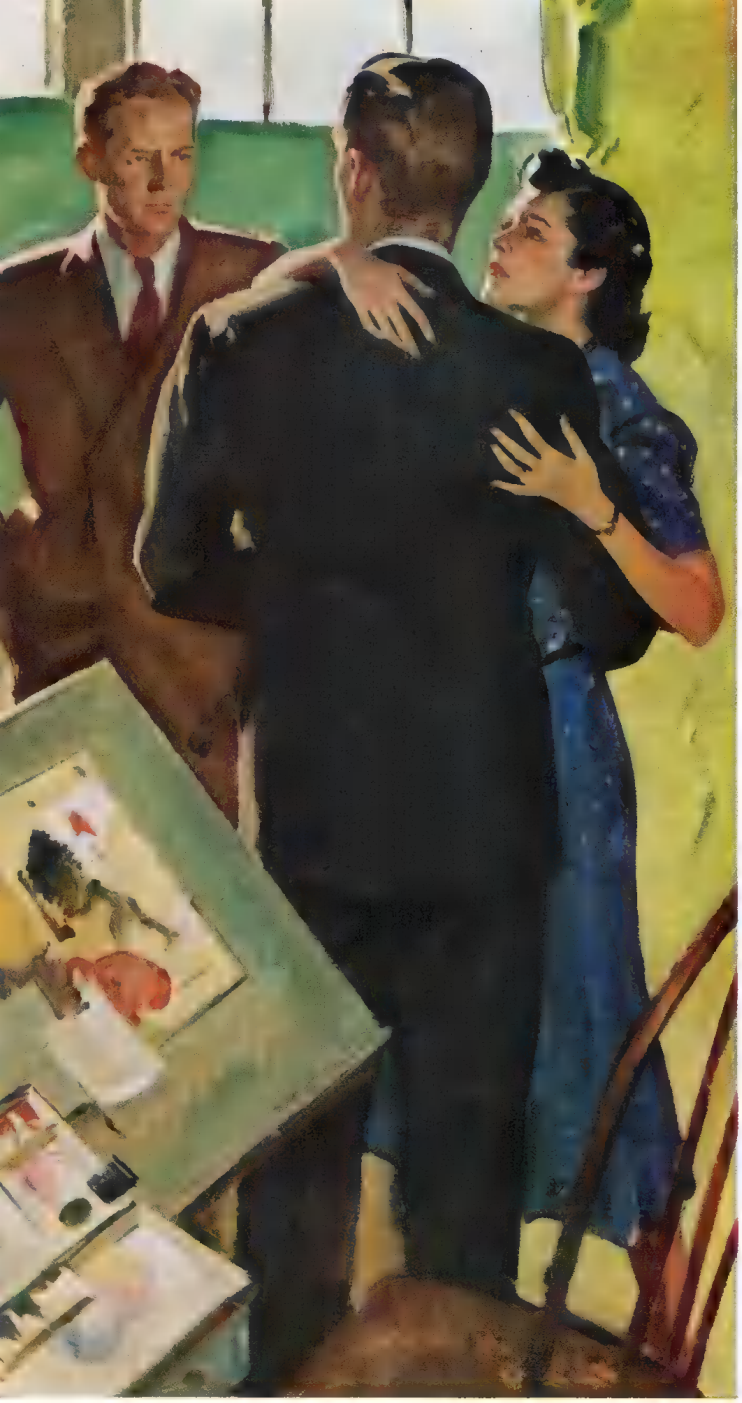


She lifted her tear-stained face to his, said brokenly, "Jim, I'm going to leave him." Greg shut the door behind him. He looked at Kit. He said, "Maybe you are, at that"

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

the knowledge that having married Kit, he had now to support her. For himself, until he finished the thing he had begun, he could live in discomfort and eat inadequately. That did not go for Kit and from time to time she let him know it. "Why can't we have this, Greg . . .?" "Greg . . . why must we have that?" Why couldn't she manage with what came to hand . . . as his mother had always done?

EVEN while he thought of his mother, however, he realized regretfully that he had neglected to answer the letter his mother had written him after the visit to Boston.

"Dear Gregory": his mother had written, "I am more disappointed than I can tell you not to have been here to welcome you and your wife. Cousin Martha had ■ return of her inflammatory rheumatism and asked me to come down to the Cape for a few days and help her with the house. Having nothing on hand at the time, I went.

"First chance you get you must come up again and bring Katherine with you. I am sure she is a fine girl or you wouldn't have married her. Give her my love and tell her I'm happy she has the brooch and hope she will some day be able to hand it on. It is a very good thing to keep a link like that between generations, particularly nowadays when family traditions are not as much respected as they used to be. My portrait arrived safely and I think it is really pretty good. I'll hang it in the parlor as soon as I can get a frame for it. Much love to Katherine and yourself . . ."

Greg had not yet told his mother that Kit's name was Christopher, not Katherine. He had an uneasy feeling that that would have put Kit in the wrong light to begin with. A girl with a man's name. It would not be easy to make his mother understand that Lydie in the first enthusiasm of motherhood and at the time so beautifully in love with Kit's father, had insisted on calling their child after him—even though it had turned out to be a girl.

"And divorced five years later?" (His mother always got her facts in no time at all.) "And married a second time? And divorced again?" Relentlessly the questions would fall and relentlessly she would wait for the answers. No . . . his mother would never be able to understand Lydie's pretty gesture.

So for the time being Greg let sleeping dogs lie. And he had not shown the letter to Kit. Why start an argument about Katherine?

TOWARD the end of a peculiarly bland and aureate afternoon when it seemed even to Kit's not too observant eye that Greg was looking more tired than she had ever seen him, she dragged him away from his work and bullied him into walking with her across the Park.

"You may not like it. You may prefer your red and blue and yellow messes, but this is a whole lot better for you."

"You're behaving like a wife—no less," said Greg. He affected to scowl her down, resenting intrusion, but he was secretly surprised and pleased.

The Park was fresh and green and gay with leaf and flower-scents drifting on fitful breezes. It being a week-day there were not too many people about, and the swans and pelicans and ducks in the lagoon near Fifty-ninth Street were swimming about their business with engaging indifference to throwers of bread and leaders of dogs. Pigeons whirled up and swooped down again in flight that cast shadow-patterns on the water and riffled the air with sound.

"We ought to come here oftener—you know?" said Greg.

"I come almost every day," said Kit.

"When I kick you out?"

"You'd be surprised," said Kit "how clubby I am with any number of squirrels and there's a big black yak in the Zoo with whom I am on terms of the profoundest intimacy, really."

"Shall we have a look at him now?"

"I'd rather not—if you don't mind. Might be ■ little hard to explain you. He's used to seeing me alone."

The air was cool and flowed like water. Greg drew it deeply into his lungs. "Gosh—that studio gets stuffy! You don't realize it until . . ." he didn't finish. After all he stayed at work hour after hour to please no one but himself.

They walked across from Fifty-ninth to the Mall, across the Mall to the big fountain topped by a bronze angel in languid flight bearing a spray of lilies in the crook of one arm. The fountain flung a gleaming chilly curtain of spray into its wide round basin. Nursemaids and babies, school-girls and hatless boys on roller skates loitering about.

"Shall we keep going?" said Kit. "There's ■ waterfall of a kind, ■ bit further on. Sort of a problem-child waterfall. Sometimes it's good—sometimes it's horrid. I usually have ■ look at it."

They walked under fine thin tracery of verdure against a now paling sky, over a heavy old cast-iron bridge of a surprising dull peacock blue, past ■ second lagoon where ducks conversed shrilly among themselves—after that ■ narrow gulch and a small stream trickling tarnished quicksilver over ■ fallen clutter of boulders.

"It's all right today," said Kit. "Some days it just gulps and chokes and gets nowhere. How about sitting down here?"

Crossing the waterfall was yet another bridge, a rather small one, leading up the path beyond. There was no one on the path. The place had for the moment a simple and isolated charm. Kit sat down on a flat rock at the foot of a slender young tree and Greg sat down at a little distance. She took off her hat and dropped it on the rock beside her. Her dark hair showed shadowy against the clear unrouged fineness of her skin. He sat, square-tipped, strong-fingered hands linked between his knees, looking her over thoughtfully. Suddenly he said: "Is it pretty rotten for you, Kit . . . living with me? Do you ever wish we hadn't gone off the deep end . . . the way we did?"

Kit threw back her head and laughed. "You've got a lovely laugh," Greg said. "Like something running up a harp."

"Or ■ mouse running up a clock?"

"Shut up," said Greg. "I mean it. Funny I never noticed it before." He slanted a quick look across her face. "Maybe you haven't been laughing much lately. Is that why?"

"I could laugh myself hoarse," she told him lightly, "at the idea of you going off the deep end . . . any time, any where, any how." She was watching the water bubble and struggle on its way. "You were doing all right, Greg . . . keeping your fingers crossed . . . being all sound and safe . . ."

Greg said: "Me—safe and sound?" He laughed shortly.

"Till I crowded you too far," said Kit, "you were."

A bee came over the nearest spurt of foam, clinging to a broken twist of new green leaf, to a pale honey-colored tassel of some unknown tree-flower. Kit watched the bee pass . . . struggling like the water . . . only with the water.

"Maybe . . ." said Greg slowly. "I hadn't seen it that way. Well . . . even if it's true . . . even if you did . . . I don't know that I'm sorry."

"And you don't know that you're not."

He looked at her squarely. "No, I don't. Not time enough yet to know much of anything."

"Time!" She made a little sound of impatience. "What's time got to do with it? We know now as well as we ever shall."

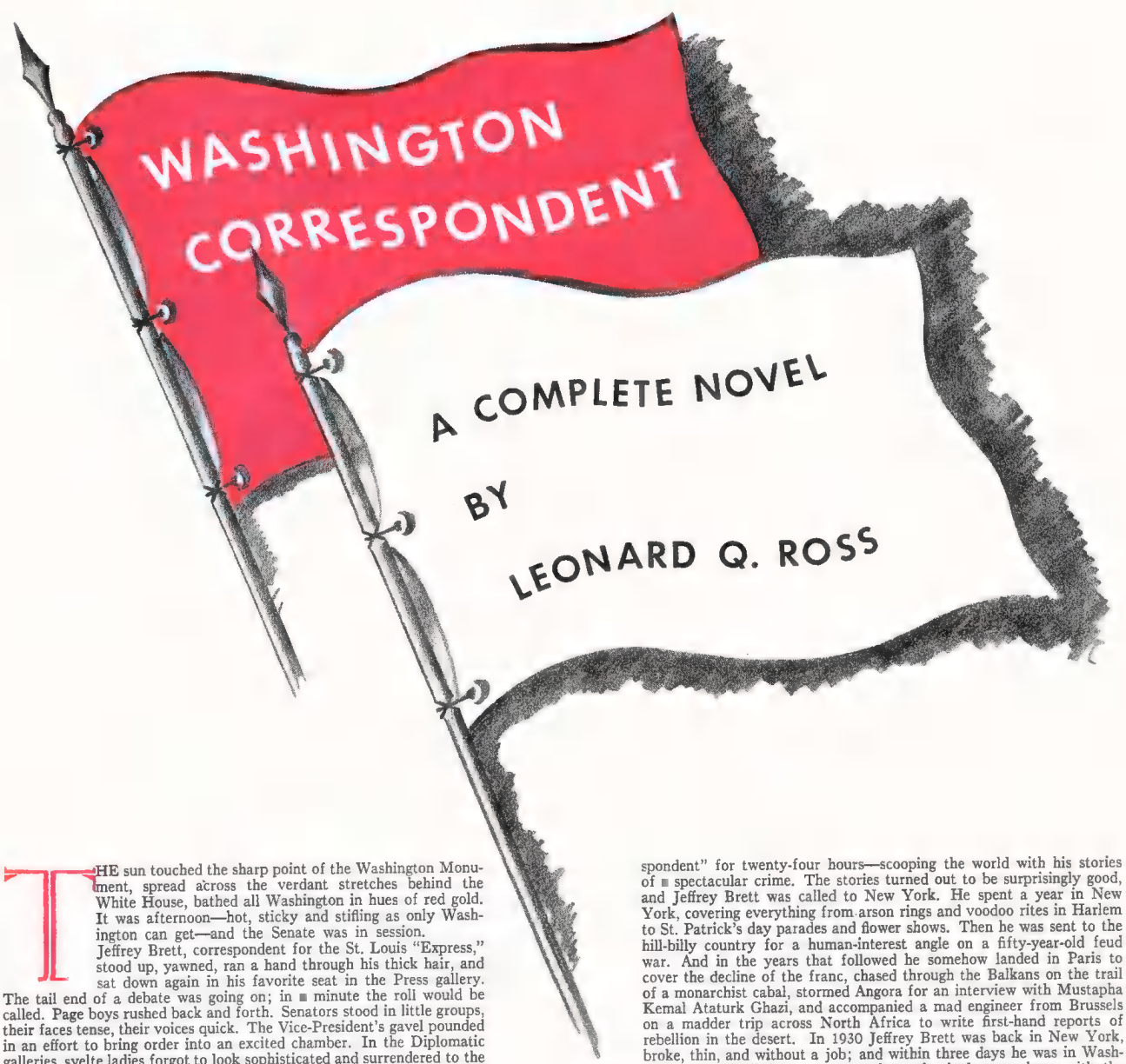
"I hope not," said Greg.

PRIDE flamed up in her. "If you don't think it's good enough . . ." She broke a switch from a small shrub beside her and whipped the rock with it.

"Habit," he told her coolly, "that's what time has to do with it. Once we've gotten used to each other we'll probably be all right."

Kit broke the switch in two and threw it away. "The man doesn't live," she said, "that's going to make ■ habit of me." Her voice and her hands were shaking.

"Say that again, Mrs. Jones," said Greg and smiled. He got up and sat down again close beside her. All at once he was looking at her the way he had looked that first day in Boston. "You haven't got [*Turn to page 78*]



THE sun touched the sharp point of the Washington Monument, spread across the verdant stretches behind the White House, bathed all Washington in hues of red gold. It was afternoon—hot, sticky and stifling as only Washington can get—and the Senate was in session.

Jeffrey Brett, correspondent for the St. Louis "Express," stood up, yawned, ran a hand through his thick hair, and sat down again in his favorite seat in the Press gallery. The tail end of a debate was going on; in ■ minute the roll would be called. Page boys rushed back and forth. Senators stood in little groups, their faces tense, their voices quick. The Vice-President's gavel pounded in an effort to bring order into an excited chamber. In the Diplomatic galleries, svelte ladies forgot to look sophisticated and surrendered to the tension; foreign attachés forgot to look bored and leaned forward. The Visitor's galleries, packed with humbler folk, watched the highest legislative chamber of the land on the brink of decision. And in the Press gallery, where the eyes and ears of a continent sat, reporters hunched over the green tables—scribbling notes, exchanging tips, whispering to each other, sliding out to file new leads.

It was an exciting scene—but Jeffrey Brett yawned. He yawned because for all its novelty to the people in the galleries, the scene was only another episode in the endless watching, probing, gossiping, reporting which had made Jeffrey Brett's eight years as ■ Washington correspondent the equivalent of eight decades in other men's lives.

Jeffrey Brett was still young—he looked thirty-five when his thick brown hair wasn't cut and twenty-five when it was; it wasn't, often. But his experience was vast and varied, and his mind had been hardened in the most cynical school of experience in the world. Some men are born to till the soil, or put dreams into music, or fly ships through the clouds. Jeffrey Brett was born to be a newspaper man. He had never been anything else; he never wanted to. At eighteen he had found the corpse of a New York playboy in the woods near his home town, Excelsior, Minnesota; Jeff had sent off a dispatch to the Consolidated Press Association on a wild hunch, and found himself their "special correspondent" for twenty-four hours—scooping the world with his stories of ■ spectacular crime. The stories turned out to be surprisingly good, and Jeffrey Brett was called to New York. He spent a year in New York, covering everything from arson rings and voodoo rites in Harlem to St. Patrick's day parades and flower shows. Then he was sent to the hill-billy country for a human-interest angle on a fifty-year-old feud war. And in the years that followed he somehow landed in Paris to cover the decline of the franc, chased through the Balkans on the trail of a monarchist cabal, stormed Angora for an interview with Mustapha Kemal Ataturk Ghazi, and accompanied a mad engineer from Brussels on a madder trip across North Africa to write first-hand reports of rebellion in the desert. In 1930 Jeffrey Brett was back in New York, broke, thin, and without a job; and within three days he was in Washington "subbing" for a correspondent who had come down with the flu. He had been there ever since.

Jeffrey Brett wrote with acid. As head of the Washington bureau of the St. Louis "Express," he had made himself the reputation of being the toughest-minded newshawk in ■ corps of men scarcely distinguished for gullibility. Brett claimed to respect no "principles"; he despised stuffed shirts, was merciless to pomposity. He was hard—but he was fair and clean. And for all his antiseptic mannerisms, the boys at the Press Club knew that Jeffrey Brett's devotion to Senator Jonathan Morley was a deep and pervasive thing. He fought for the Senator and his program with the passion of a crusader.

On the floor of the Senate the roll call began. The clerk intoned the names. Bankhead . . . Borah . . . Capper . . . Glass . . . Norris . . .

The newspaper men in the gallery began tolling the vote—on old envelopes and press cards. Jeffrey Brett leaned back and closed his eyes. The "Times" man leaned over. "How does it look to you, Jeff?"

"Dark."

"Why?"

"My eyes are closed."

The "Times" man grimaced. "Quit stalling. I mean the bill."

"It'll pass."

The "Tribune" man said, "What'll that do to the Merrill Drew crowd?"

"Wait until Senator Morley starts his little party tomorrow. Plenty."

"You mean *you* and Morley."

"Okay." Brett grinned. "Me and Morley. We'll take Drew."

The "Sun" man bent down and whispered. "Jeff, the Larrabee Line is thinking of filing a request for an RFC loan."

"They filed it an hour ago." The "Sun" man rushed out. "And they won't get it," Brett murmured to no one in particular.

The roll call was half over. Paul Baker, who handled the Washington end for the St. Louis "Courier" and was Jeffrey Brett's competitor, came over. "What do you say on the bill, *Mr.* Brett?"

Jeff yawned. He liked to tease Paul Baker; he had scooped him so often it was a standing joke at the Press Club. "*Mr.* Baker, I'm in a fog. A very dither."

"Afraid to commit yourself?" Baker smiled.

"I'm the Olympic cham committer. I commit day and night."

"Well? What about the bill?"

"What do *you* think, Houdini?"

"It hasn't a chance."

"That settles it." Jeff closed his eyes. "It's as good as passed."

"You're cracked."

Jeff opened one eye. "Fifty will get you a hundred it passes," he whispered.

"You're on!" Baker laughed. "Two to one on a proposition like this—you're mad."

"Insane!"

The roll call ended, at last. The bill passed by two votes. Paul Baker groaned, cursed Brett, and dashed for the door. From the whole gallery newspapermen sprang up and went for the phones outside. Jeff got up wearily, went through the swinging doors, and opened ■ booth. "Okay, Mac."

The man inside came out, wiping his forehead. He was Macaulay Jones, Jeffrey Brett's assistant; he had a face that looked like an exhibit on soil erosion. He had been holding the wire for Brett for forty minutes. "Okay, Jeff?"

"Okay." Brett went into the booth. "Johnny—still on? It passed. Shoot through the story as I wrote it this morning. Put the vote in the lead—forty-eight to forty-six. I'll be over."

He hung up and took Macaulay Jones by the arm. "Early to bed, early to rise—"

Mac moaned. Jeff's tone meant work—hard, long work. "Listen, Jeff," said Mac, "how about some nice cold lobster? I found a place down on the wharf that—"

"Sure. First I've got to drop in on Senator Morley."

"Aw, Jeff, can't we just—"

They ran into Senator Morley on the ground floor. He was beaming. "Well, Jeff, it went through. It's splendid, splendid!"

"And tomorrow the big game hunt starts?"

Senator Morley said, "I shouldn't put it quite that way. We're *hoping* for some important developments."

Jeff grinned. "I'll be there."

Morley patted him on the back. "You always are." He went back to the cloak room.

"Well done, blithe spirit!" Macaulay Jones cried. "Now let's head for that lobster."

Brett was shaking his head.

"Oh, Jeff. Can't we eat in a restaurant for *one* night? Just to see what it's like?"

"Sure, Mac, sure," Brett said sweetly. "We'll go to the Mayflower."

BUT ten minutes later they were in the "Express" bureau offices in the National Press Building, with two bottles of milk and four ham sandwiches. And as they "ate," Jeffrey Brett and Macaulay Jones hammered out the next morning's news. Jeff took his shoes off. Mac worked in his undershirt. There were phone calls from New York and St. Louis; there were phone calls to Senators for statements and to cabinet members' press-relations men for opinions. Newspapermen drifted in and out to exchange leads, discuss fresh angles, and tell Jeff how burned up Paul Baker was about losing fifty dollars on the vote.

A telegram came into the office. Brett, pounding away at his typewriter, told Mac to read it.

Mac read it. "Jeff, gird your loins."

"Gird your own loins. I left mine home."

Mac shrugged his shoulders. "These are painful and unfortuitous tidings, Jeff." (Macaulay Jones loved language as some men love liquor.)

Jeff groaned. "*Read* it, for the love of—"

Mac read it:

MY SON THOMAS ARRIVING ON SIX-THIRTY PLANE. PUT HIM ON AS LEG MAN. WISH YOU WOULD TEACH HIM THE ROPES. HE IS ASSIGNED TO YOU FOR ONE YEAR.

"What?" Jeffrey Brett jumped up and kicked ■ shoe across the floor. "Not me! I'm resigning! I'm through!"

"Oh, there's more," said Macaulay Jones.

DON'T TRY RESIGNING ON ME EITHER. IT HASN'T WORKED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

(SIGNED)
AVERY NORTON
PUBLISHER

Brett snatched the telegram from Macaulay's hands. "I like that guy's nerve!"

"Let us proceed to yon airport," said Macaulay Jones.

"Not me!" Jeff said. "I'm sick of the whole cock-eyed merry-go-round. And I'm *not* playing nursemaid to my publisher's son!"

Macaulay Jones began whistling. Jeff looked at him, then smiled. "Mac, you've got an assignment. Meet the Norton brat. Wipe his nose, wash his ears and bring him down in the morning."

"Jeff!" Mac's eyes popped. "Look, the boss wants *you* to—"

"And *I* want you, sweetheart."

Jeff pushed Macaulay Jones out of the office. Mac took the elevator, growling, and got into a cab, smiling.

IT WAS raining by the time Mac got to the airport. He didn't have to wait five minutes for the plane to come in, its wings wet and shiny. He went over to the gate; Jeffrey Brett was there ahead of him.

"It's not fair!" Mac cried. "If you knew you'd come down, why'd you have to send me?"

"Checking up on you."

They saw a young man, slight, well-dressed, get out of the plane. He was a nicer-looking kid than Jeff or Mac had dared to hope for.

"That's him."

"No," Brett grimaced. "That is *he*. The intransitive verb—" He stopped short. Young Thomas Norton was helping a girl out of the plane. She was a striking girl, with auburn hair and a pert nose and a mouth to which sonnets are written. She carried herself with singular grace, and with dignity.

"Jeff!" cried Macaulay Jones. "Do you see what I see?"

Jeff groaned.

"Duck, boss! I'll take care of the brat! Duck!"

Jeff held his forehead and groaned again. "She's got the Chinese curse on me."

He walked over to young Norton. "I'm Jeffrey Brett."

The boy's eyes lit up. "Mr. Brett! Gee, I'm glad to know you." They shook hands. "My father told me so much about you and I've been following your dispatches for years and waiting for the day I could come down and—"

But Jeffrey Brett wasn't listening. Neither was the exquisite young lady at Tommy Norton's side. They were looking at each other, without a word. Brett had one eye cocked quizzically; the girl was trying to look cool, superior, almost arrogant.

"Oh. Do you know Miss Fleming?" Tommy Norton asked.

Brett nodded. "Indeed, indeed, indeed. We were soul-mates at Vassar. I knew Miss Fleming when she *first* came to Washington."

"*That* was a long time ago," said the girl. There was irony in her tone.

"Ouch," said Jeff.

"I met Miss Fleming on the plane," smiled young Norton, "and she's told me a lot about Washington and—"

"Did she tell you about the President's Reception Ball in 1931?" asked Macaulay Jones dryly.

"Shut up!" said Jeff.

Eden Fleming gave Macaulay an icy look, shot a quick goodbye to Tommy, and hurried off to a cab.

Tommy Norton stared after her. "Say, she seemed mad. What's—"

Brett turned to him. He had been looking after Eden Fleming. "Look, son. Your father sent you down here to learn the ropes, didn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay. I'll show them to you. You'll work with me from nine in the morning until—nine in the morning. Mac here—Macaulay Jones, he's in the bureau—will take you to the Willard and give you a few Boy Scout rules. Get some sleep—you'll need it." And he stalked off after the girl. Her cab was leaving the airport. Jeff yelled after her, then began to run.

Tommy Norton turned to Mac. "I guess she's annoyed, and I offended him."

"Who told you?" asked Mac.

They went for a cab.

"But what did I *say*?"

"Get in," said Macaulay Jones wearily. "Willard, driver."

The cab swished through the rain and started for the bridge which leads into Pennsylvania Avenue.

Tommy Norton said, "Well, I guess they knew each other or—"

"Sonny," said Mac with a deep sigh, "I'm going to make a speech—a long speech, but a very wise one. Lean back—our drivers get ten points extra for dislocating your spine. There's one thing you'll have to learn about Jeffrey Brett—he's smarter than you or me or the Brain Trust. He never does anything without a reason. Okay. And there's one thing you'll have to learn about the fair city to which you have just come: in Washington you can't draw a line between party politics and cocktail-party politics."

"I don't see what—"

"Silence, child," said Macaulay Jones. "The lecture isn't finished. This town is full of swank and gab and intrigue—it's a cross between Paris and the State Fair. And if you pull a boner at a tea for the wife of the Representative from Kokomo, you can rattle plenty of windows in some embassy in Siam."

"But what does that have to do with—"

"This, aspiring pundit. You take the case of the glamorous lady known as Eden Fleming. Beautiful name, ravishing girl, amazing story. Eden Fleming, Mr. Norton, is the daughter of the late lamented Ambassador to—"

AND Macaulay Jones, in his own pontifical, circuitous manner, told young Thomas Norton the story of Eden Fleming. In 1931 she had been, by virtue of her beauty, her charm and her family position, the most envied débutante in the capital. She knew everyone, was invited everywhere; she had the young men at the embassies fighting duels for her favor. Came the President's Ball for the diplomatic corps—the most brilliant affair of a capital famed for its Season. And Eden Fleming was the loveliest girl at the party. She had worn an evening gown that was ravishing to the eye; that gown made social history. For while Eden Fleming was waltzing gayly with the handsome young naval officer from a well-known embassy, a terrible thing had happened. She paid the price for wearing an evening gown that had no shoulder straps. Her slip—"her *lovely* slip," in Macaulay Jones' patois—had come down, right in the middle of the White House ballroom, before the President, the diplomatic corps, and four justices of the Supreme Court.

Everyone was quite nice about it, of course; the naval officer was a gentleman and a diplomat, and conveyed the dazzling if mortified Miss Fleming out as discreetly as he could. No one mentioned it—for the rest of the evening, at least. But Jeffrey Brett, the ubiquitous Mr. Jeffrey Brett, saw the whole episode. And Mr. Brett claimed he was at the ball as a Washington correspondent and not as a débutante's Walter Raleigh. The next day a rollicking "human interest" story with a Washington date-line, signed by Jeffrey Brett, got a front page box in the St. Louis "Express." And all the press associations picked the story up and sent it over their afternoon wires. Eden Fleming's evening gown cracked every front page from Coney Island to Catalina. And Eden Fleming left Washington for "an indefinite trip through Europe" the next day.

"And now she's back," said Macaulay Jones with a sigh. "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

Tommy Norton was quiet. He seemed uneasy. "Why did Brett pull ■ trick like that?"

"Because he's a damn sight better newspaper man than you and all your children will be!" said Macaulay Jones. "That's why. He wasn't any too happy when Eden Fleming left this metropolis—he had what is known vulgarly as a 'case' on the lady. He still has, from the way he acted at the airport. But he said

she shouldn't have run out, been a quitter. If she'd stuck it, she'd be the most popular girl in Washington today."

"Oh," said Tommy Norton. "Oh."

THE girl who might have been the most popular young lady in Washington, except for Jeffrey Brett and *l'affaire* evening gown, got out of a cab in front of a large Georgian house on S Street. The rain was angry now and came down in solid strips. She fumbled in her purse to pay the driver. A man's voice said, "Allow me." It was Jeffrey Brett. He was standing in the doorway of the house.

Eden Fleming was surprised. "No, thank *you*."

Jeff shoved a bill into the driver's hand and took Eden Fleming's single bag. "Welcome home, dear. The kiddies and I missed you."

Eden dashed for the doorway. Jeff followed her.

"Thank you, and good night," said Eden coldly.

She put the key into the lock impatiently.

"Allow *me*." Jeff pushed her away gently. He swung the door open. "Mademoiselle."

Eden stepped inside without a word. The house was dark, deserted; the furniture was shrouded in sheets. Eden reached for the switch and snapped it. Nothing happened. She tried another switch. It only seemed to make things darker.

"Well, guess I'll be going now," said Jeff brightly. "Bye bye."

"No! Please!" Eden flushed. "Would you mind waiting, *just* ■ moment? I'll have ■ light on in a jiffy." She moved to the drawing-room and snapped a switch. Nothing happened.

"By the way," Jeff said casually, "did you remember to have the company start service? Funny people, electric companies. They've got to be told. Not psychic."

"I sent them a special delivery."

"When?"

"Oh." Eden caught her breath. "This morning."

Jeffrey sighed. "A man's work is never done. Sit down. I'll find ■ candle. There used to be a pair on the mantelpiece." He lit a match, stumbled over a chair, and got to the fireplace. The match went out. The rain howled on the windows.

"Jeff," said Eden softly.

In the darkness Jeffrey smiled. "That's better. Jeff. I never did like the way you said *Mr.* Brett."

"Jeff. . . . Hurry."

"Not *scared*, my dear?"

"N-no. Wet. Tired. Wet. Please."

He lit another match, and put it to the tall candles over the fireplace. They sputtered, flickered, then burned with a soft even light. Life and warmth crept into the room.

"All right, Eden."

For the first time, Eden smiled. "Thank you, Jeff."

Jeff looked at her. He looked at her carefully, and with a curious gentleness. "You're very ugly, Eden."

"You're mad."

"All the Bretts are mad. That's what they call us. The mad Bretts."

"I feel like ■ skinned, drenched rabbit."

She sank to the sofa. Jeff didn't move. He was still looking at her. The candlelight seemed to sprinkle gold-dust on Eden's hair; it lent an ivory tone to her skin. Her eyes were bright, gray-bright, blue-bright—it was hard to tell.

"I reverse myself," said Brett. "You're beautiful."

"Sure."

"You always were."

Eden's lips tightened. "Especially at the White House Ball with my *lovely* slip around my ankles in full view of—"

"Hold it." Jeffrey sat down beside her. "That's just what I wanted to talk to you about. That's why I chased out here. You'd better get on something dry."

Eden got up and went to the hall. Jeffrey heard her open her bag. He lit ■ cigarette.

SHE came back in a few minutes, wearing a bathrobe and slippers. She had wiped her face, combed her hair. "No use trying to put on make-up. I hit my ear with the lipstick. Give me a cigarette, Jeff."

She inhaled deeply, then blew the smoke out with a long sigh; the smoke curled in the candlelight, hung in the air like a thin veil, dissolved.

"I apologize, Eden."

"What for?"

"The story."

"You ought to apologize for all your stories."

"*Touché*." Jeff made a sour face. "I mean the story about your slip. Remember? It came down—"

"Skip the details," Eden said quickly. "*I* remember."

"Am I forgiven?"

"No, Mr. Brett."

"Alas." Jeff stood up. "'And he stole into the night and blew his brains out.'"

"Sit down, goof." Eden was smiling. "Jeff—why'd you do it?"

"What? Steal into the night and—"

"No. Send the story. Stop clowning."

Jeff was quiet for a moment. "I had to send the yarn, Eden. I *had* to. It was a natural. I couldn't pass it up. It was a tough break for you."

Eden stared at the candles. "You know—" her smile was curiously slow—"sometimes I think I ought to thank you for running me out of Washington. It jarred me loose. I traveled. I studied. I learned a lot, about places, about people. About myself, most of all. That's important, Jeff."

JEFF smiled at her. "It's seven years now, isn't it? What did you do?"

"Plenty. Everything. First of all, I ducked and—" Eden outlined seven years in ten minutes. She had gone to England, studied at the Sorbonne, spent a year in Capri. Then her father had died, leaving an estate which had dwindled from a 1929 high to a 1932 nil, and left her in a difficult position. The house was the only thing Eden inherited, and the house couldn't be sold. She returned to New York and got a job as a stylist. She was fired in a week. Then she was a play-reader, private secretary, social secretary, comparison shopper, advertising writer. And a month ago she had lost the last of some six jobs. That was all.

"What are you doing back here? And why the plane?" asked Jeff. "The unemployed have ■ strange prejudice against planes."

Eden laughed. "I'm back to rent the house. And the plane fare was paid by the gentleman who's going to rent it."

"The gentleman must be daffy. It's too big. Who is he?"

"Merrill Drew."

Jeff stood up. He looked at Eden sharply. He frowned.

"What's the matter, Jeff? You act as if—"

"Yes!" Suddenly Jeff leaned over her. "Did Drew get in touch with you? In New York? When? For how long does he want the house? Is he moving in alone? In whose name is the lease? Is there a lease? Do *you* figure in the deal? Why did he—"

Eden sprang up. "Just a minute, Mr. Brett. I don't like your tone or your questions. This is my house and I'm renting it."

"Not to a man like Merrill Drew!"

"*I* like Mr. Drew!"

"*I* don't!" Jeff's eyes were blazing. "If you're so eager to rent the mausoleum, I'll get you a nice little gang of counterfeiters who want a front! I'd rather see it run by honest counterfeiters!"

"Mr. Drew's an old friend of my father's!"

"Your father kept miserable company!"

"My father—"

"Merrill Drew's a corrupt little Caesar without a heart, a conscience, or a sense of shame! Senator Morley and I will put him in a federal pen before—"

Suddenly every light in the house went on. Eden Fleming walked out of the room and to the front door. She was pale; her eyes were like ice. "Good night, Mr. Brett!"

HEALTH BY THE HOGSHEAD

The visible enemies any war produces are terrifying—the tanks and planes, the suffocating gas and the rapid fire cannon. But they are apt to be far less potent than the invisible destroyers: the bacteria.

Disease always marches with warring troops and besieges civilians corraled into mushroom industrial towns. Preventing these invisible destroyers from playing a deciding rôle, is the job of the vaccine divisions of the world's armies. In modernity of equipment, and in potential production, the station maintained by the U. S. army is unexcelled.

It sits on the outskirts of Washington, D. C., in the group of buildings that includes Walter Reed Hospital and the Army Medical School. There are five glassed-in rooms, each the size of a comfortable bed chamber. All equipment is made of stainless monel metal. Before operations begin each room is completely scrubbed with germ-killing cresol. Then doors are closed and live steam is turned into the rooms through a ceiling jet. When this has completely filled the room, the steam is turned off. Allowed to condense and settle, the steam combs all floating organisms out of the air. Then conditioned air is turned on. First this inflowing stream is scrubbed with a shower of water, then filtered through oil screens to eliminate dust, then passed through a tunnel containing sixteen ultra-violet lights. These lights instantaneously kill any bacteria. Enough of a stream of this pure air is pumped into the room to keep it under constant pressure: so there will be an outflow through any leaky crevices, rather than a contaminating inflow.

After these precautions have been taken technicians are ready for work. They step naked from showers, where they have scrubbed themselves with soap, directly into these workrooms. Inside they dress in sterile gowns, caps, masks and gloves and slip their feet into slippers soaked with disinfectant solution.

This is the laboratory which makes typhoid fever vaccine for all government services: army, navy, CCC, Coast Guard, and a host of others. To be sure, protection must be given men against other diseases: smallpox, which is a growing problem, scarlet fever and diphtheria. They will need pneumonia serum and human immune serum for measles. But the government has elected to leave these problems in the hands of the private biological houses for several reasons. For one thing the juices which protect against these diseases come mostly from calves and horses. Maintenance of thousands of these animals would be expensive—and unnecessary since the private institutions could supply the demand.

The case with typhoid is different. Protective vaccine doesn't require the services of any animal. The army must have a minimum reserve of a million doses at all times. No private concern could carry such an inventory. No private concern would care to have facilities for huge war-time production lying idle during peace-time.

The army's station is able to expand fifteen fold within twenty-four days, to beat general mobilization by weeks and major troop movements by months. At peak production it can make 15,000,000 doses of vaccine per year.

Each of the five glistening rooms in the vaccine unit has a special function. The rod-shaped bacteria are grown in the first. To insure vitality and potency, the strain must be renewed every few months. A typhoid carrier in Panama makes periodic contributions. After the bacteria from his body have feasted on veal broth and agar and have gone through the reproduction cycle in an incubator, they are passed along to room No. 2 to be harvested. In the following laboratories the vaccine is prepared, mixed and tested for potency.

If the United States is fortunate the laboratory will never have to go into mass production. But should occasion arise it is ready to do so; ready to prepare vaccine in hogshead lots to protect against the disease that once decimated civil and military populations alike.

J. D. RATCLIFF

"Don't be ■ fool! I'll telling you Merrill Drew's dynamite! Steer clear of that—"

"Good *night*, Mr. Brett!"

Jeffrey glared at her, then stormed out, slamming the door behind him.

THE next morning Jeffrey Brett was irritable, impatient, angry. It boded no good for young Thomas Norton's first day as ■ Washington correspondent.

The day began at nine. Brett checked the ticker, raced through the mail, sent three telegrams, made a dozen calls, clipped two New York papers, talked to Senator Morley on the phone for fifteen minutes, collected his fifty dollars from Paul Baker, slammed out two running leads for early afternoon editions, scanned the handouts, called St. Louis, gave assignments to Macaulay Jones and the cub who covered the Department of Commerce. It would be more accurate to say that Jeffrey Brett read his mail, wrote two runnings leads, and snapped orders to Macaulay Jones. Tommy Norton did all the rest. He called the Veterans' Bureau, the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the office of Indian Affairs. He got Senator Morley on the phone. He collected the fifty dollars from Paul Baker. He read government handouts. He clipped stories Brett marked with a blue pencil. He buzzed for telegraph messengers. He was hurried, badgered, ordered around. He was bewildered, but thrilled by his first day in the confusing world of Washington correspondence. He was thrilled to be working under Jeffrey Brett.

At ten-thirty they were at the press tables in the Caucus Room of the Senate Office Building. The Morley Committee Investigation was opening. And Merrill Drew was the first witness. Young Norton liked Senator Morley instantly: ■ tall, spare, arresting figure, one of the oldest Solons in the capital. Jonathan Morley looked what he was—honest, courageous, uncompromising. Tommy Norton didn't think much of Merrill Drew: he was one of those too-perfectly bred gentlemen whose very urbanity is disquieting. Merrill Drew had figured on the fringe of a dozen political scandals, and somehow had never been implicated. He was a behind-the-scenes figure whose power—never defined, never revealed, always suspected—was something to conjure with. A one-time political boss from Senator Morley's home state, he had come to Washington many years ago, and had prospered. He was nominally the head of "Merrill Drew and Associates," a dignified office in a dignified building on K Street. Merrill Drew was very clever, very poised, smart and smooth and dangerous. He was unruffled by Senator Morley's opening questions. He turned neat phrases. He never raised his voice.

Jeffrey Brett watched the adversaries with an intensity that shut out the world. Occasionally he would scribble something on ■ pad and Tommy Norton would push the slip down the press tables to the Senatorial rostrum, where it would go to Jonathan Morley. Then Senator Morley would ask a question. And Merrill Drew would look first toward Brett, smile ever so slightly, turn back to Morley, and answer. Tommy Norton couldn't make head or tail out of what was going on. During a five-minute recess, Tommy summoned up enough courage to whisper to Brett: "Mr. Brett, I don't want to be ■ nuisance—but, well, what's this all about?"

Jeffrey Brett made a sour face.

"Excuse me," said Tommy. "I—I just wanted to know. I'd like to learn."

JEFF said, as though he were addressing a junior high-school class in civics, "Look, sonny. Morley's a Senator. He's elected by the people—you know, voters, ballots, speeches, campaigns. . . . Merrill Drew, Exhibit A this morning, is what is unkindly known as a 'lobbyist.' He's an old hand at political finagling. He's very rich and very powerful. Heaven know how he gets away with it. He has all sorts of pet projects he'd like to push through Congress: He likes to make his own men and break the others. The one man he'd like to break is Jonathan Morley. He's tried. Well, the Senate would sort of like to know how much money Drew put up for the last election, and about some funny things that happened in Morley's home state, and about some funnier things that are happening now."

"Bribes?" asked Tommy Norton quickly.

Jeff groaned. "Now, sonny. That's a nasty word. You can't use it until they prove it. And that's just what Senator Morley and all these wise men are trying to do. They want to find out how Mr. Drew spends his money. Especially, they want to know about a little discrepancy of $75,000 between the report on campaign expenditures handed in and the amount of money we—er—suspect Merrill Drew actually spent."

Tommy Norton nodded gravely. "Why doesn't Mr. Drew like Senator Morley?"

Brett coughed. "My—! Because Senator Morley has a terrible habit of blocking most of Mr. Drew's unsavory plans. He gives interviews to the press, exposes Merrill's Machiavellian hand, fights the bills he and his crowd have their little hearts set on."

Tommy Norton's journalistic aspirations surged to the fore. "What a story! It'll rip the country wide open!"

Brett buried his face in his hands; he seemed to be in pain. "Yeh," he said. "It'll probably get two sticks opposite the want-ad page, next to Dick Tracy."

"Huh?" Young Norton was outraged.

Brett tried to keep his voice down. "One thing you ought to learn, son. Our paper's going to town on the story because Morley and Drew are in our territory. The rest of the nation's press seem to feel Morley's a small-town name and Drew's just a bogey-man."

MACAULAY JONES came in. Brett let him take over, took Tommy, and grabbed a cab for a White House press conference. But Tommy didn't get in. At the last minute, just as they were about to pass the guards for the Oval Room, Brett told him to chase over to the Post Office Department and get a story about the new one-cent stamp series from some stupid third assistant in the publicity section.

They met at the Press Club for lunch, dropped in on the House and the Senate, and hurried over to the Mayflower around cocktail time when the Senate recessed for the day. Brett ordered milk. He wouldn't let Tommy order a dry Martini. The place crawled with celebrities. An admiral, Congressmen, the secretary to a cabinet member, a bigwig political leader from New York came up and said hello to Brett. The quick talk, the technical references, the exchange of names, plans, political gossip, accentuated Tommy Norton's excitement. This *was* Washington—the whole rich, swift flow of a nation's political life in action.

Senator Morley came in and went to ■ corner table.

"Stay here," said Jeff. He went over to Morley. Morley looked worried.

Then Tommy saw Merrill Drew come in—with Eden Fleming! Drew was telling her something, and she laughed.

They passed Tommy's table. Eden saw him. "Mr. Norton. How are you?"

Tommy got up. She introduced him. Merrill Drew looked him over, smiled, and said, "Norton? Weren't you with the St. Louis 'Express' man this morning—at the—er—unpleasantness?"

Tommy said, "I was with Mr. Jeffrey Brett."

Eden flushed. Drew bowed. "That is his name, I suppose."

"My father publishes the 'Express,'" said Tommy pointedly.

"I know."

Eden said, "Boys and girls, please. No politics."

Tommy saw Brett and Morley out of the corner of his eye. They hadn't spotted Drew and Eden Fleming. They were engaged in earnest conversation. Brett seemed to be trying to convince the Senator of something. Morley kept shaking his head.

Eden said something to Tommy about his calling on her some time soon. Then she and Merrill Drew went to a table.

Jeff left Senator Morley and came back to Tommy. Just as he sat down he saw Eden and Drew. His face darkened. "The little fool."

"Who?" asked Tommy.

"Joan of Arc." Jeff took ■ potato chip, started to put it in his mouth, stopped, then smiled. "Son, go out to the lobby and get on the phone. Call this number, get the cocktail lounge, tell them you've got to talk to Merrill Drew. Page him. Keep him talking for at least ten minutes."

Tommy's eyes widened. "Me? Drew? What'll I say? I don't—"

"You won't get that Eagle Scout badge unless you can lie for ten minutes. Get going."

"But he'll hang up. He'll—"

"Not if you tell him you have some dope on Morley. Stall him along. Pretend you're ■ blackmailer. Or ■ G-Man. Or the ghost of Aaron Burr. Move."

Tommy moved.

Jeffrey drank some milk and waited. Eden's back was to him; he turned his chair so that Merrill Drew wouldn't see him. In a few minutes a boy came into the lounge, paging Merrill Drew. When Drew went out to the foyer, Jeffrey got up and walked over to Eden. She caught her breath. He sat down. "Drew'll be back any minute so I'll talk fast. You're playing with dynamite, honey."

Eden's chin went up. "I'm not interested. Please go away."

"Drew's up before a Senate Committee," Jeff said. "He told me. There's nothing in it. This Morley person is grinding a personal ax."

Jeff looked as if he could choke her. "He didn't tell you anything. There's plenty in it and Morley's grinding no ax but the ax of justice!"

"Don't be melodramatic, Mr. Brett." Eden was very cool. "It's not becoming. Ax of justice! Tchk, tchk."

"Eden!" A storm raged in Jeffrey's eyes. "Listen. Believe me. Just once."

"Do I look—"

"You look naïve and you are. This guy's up to big things. You're getting hooked—"

"That's not a nice way to talk about my friend, Mr. Brett. And employer."

"Your *what?*"

"My employer."

Jeff pushed his chair back. "Eden, if you're in on Drew's dirty work. . . . Use your head. What's your job? What—"

"Social secretary. Arrange parties, invite the right people. Any objections?"

"You nit-wit!" Jeffrey hit the table. "Drew's using you and the house as a front. I don't know what smelly racket he's up to now but I tell you—"

"That'll do, Mr. Brett!" Eden's eyes were hazel when they flared like that. "Goodbye again. And this time, good*bye!*"

"I'll be damned if—"

"The state of your soul is irrelevant, Mr. Brett. Goodbye."

Jeff went back to his table, paid his check, and fumed out. In the lobby he passed Merrill Drew. The men didn't nod to each other.

THE days pass fast in Washington; events carry men along in the swift, compelling current of destiny. The next two weeks were crowded for Tommy Norton, confusing to Eden Fleming, disturbing to Jeffrey Brett. To Macaulay Jones they were just two weeks.

The Morley investigation bogged down, badly. Jeffrey's ironic comment about the news-value of the committee's findings ("two sticks next to Dick Tracy") proved if not precise then surprisingly descriptive. The New York papers gave the Morley hearings fat inches—to fill out the obituary column pages; the Chicago press went wild over the story—to the extent of several undernourished items on the real-estate pages. Papers west of St. Louis simply ignored the whole matter. And in his heart, Jeffrey Brett could scarcely blame them. The investigation was proving about as dismal an affair as any piece of news since Calvin Coolidge had put on overalls and pitched hay lackadaisically for the movie cameras. Jeff didn't know what could be done to galvanize the proceedings; but he did know that Merrill Drew had covered his tracks admirably, and that Jonathan Morley—for all the circumstantial evidence at his command—could pin nothing on him. Jonathan Morley's high hopes were fading. He seemed worried and Jeffrey had to buttress him with false optimism, tips, leads, promising reports.

To make things worse, Eden Fleming had held her position with ■ loyalty which, in other circumstances, Jeffrey might have thought admirable. She wouldn't see him, answer his telegrams, speak to him on the phone.

All this may explain why, as Jeff and Tommy Norton sat in the bar of the Press Club, the head of the Washington bureau of the St. Louis "Express" was morose, withdrawn, intent upon some desperately earnest train of thought.

Tommy Norton watched him uneasily. They had been sitting there for twenty minutes; Brett had said exactly nothing. "Mind if I have a drink?"

Jeff looked up. "Go ahead."

"Waiter—an old-fashioned."

"Milk, waiter," said Brett.

Tommy grit his teeth. "An old-fashioned."

"Don't be a fool!" Brett snapped. "You've got fifty years to drink yourself into journalism. Milk, waiter."

Tommy tried to keep his fury down as the waiter disappeared. Then he let it out. "Mr. Brett, let's get

this straight. I'm not a kid and I'm not a fool. I'm here to learn the newspaper game. All right. That's your department. I've been learning. But what I do and eat and drink is my affair and mine alone. You haven't let me have a free evening since I came here."

Jeff looked bored.

The waiter put a glass of milk down. Tommy poured it into the pretzel bowl. "An old-fashioned," he said.

Brett got up. "Be downstairs in ten minutes. I'm knocking out a story."

"Mr. Brett—" Tommy spoke fast. "I'm going out tonight. I'm going to dinner. I'm—I'm invited to Eden Fleming's house."

A quick flame shot into Jeffrey Brett's eyes. "When'd you see her?"

"I ran into her Monday afternoon."

"Where?"

"O'Donnell's."

"Was she alone?"

"I guess so. . . . She invited me up. Tonight. I'm going."

Brett rolled his tongue in his cheek. "So you're going to Eden's house?" He picked up a pretzel. "Swell. That's just dandy."

"Oh, thanks!" Tommy said. "I was afraid you'd make me stick around tonight—"

"Me?" Brett looked very hurt. "How could you, son? How *could* you?"

"Well, I thought—"

"No, no, no, my boy. You go tonight. Don't miss it. Just drop into the office around six—then you're free as a bird. You ought to get to know Eden Fleming. She knows nice people."

"Look, Mr. Brett," said Tommy uneasily. "I don't know about her friends. All I know is she—"

"She's a very beautiful girl. A very charming girl. Good luck, kid."

Jeffrey walked away. Tommy looked after him, grinned, and thought that Brett was a pretty grand person after all. Had he known Brett better he would have known that that polite, gallant tone spelled unadulterated trouble. . . .

JEFF hurried into his office and grabbed the Washington "Star." Macaulay Jones was hovering over the ticker. Jeff turned to the society pages.

"The SEC statement on AN & R is coming through," said Mac, bending over the machine.

"So *she's* giving a party at the house," Jeff mused aloud. "Drew'll be there, of course. Why'd they want the kid?"

"The Commission is making overtures to Wall Street."

"I haven't been to a party in years," Jeff said.

"Circuit Court of Appeals decided TVA power program—"

"Don't be trivial—come here." Jeff took a blue pencil and began reading the list of guests invited to Miss Eden Fleming's dinner that night. He checked the names off with the blue pencil. "Mr. and Mrs. Courtney . . . ex-Judge Blanshford *et femme* . . . Silas Rand . . . Mrs. Priscilla Watkins . . . Ambassador Roheim and daughter . . . mm, quite a party. Hey, Mac! Come here, I said."

Macaulay Jones left the ticker.

"Mac." Brett didn't take his eyes off the society pages. "Send a telegram to our friend La Fleming."

"Shoot."

"'Terribly sorry cannot come—stop. Handling big story—stop. Apologies.' And sign it 'Thomas D. Norton.'"

Mac dropped his pencil. "It's none of my business, Jeff, but the kid's been aching to get to her house."

"Send it."

Mac shrugged his shoulders and turned the telegraph button.

"It'll ruin her party, Jeff," he said quietly. "An extra place at a Washington dinner table is—"

"There won't be an extra place."

"It's too late to get a single man."

"That's where you're wrong," said Brett. He leaned back and grinned. "I'd like to see her face when she gets Tommy's wire—"

EDEN'S face when she got the wire is easy to describe: it went stark, chalky white. She read the telegram three times, and each time muttered: "Jeffery Brett . . . Jeffrey Brett. . . . It could *only* be Jeffrey Brett."

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked an unruffled voice. It was Merrill Drew.

"Mr. Drew," said Eden, "you may not know it but your party is headed straight for some horrible rocks."

Drew smiled. "I trust your navigation."

"I can't navigate a battleship in a mountain stream. We're one short for dinner."

"Really? Who?"

"Young Thomas Norton."

Drew frowned. "I wanted him tonight. I wanted to talk to him."

"I'm sorry. But I suspect that—" Eden stopped.

"Suspect what, my dear?"

"Oh, I—er—suspect he's very busy," Eden finished lamely.

"I suspect Jeffrey Brett was very busy," said Merrill Drew.

Eden looked up. "What makes you say that? Why should Mr. Brett—"

Drew smiled. "My dear, it's my business to know things. One of the things I know is how gentlemen like Brett work. Young Norton's unfortunate absence is not at all—er—unconnected with Mr. Brett's strange, *quite* strange—dislike of me."

Eden flushed. "I don't think he'd deliberately—"

"He would." Merrill Drew flicked an ash off his cigarette lazily. "Mr. Brett, as you must know far better than I, is a remarkably determined and resourceful man."

Eden kept silent.

"Suppose we ignore him, Eden. Now . . . and in the future."

"Good." Eden took up the seating chart for that evening's dinner. "But we're *still* one short for dinner, and this is Washington. We're ruined!"

Merrill Drew patted her hand. "Nonsense. In London, we would be ruined. In Paris, we would be amused. In Tokyo, we would say—'Fate.' In Washington, we are merely annoyed." He adjusted his pince-nez. "And we shall conquer annoyance with ingenuity. Now then, who's available for emergencies of this sad nature?"

EDEN took a little black book from the desk drawer and handed it to him. Drew opened it. "Congressman Sylvester?"

"No!" said Eden flatly. "He's duller than wallpaper."

"Vincent McPhail of the Federal Reserve Board?"

Eden shuddered.

"How about the junior attaché at the Belgian embassy?"

"Pierre?" asked Eden. "Pierre. Not bad. Not at all bad. Perfect!"

She reached for the phone. . . .

Jeffrey Brett and Macaulay Jones were going over the same social emergency list, for precisely the same reason.

"Congressman Sylvester?" asked Mac.

"A bloody bore," said Brett. "Eden wouldn't have him."

"McPhail of the F.R.B.?"

"Not a chance. He makes her shudder."

"The junior Belgian attaché?"

"Pete?" mused Jeff. "Pete. He's not bad, not bad. In fact he's *right*. In fact he's just the bird she'd snag at the last minute. Get him on the phone!"

Mac got "Pete" at the Belgian Embassy. That was why Eden, trying the number, found it busy and wrung her hands in desperation.

"Hello, Pete," Brett said into the phone. "Jeff Brett . . . Sure . . . No, can't kick . . . Don't be a chump. I let you off easy. I could have mentioned Sourpuss' finesse through the Brazil boys . . . All right . . . Say, Pete, you're going to be invited to Eden Fleming's for dinner tonight."

"Am I?" asked Pete. ("Pete" was born Pierre Maulnieraux but that didn't bother Jeffrey Brett.) "How have you been informed?"

"By elimination," said Brett. "Do me a favor?"

"*Naturellement.*"

"Don't go."

Pete had a nice long laugh. "Oh, *no*, my friend. Anything else—yes. This—*non, non, non.* I could not think of disappointing Miss Fleming. She is divinely beautiful, she is delectable, she is—"

"I don't understand French," said Jeff. "Listen, Pete. Remember the time I got you out of a speeding rap in Baltimore?"

"Y-yes . . ."

"And the time I got the Vice-President to take tea with that buck-toothed niece of yours from Ostend?"

"Y-yes."

"Well? Pete, it's important."

Pete's sigh in the phone was like a thread of steam. "Very well, *mon ami.* I acquiesce. I shall not go. I shall resist my natural chivalry and lie to Miss Fleming. But Jeffrey—"

"Yeh?"

"Please. Now we shall be even."

"Okay."

"Okay also." Pierre sounded very sad. "I shall try to be delighted to refuse an invitation I have not yet received."

Jeff hung up, grinning.

"And now," said Macaulay Jones dryly, "there is merely the baffling matter of Tommy Norton versus Justice. How are you going to wangle *him* out of going to Little Red Riding Hood's?"

Jeff whistled "Over There" and called Senator Morley. "Senator? Jeff. Will you do me a favor? It's important."

"What is it, Jeff?"

"I'm sending Tommy Norton up to interview you. *Don't* see him. Keep him waiting—stall him off—tie him up—but don't see him."

Senator Morley laughed. Jeff laughed, too, as he hung up. So did Mac. But they both stopped short when Tommy came into the office. He was in full dress—white tie, tails, top hat.

"Thought I'd drop in before dinner," he said. "You told me to."

"When'd you dress?" asked Jeff.

"Just now. Fifteen minutes flat to my house and back since you left me."

Jeff nodded. "Good time. Only—well, I didn't think the soup and fish necessary for where you're going."

Tommy's lips pressed thin. "Where *am* I going?"

"To get that statement from Senator Morley," said Jeff blandly.

Macaulay Jones suddenly needed a drink of water.

"I'm going to Eden Fleming's dinner," said Tommy. His jaws were working.

"Was *that* tonight?" Jeff almost sounded surprised. "Dear me. Well, go to it. Forget about Morley."

Tommy smiled triumphantly.

"Only it's too bad." Jeff sighed. "Too bad."

"What's too bad?"

"That Morley statement's going to be first-page stuff. I was thinking of letting you write the whole piece, under a by-line. But no—you'd better go to the Fleming fandango. Too bad . . too bad."

TOMMY NORTON'S eyes opened wide. "You'll let me do the whole story? Really? You're not kidding?"

"Uh-huh."

"And a by-line?"

"Uh-huh. But run along. Mac'll cover it."

"Wait a minute!" Tommy cried. "That's the first big break you've— Look, Mr. Brett. I'm not letting that slip by! Let me handle it." His eyes were shining. "Let me, will you? To heck with this shindig."

"Miss Fleming will be annoyed," Jeff said softly.

"She'll understand. I'll call her and tell her—"

"Good boy!" cried Jeff. "Hop to it. *I'll* fix it with La Fleming."

"You will?" Tommy looked positively grateful.

"Leave it to me," said Jeff.

"I'm off!" Tommy rushed out of the office, grabbing pencil and paper, jamming his top hat over his ears, and trying hard to look like Richard Harding Davis on the trail of a stop-press lead.

Jeffrey Brett began to whistle again. Macaulay Jones choked on his cup of water.

IT WAS seven o'clock. The drawing-room of the Fleming house was filled with words and laughter, with men and women whose distinction complemented its own. A string ensemble sent the cadences of Mozart through the room. Eden Fleming drifted among her guests, gay, poised, exquisitely the hostess. Only the slight flush in her cheeks might have betrayed her inner uneasiness, and it merely enhanced her loveliness. But Merrill Drew knew why she *was* flushed, and why she was uneasy. Ten minutes earlier she had whispered to him: "The Belgian attaché's with a sick friend, he *said*. Congressman Sylvester's at a banquet. And Mr. McPhail—I even tried *him*—is off on a week-end cruise. We're ruined."

Merrill Drew had told her to have one place removed from the table. Eden said, "Not until the last minute."

It was very near the last minute. Eden started for the dining room. And just then the butler came to her. "A gentleman to see you," he said. "A Mr. Jeffrey Brett."

"I'm not at home!"

Mrs. Courtney Duane started to tell Eden about a junket to the Philippines—a deadly dull tale which her husband took up with even more conspicuous dreariness. The butler came back. "The gentleman went into the library," he whispered. "He was very adamant." He handed her a note. It read:

Dear Perplexed Hostess:
You'd better see me, or else!
A Friend in Wolf's Clothing.

"Excuse me," said Eden. She went to the library.

Jeffrey Brett was waiting for her. He was in tails. For all her rage, Eden couldn't help noticing how handsome he looked. He had an arrogant, boyish air.

"So nice of you to ask me." Jeff made a gallant bow.

Eden frowned. "You never lacked brashness, Mr. Brett, and I assume you were responsible for Mr. Norton's strange defection—"

"Guilty."

"—But if you have any self-respect, you'll leave."

Jeff shook his head. "Self-respecting chromosomes didn't get into the hot Brett blood. Shall we go in?"

"We shall not."

"It'll look funny, my walking in alone."

"You won't walk in alone."

Jeff started for the drawing-room.

"Jeff!"

Jeff bowed again. "After you, madame."

Eden went to the door and faced him. "I don't want you here. I didn't ask you. I won't receive you. If you insist on going in there, I'll—"

Jeff picked up his top-hat. He went into the hall. Eden followed him. Jeff began to whistle.

"Good night, Eden."

"Good night."

Jeffrey opened the door. He said casually, "It's going to be a strange, strange dinner, one male short. And it'll make a quaint human-interest story. *Why* do you suppose nobody would be the extra man at Eden Fleming's? Is it because her cook is an ex-convict? Is it because her company's a bore? Is it because sane men go mad after two hours in the Fleming morgue?"

EDEN stopped short; terror sprang into her eyes. "You wouldn't."

"Oh, yes, I would. You ought to know that by now."

"It's blackmail."

"Right." Jeff took off his gloves.

"Jeff, please. Go away."

Mr. Brett shook his head gravely. "I stay, or I write. And if you don't invite me in within fifteen seconds flat I'll meander over to the office and knock out a screed that'll—"

"You win," said Eden. "You're acting like a nasty child—but, you win."

Jeff patted her cheek. *"Darling."*

"Jeff, one thing."

"What?"

"Please don't do anything—well—wrong."

"Eden, I am as putty in your little hands."

"They're not little and I can't believe you."

"You're smart."

They started for the drawing-room.

"Jeff," said Eden softly.

"Yeh?"

Eden paused. Her eyes were soft. "When I heard you were here I was furious. When I saw you I could have choked you. And yet, somehow, way down deep, where I couldn't recognize it, I think I must have said, 'Thank God!'"

They smiled at each other. He took her arm. They went into the drawing-room, laughing.

EDEN was not surprised that Jeffrey Brett knew everyone in the room, but she *was* surprised at the stir his entrance made. Courtney Duane stopped in the middle of his dreary tale about the junket to the Philippines; he knew that Brett was on the inside of *that* malodorous yarn. Silas Rand let his remarks on the primaries in Oregon trail off into an apologetic murmur; he knew Brett's version of the facts was singularly different. Everybody seemed to feel that Jeffrey Brett was on the inside—of everything. They greeted him with joy, and with discretion.

Jeff nodded blithely, acknowledging greetings, shaking hands. He was very much on good behavior. Then he saw Merrill Drew. His eyes hardened. Drew was talking to Eden.

"How did Brett get here?"

"Blackmail," whispered Eden.

"Is he staying?"

"You couldn't get him out with tear gas."

A voice cut into their conversation. "And the Princess and the Ogre plotted death for the Noble Prince." It was Brett.

"Jeff!"

Merrill Drew bowed. "Mr. Brett."

Jeff didn't bow. "Hi, Drew. The marines are here."

"Marines?" Drew arched a contemptuous eyebrow.

"I'm a marine. We always get our man. Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief. Get it?"

"Jeff!" Eden said in a low tone.

Merrill Drew waved a lazy finger. "Don't mind Mr. Brett, my dear. He has an odd sense of humor. It really doesn't matter what Mr. Brett says—or writes, for that matter. So *few* people ever read what Mr. Brett puts in his paper."

"Our circulation department reports interference with our trucks," said Brett.

"Why don't they call the police?"

"They do. But you know how some policemen are, Mr. Drew."

"On the contrary," Drew smiled, "*I* am quite unfamiliar with police departments."

"That, Mr. Drew, is a condition I hope to remedy."

"Don't be absurd," said Drew.

"Don't be too sure," said Brett.

"Dinner is served!" said the butler.

"Thank goodness!" said Eden Fleming.

She took Merrill Drew's arm, shooting Jeff a look composed of panic and entreaty. The other guests fell into line. A talkative, architectural dowager was Jeffrey Brett's dinner partner (courtesy of the Bureau of Fisheries). They went in to dinner.

Jeff had the chair at Eden's left, originally intended for Thomas Norton. He was directly opposite Merrill Drew. Eden's heart was performing distressing acrobatics. But her anxiety was unnecessary. Jeffrey Brett suddenly forgot Merrill Drew and assumed the rôle of prize guest. He talked, laughed, gossiped; he poured out a rich and variegated stream of comment, anecdote, wit. His conversation played around the men, the mores, the manners of a fabulous world. And the whole table paid him the tribute of laughter. Even Merrill Drew smiled; but his eyes never lost their watchfulness. . . .

IN THE meantime Tommy Norton was pacing back and forth in the lobby of the apartment building where Senator Morley lived. He had called the Senator promptly on arriving, and was told to wait. He waited. He waited so long he thought the Senator might have had a stroke. He called him again. He had been told—to wait. Tommy Norton's anger crept up to his ear. He had spent some three and a half hours in impatient vigil. Paul Baker of the St. Louis "Courier" came into the lobby.

"Hello, Norton. What's up?"

"Nothing," said Tommy.

"Nothing my right foot. Weren't you supposed to be at the Fleming brawl?"

"Y-yes. I'm not. I'm here."

Baker bought a cigar. "Waiting for someone?"

"No."

"That's funny," said Baker. "I thought maybe you were waiting for Senator Morley, and that would be stupid. He always goes to bed at ten. Can't possibly see him tonight."

"Mr. Brett said—"

"Oho! Mr. Brett." Baker smiled. *"That* makes it all clear. It seems to me I saw Mr. Brett in white tie and tails, same as you, several hours ago—driving toward S Street."

Tommy Norton looked stunned.

"Well, well, well!" Baker sighed. "Brett always sees Senator Morley himself. Morley's

POCKETBOOK WAR

Mary saw she was late for her date with the One man in the world. Thank goodness, she had the most important items of her costume already laid out. Her silk dress which had been such a bargain. New russet-leather shoes, with gloves to match. Her fur coat which she so loved. It hadn't cost much but it had taken some budget-juggling to buy it. She flicked a long-bristled brush at dust on her fall hat. Then, as she plumped the feather pillows into place on the bed, she notice that the polish on her fingernails was chipped. That's a nuisance, she thought, but it won't take a minute to put on fresh polish with the quick-drying variety these days.

As Mary goes out, very pleased with her appearance, it probably doesn't occur to her that the materials for her inexpensive dress, shoes, gloves and fur coat all came from China. Her nail polish dries so rapidly because it contains China's tung-oil. The bristles in her brush and the feathers in her pillows may be of Chinese origin.

She is probably even less aware that today's war in China will affect her pocketbook, *if* the Japanese gain control of the Yangtze Valley. American women can then, Japanese chiefs of staff in the Central China sector now say, be made to finance the conquest. A few pennies more for cheap shoe leather and for the cheap furs from China's many small fur-bearing animals, will mean the filling of Japan's war-chests by American housewives' nickels and dimes.

The immense Yangtze Valley is the richest in Asia. From high, contorted mountains backing into Tibet, the great river Yangtze winds down through central China then, seven hundred miles from the sea, just above the important commercial city of Hankow, it flattens out into hundreds of lakes and into silted farmlands. From the bare yellow ridges, at the river's source, come tungsten, a substance widely used for electric-light filaments, and antimony, the latter used for hardening lead for type metal, among other things.

Stumpy tung trees which many countries, including the United States, have tried to raise commercially and failed profitably to do so, grow like weeds on plateaus above the Yangtze. The valuable wood-oil which tung nuts yield is the essential ingredient of quick-drying varnishes.

Rice or cotton is grown on every patch of land in the valley, and mulberry bushes shade millions of mud huts until the leaves are plucked to feed to silkworms. The amount of silk produced by Chinese farmers has until now meant sufficient competition to keep down the price of Japanese silk, and provide American women with cheap silk dresses and underwear. But if Japan controls the Yangtze Valley, she can establish a virtual monopoly in silk at monopoly prices.

China's cotton will menace our Southern cotton growers only if Japan takes and holds the Yangtze Valley for five years or more. In that period, it is believed that Japanese regimentation of agriculture can increase and improve China's already appreciable cotton crop to fill all Asiatic needs. This would deprive the United States of its present Japanese market of approximately 1,750,000 bales of raw cotton, sold annually at current prices, for around $70,000,000.

Ducks, chickens, a couple of pigs, a family of goats are the by-products of Chinese farm life. Over ten million goat skins are used each year to cover American feet and hands with low-priced shoes and gloves. India supplies some skins, but not as many as does China. The one or two goatskins each Yangtze Valley farmer sells, the handfuls of duck and chicken feathers and pig bristles, mount to the overwhelming aggregate of staples which go towards furnishing American homes and clothing the American people.

However, commercial experts say that even if Japan moves into the Valley and establishes monopolies in these products, she must maintain huge permanent garrisons to fend off guerrilla bands and to force Chinese peasants into once more working the land. So there is still a big IF before the war on American pocketbooks can begin.

MONA GARDNER

his pal. I *can't* imagine why he'd send you here—tonight. Of all nights, *tonight*. Must be something he ate."

Tommy Norton was racing out of the lobby. His face was a cloud. Paul Baker lit the cigar. . . .

Dinner was over at Eden Fleming's. A tenor from the Metropolitan was heading into an aria from "La Tosca." Eden cast a swift glance about the room, saw her guests listening with polite magnanimity, and decided to slip out into the garden. Jeffrey Brett promptly followed her. Eden didn't talk for a while. Then she said, "Thanks for doing an Oscar Wilde at the table. You were excellent."

"I was brilliant." Jeff sat down on the bench. He kissed her.

"You waste no time," said Eden. She pushed him away.

"Time wasted, kisses gone." He kissed her again. She struggled for a moment. Then she let herself flow against him in a yielding movement. Jeff's mouth didn't leave hers for many long moments.

"Jeff," she murmured.

He rubbed his nose against her cheek. "I'm busy." This kiss was even longer.

"This doesn't change things a bit," Eden tried to say. "I *still* think you were frightful to crash my party. The way you behaved to Mr. Drew."

Jeff minced no words. "Listen, chick. You know about Senator Morley and me—and the investigation. All right. It's war between us and your pal Drew. Now let me get this straight. What's Drew doing here? Did he or didn't he rent this house? Why isn't he living here, if he did? Why are you?"

Eden told him. Merrill Drew had leased the house for a year. He paid all the bills. He had asked Eden to live there, to make his social arrangements, to act as hostess for the affairs he liked to give. He paid her a salary. "As a matter of simple fact, Jeff, he's given me a job."

"He's made you his stooge," said Jeff.

"I'm not interested in politics—yours or his. This gives me a chance to earn a living!"

"You? Make a living?"

"Just for the spirit of the thing, of course," said Eden caustically. "I really have a goose laying golden eggs in my cellar. I'm *rich*, I am. I dissolve pearls in champagne and use it for salad dressing."

"Round one for you," said Jeff. "If you'd told me you wanted a job I could have—"

"File clerk for PWA.? Sorter in the mailing division of Soil Conservation? Salesgirl at Woodward's? No, thanks. I wrote seven thousand applications for a job before I left New York. Merrill Drew's offer was a godsend."

Jeff shook his head. "It's phony, Eden. You're letting Drew use you as a decoy."

THE butler found them at that moment. "A Mr. Thomas Norton is waiting for Mr. Brett in the library."

Jeff rose. "I smell revolt in the younger generation. Don't move, Eden."

Tommy Norton wasted no time. "I didn't see Senator Morley," he said. He was almost shouting. "And I won't. I know why you sent me there. So you could get here. That was a dirty—"

"Easy," said Jeff.

"Not me!" cried Tommy. His voice carried. "I'll tell everyone. I'll tell Miss Fleming your low-down trick to—" He was screaming. Suddenly he lunged at Jeff.

Jeff caught his arm. Tommy's left fist started up. Jeff hit him. Tommy crumpled. Jeff picked him up and carried him out to the street through a window. He signaled for a cab. He recognized the driver.

"Gus. Take this kid to my apartment. Here's the key. Put him to bed, and lock him in. Leave the key under the mat. Got it?"

"Got it!"

Jeff gave Gus a five spot. Gus drove away.

Jeffrey went back to the garden. Merrill Drew was with Eden now. Jeff stayed around for half an hour, but Drew was equally tenacious. Eden found the conversation like the crossing of swords—Drew's easy, clever, adroitly wielded to turn thrusts away; Jeff's straight, deadly, tipped with acid.

The guests left at twelve. Jeff kissed Eden at the door. He started to tell her something. Merrill Drew came up to say good night. Jeff said, "See you in Leavenworth," and left.

The lights were on in Jeff's apartment, and the room was in monumental disorder. On the bed in the middle of a heap of tortured blankets, pillows and clothes, Tommy Norton lay asleep. Jeff closed the door quietly. He smiled; there was fondness for the kid in that smile. He began to undress. Tommy blinked, groaned and looked up.

"What time is it?"

"The witching hour," said Jeff. "Strange things walk the earth. Wise men sleep."

His voice seemed to remind Tommy of what had happened. He jumped out of bed, full of fight.

Jeff stuck his chin out. "Right here. Hit me. I deserve it."

Tommy lowered his fists, a bit shamefaced, still suspicious.

The boy glowered. "Put up your hands."

"I've got rheumatism." He sat down on the bed and unlaced his shoes. "I had to get to that dinner tonight—Tommy."

It was the first time he had called the boy anything but "sonny" or "Norton."

"It was a dirty trick, Mr. Brett."

"That's an understatement," Jeff said. "And can the 'mister.'"

The boy smiled a little. "Why'd you do it—Jeff?"

"Have a drink. I'll tell you."

He went to the kitchenette, poured two tall glasses of milk, came back to the bed. "I had to get to that party. Merrill Drew was there. I knew he'd be. And I know more can happen in a drawing-room in this crazy town in five minutes than happens in the I.C.C. in a month. So I went."

"Did you get anything?" Tommy was eager.

Jeff nodded. "Not what I expected."

"Is Morley going to get Drew?"

Jeff drank some milk. "Dunno. Let's go to bed."

They undressed. Jeff turned off the lights, lay down on the davenport.

"Jeff." Tommy said, "I'm sorry I was such a dope."

"You weren't."

"I should have known."

"That's a song title."

"Well, I should have figured it out myself."

"All right. You're a dope."

Jeff heard Tommy turn in bed and start to breathe more deeply. Jeff slept. He dreamed of Eden.

SENATOR MORLEY and Merrill Drew were tangled up in a knotty session of the investigation. The men at the press tables leaned forward.

"But you *did* enter District Attorney Lionel Bennett's office in that city with a little black bag!" There was an insistent note in Senator Morley's voice.

Merrill Drew nodded urbanely. "So far as I know, Senator, there is no law against visiting a friend with one's luggage."

"And did not this little black bag contain $75,000 in cash which—"

"It did not contain the *alleged* $75,000, Senator."

"Yet the *next day* District Attorney Bennett quashed the indictments against you, Phemister and seven others!" Morley's eyes blazed. A hush fell over the Caucus Room.

Merrill Drew sighed. "It was a testimonial to Mr. Bennett's sagacity that he recognized the utter insufficiency of his evidence."

Senator Morley flushed.

At the press tables, Tommy Norton asked Brett: "Why don't they get this Lionel Bennett on the stand?"

Brett waved his hand. "Don't you read my stories? I'll fire you. Bennett was on the stand for two days. He's got a water-tight defense. If Morley can pin the mess on anyone, it's got to be Drew—or Peter Day."

"Who's Peter Day?" Tommy whispered.

"Listen . . ." said Jeff. "Morley's leading up to that now."

Senator Morley picked up another document.

"Mr. Drew, according to this telegram, dated the day after you visited the District Attorney—Document L 1407— you wired your New York office: 'Everything fine. Peter Day closed deal.' Who is Peter Day and to what did that telegram refer, Mr. Drew?"

Everyone watched Drew.

"That was merely a routine message," Drew said calmly. "We had a Mr. Peter Day in our St. Louis office at that time. He was negotiating the purchase of some bonds for us. He closed the deal—so I informed my New York office."

Senator Morley didn't take his eyes off Drew. "Bonds?"

"Bonds." Drew nodded politely.

"Which bonds?"

Drew sighed again. "They were electrical utility bonds—issued by the Principality of Monaco."

Senator Larkin leaned forward. "Do you still have those bonds?"

Drew shrugged his shoulders. "No, unfortunately. They disappeared—" A buzz ran through the room. "—with Mr. Peter Day."

Morley frowned. "You mean that you do not know where either Peter Day *or* the Monaco bonds are?"

"Precisely, Senator."

"And you can give us no clue as to where Mr. Peter Day *might* be found—with those mysterious bonds?" asked Senator Jamison.

Drew nodded. That slow, half-private smile was maddening. "No clue whatsoever."

It was a deadlock after that. The Committee hammered away, trying to find out about "Peter Day." Drew's defense was impregnable. He didn't know anything. Jeffrey Brett scowled. "That Monacan bonds story's a honey," he whispered to Tommy. "Fourteen carat tin." Jeff knew that Peter Day was the key to the "alleged" $75,000 and the "deal" with the District Attorney. With Peter Day the investigation could move on. Through Peter Day the Drew machine might be exposed. Without Peter Day, Morley and the Senate Committee were stymied.

It surprised no one when Senator Morley, after consulting his colleagues hastily, announced: "The Committee finds it necessary to acquire more evidence to pursue the investigation. The hearings will be adjourned for ninety days!"

The press association men got up wearily.

Paul Baker was laughing as he took a statement from Merrill Drew. Photographers snapped Drew from a dozen angles. Senator Morley—looking older, thinner, paler—they did not snap.

Jeffrey Brett sat at the press table after the others had gone. He was thinking, hard; and in his ears there rang the gossip of the correspondents—the surest weathervane in capital politics. "The investigation's washed up." "Morley pooped out." "Drew's outfit has them hanging on the ropes."

Tommy Norton came up to him.

"Morley wants you to drop into his office, Jeff."

Jeff nodded.

"How about a sandwich?"

Jeff shook his head. "I'm going to *work*," he muttered. He said it in a funny way. . . .

EDEN FLEMING'S drawing-room was smothered in flowers, sent by Merrill Drew out of his jubilance at the turn the investigation had taken.

"It looks like it's all over," he said to Eden gayly. "The estimable Senator's witch-hunt has collapsed. I'm afraid your friend Mr. Brett is greatly surprised."

EDEN looked at him. "Mr. Drew, I don't know a thing about politics or this investigation or Senator Morley—and frankly I care less. My father's political career fed me up on that sort of thing for life. But one thing I do know—Jeffrey Brett is never surprised."

Drew smiled. "He'll learn how."

"Mr. Drew, I've been meaning to tell you—about your lease and my job—"

Drew was at the door. "Some other time, my dear. Have a conference at the office. Victory conference, you might say. See you tonight. There'll be eight in all. Check with Mr. Webster. He's with the delegation at the Shoreham."

"But Mr. Drew, I won't be here tonight. I'm resigning. I talked to Jeffrey Brett. I'm—"

Merrill Drew hadn't heard a word. His car was pulling away. . . .

Jonathan Morley was sitting in the big leather chair in his suite in the Senate Office Building when Jeffrey Brett came in.

"Well, Jeff?"

Brett sat down. He looked dreamily out of the windows. The Mall was green and pleasant—a cord of grass stretched into the distance; halfway across the stretch the Washington monument stuck up like a pure white spire.

"Peter Day," said Brett.

Morley nodded. "We'll never find him. We've been trying to for six months, ever since the investigation began."

Brett said: "Drew gave $75,000 to District Attorney Lionel Bennett. That was the deal."

"Prove it."

"Peter Day," said Brett.

Senator Morley was quiet. After a while he said: "Jeff, the investigation won't open again."

"You've got ninety days," Brett said.

Morley shook his head. "Three hundred and sixty-five wouldn't be enough. Drew covered his tracks. So did Bennett. So did Peter Day. Peter Day is either dead, missing, living under another name—or never existed."

"I'm betting on the last," Brett said. "But he's still the key to the business."

Morley got up. "There's ▪▪ election this fall. A week ago my chances were—fair. This morning they turned bad. Now they're hopeless. My one chance was this investigation. It's a miserable wash-out."

"You're dreaming."

Senator Morley looked old. "Jeff—this isn't for publication—not yet. I'm through. I'm not running for reëlection."

Jeff lit a cigarette.

"I haven't a chance now, Jeff. The investigation's folding up. Today—in ninety days—it doesn't matter. You can write my political obituary."

Brett cut in. "Look here, Senator." His eyes were soft. "You and I have swung a lot of big things together. You taught me most of what I know about Washington. You gave me my first exclusive. You kept me from pulling a hundred terrible boners. You know how I feel—"

"Sure, Jeff," Morley said quietly. "You know how I feel about you."

"Okay! I've been plugging you for eight years. So has my paper. We're not letting you go and you're not letting us down. The Drew crowd is ahead of you back home. They're too strong to fight there. But here in Washington you've licked them on every bill they've pushed or every red herring they've phonied up. You've cost the people behind Drew a cool ten million; you've saved the public twice that. As long as you're in the Senate the Drew boys get thrown out at first base. If you go, you're opening up the home plate for the rottenest gang of political charlatans who ever—"

"They've got me licked, Jeff."

"They've got you *scared*."

Morley stopped short. "Scared? No." He looked at his desk. "Not scared. But licked. That's ▪ different thing. They'll stop at nothing to break me and—"

"And you've got to break them!" Brett said.

The Senator nodded. "Exactly. And they're too big, too strong, too wealthy, to be broken by one man."

"It depends on the man."

"No man can beat that outfit! Drew's got the State sewed up like a sack. He's got a machine, money—and no morals. I've played my last card with this investigation. It's failed."

"There are other ways than investigations," said Brett. He was looking toward the Potomac. His eyes seemed to go beyond that silver thread.

"Don't try them, Jeff."

Brett got up. "In our state they call you The People's Friend—"

"They used to . . ."

"But our state's not enough. As far as the nation is concerned you're just a small-town name. That's the trouble. You don't hog the spotlight, endorse shaving lotions, or kiss movie actresses. You've got to get your story to the *country*. The investigation's turned into a one-alarm fire at ▪ one-horse junction. No one gives ▪ damn about that. You've got to make your fight ▪ *national* fight—not a local fight. You've got to make people in all the places *outside* our state talk Morley, Morley, Morley, till they split the sky open."

Senator Morley took his glasses off and wiped them.

"It's no use. Drew has got me licked."

"He hasn't got *me* licked," said Brett.

"I won't run, Jeff. That's final. I'm old. I'm tired. I'm—I'm through. Don't say anything now—but I'm not running. I'll let you have an exclusive in—well, in ninety days."

"I'll have you impeached," said Brett.

"You're a great guy, Jeff. But you're fighting for a lost cause."

JEFF went out of the office. He grabbed a cab and went to the Press Building. From his office he called Steve Farnum of the New York "Globe's" bureau.

"Steve, how about giving the Morley investigation story a ride?"

"Like to, Jeff," Steve said. "But I'd be wasting telegraph tolls. Morley's a deadhead for our readers. The investigation's been murder to place. No news."

"It's ▪ *big* story," Jeff argued. "If they get Merrill Drew—"

"Sure, I know," Steve said. "But we're not playing up daydreams. You know that, Jeff. You wouldn't either. Sorry, old man."

Jeff called Bill Haskins of the Philadelphia "Star," Mike Sherman of the Pittsburgh "Tribune," and four others. It was the same all around. There was no story in Morley for Eastern papers—and the investigation was ▪ fade-out. Jeff couldn't blame the boys. They were shooting for a front page spot. He unlaced his shoes.

"You can't sell them on it, Jeff," Macaulay Jones said. "Don't fool yourself. I've seen you spread a dozen stories across a dozen front pages. This one's different. Morley, to be perfectly frank about it, is dull. His bombs were duds and the campaign flopped. You can't do it."

"I've got to," said Brett. "Hey, Tommy."

Tommy Norton was engaged in the exasperating business of pasting last week's dispatches in the scrap book.

"Get me Miss Fleming, pronto."

"Eden," Jeff said into the phone. "I'm on something big. Fireworks. I'll be doing things for an hour—then I'll need a lot of rest. Be on your front stoop at two, will you, and wait?"

Eden tried to tell Jeff she was walking out on Drew, that she hadn't been able to get him to listen. Jeff told her to save it. He hung up.

Jeff called the Minneapolis "Citizen" man and the Detroit brain-guy and the Rhodes Scholar who was covering the capital for the Cincinnati "News-Dispatch." There was nothing doing. Jeff took his shoes off.

Macaulay Jones watched him from his desk. "I know what you're up to, Jeff. Play Morley up, work the good old public into ▪ frenzy, put the screws on Drew. . . . But you *can't* swing it! Jeff, you can't make silk—"

"—Out of a horse's neck!" Brett's face was dark. "There's one way to spread Morley across the headlines. . . ."

Macaulay Jones nodded. "Yeah. Have him elope with Myrna Loy."

"There's one way," said Brett. "I was hoping I wouldn't have to do it."

HE TOLD Tommy to get Eden Fleming again. "Lady," he said. "I'm on a bigger story, a tougher story. Sixteen inch guns, not firecrackers. Make it three o'clock."

Eden complained. "Jeff, my sweet, I don't mind having you call up every five minutes, but will you *please* stop thinking I'm an engagement pad and—"

"Sorry, precious. It's important."

He hung up.

"Where you going now?" Macaulay asked.

Jeff laced his shoes. "Up to the bar—for a lot of drinks."

Macaulay Jones and Tommy Norton looked at each other. . . .

Jeff went down to the telegraph office in the lobby of the building and sent a long wire to his office. He read it over, his lips tight. Then he went back, up to the thirteenth floor.

Paul Baker, Murphy Rogers and a dozen of the brightest stars in the press club were at the bar of the club. Jeffrey Brett went to the far corner and sat down at the table, alone. The Negro waiter came up.

"How do, Mr. Brett. Milk?"

"No. Scotch."

The waiter's eyes went into a roll. "Pardon me, Mr. Brett. Did I hear you right?"

"Scotch," said Jeff.

The waiter mumbled something that sounded like "strike me daid!" He brought the Scotch. Jeff took it down straight in one pour. Then he took out ▪ pencil and began making aimless squares on the cork top of the table. After a while he took a handout out of his pocket and scribbled on that until it looked like a chicken had run wild. Among the hieroglyphics he printed, again and again: Peter Day. Morley. Peter Day. Drew. Peter Day.

After half an hour, Jeff put the pencil away and jammed the handout into his pocket. He looked as if he had come to some singularly difficult decision. He straightened his tie and went up to the bar.

They greeted him royally.

"Hello, Jeff."

"Milk?"

Brett took ▪ Scotch. The men looked at each other in surprise. Then Brett spoke up—and his voice sounded surprisingly drunk. "Awright, fellas. Getchoor little pencils ready. Makin' terrific statement."

They all looked at him. "What's up, Jeff? Spill it." Paul Baker was watching Brett like a hawk.

Brett raised his glass. "Senator Morley removed from investigating Committee! Incompetent, old, washed up! Morley sees handwriting on wall. Anticipates party ax by announcing won't run for re-election. Leaves Drew machine unopposed!"

They jumped on Brett like wildcats. "Are you drunk?" "Is that on the level?" "What's the source?"

"A senator hasn't been removed from a Committee post in forty years," said Paul Baker sourly. "It's cockeyed!"

"That's just the angle!" Brett cried. "He's getting axed. Running out. Big scandal."

They fired questions at him in a barrage. "Where'd you get it?" "Will the Vice-President confirm that?" "Will the party floor leader back it up?"

Brett waved their questions aside airily. "They won't talk. Course they won't talk. Party solidarity—all that. Tell you what, boys. Quote *my story!* That'll keep you in the clear. Quote me. Exclusive. Good old Brett. Pulitzer Prize Brett. Ripped party scandal open. Big stuff. Front page. Here."

He pulled a telegram from his pocket. It was the telegraph "withdrawal" of the dispatch he had sent half an hour ago. Signed "By Jeffrey Brett (Exclusive)," it began:

> Washington, May 7—Senator Jonathan Morley will be removed from the current Senate investigation of election campaign expenditures. Informed observers say Senator Morley's party chiefs will charge Morley with 'incompetence.' Morley anticipated this drastic move, unprecedented in Senate history, by announcing his retirement from politics in an exclusive statement to the correspondent of the "Express." He will not enter his name in the elections this fall. Morley's decision not to run for reëlection is interpreted in Washington political circles as ▪ smashing victory for the state machine believed to be headed and financed by Merrill Drew. Senator Morley's retirement will leave the Drew organization in absolute command of—

The boys read no further. They lit out, fast.

Paul Baker still stared at Brett. "Getting wise to yourself at last, eh, *Mr.* Brett?"

Brett nodded gravely. "Yessir, yessir. I fight for a guy as long as he's in there. But I recognize an 8-ball when I see one."

"All through with Morley?"

"Morley's the 8-ball."

"Coming around to my side, Mr. Brett?" asked Baker.

"What do you think, Mr. Baker?"

Baker smiled. "I think you're smart." He left.

BRETT looked after him. He didn't look at all drunk. His face was set. He took the elevator down, went to the parking lot and got his car. He made S Street in eight minutes. Eden was waiting. She was in ▪ white sports dress, and wore a kerchief over her hair.

"Hello, Dolly."

"Dolly?" Eden looked at him. "That's ▪ new one."

"Dolly Madison. Saved our constitution."

"I think your constitution needs saving."

"Hear, hear!" He opened the door for her. "We're going on a little tour."

"Where?"

Jeff closed the door. "We're going some place I've wanted to see for eight years and never did, and told people I'd be shot before I—hell's bells, I can't finsh that sentence. We're going."

Eden looked at him sharply. "You're tight."

"Me? Never touch the stuff."

"Just the same I'll drive." She got out of the car, walked around and slid into the driver's seat. "Where to?"

Jeff kissed her. "Mount Vernon."

Eden put the car in gear. "Don't tell me you've never been to Mount Vernon."

"Cross my heart and hope Drew dies."

She stepped on the accelerator. They hit the Memorial Highway and tore toward the Potomac. They didn't talk. When they got to Mount Vernon, Eden paid the admission and they went through the gates. They walked around slowly, both quiet. The serene line and dominance of Washington's home—white, spacious, dignified—did things to them. Jeff seemed sober now.

"I should have come here before. It's perfect."

He took Eden by the arm and walked her toward the river. They sat down on the grass. The broad Potomac flowed before them in majesty. The trees were tall and old here. Across [*Turn to page 29*]

"All members of the same club?" Jay murmured. She gave him a long, cool look . . .

FULL MANY A ROSE

ANYONE would have been surprised to find such a beautiful girl sitting all by herself at the Sapphire Bar in the middle of the evening. But no one could possibly have been more surprised than Jay Pennington was when she said to him over her shoulder as he approached the bar, "I ordered a champagne cocktail for you. Hope you don't mind."

Jay looked behind him in astonishment, but there was no one there. He looked back at the girl and hesitated.

"Well, sit down!" she said without looking at him.

"Who, *me?*" he asked, thinking it time she became aware that she was speaking to the wrong person.

She turned a dazzling but highly indifferent gaze upon him. "Yes, you!" she said a bit coldly. "Who else?"

Jay stared at her, then looked at the barman. No clue there, no sardonic expression on his face to indicate that the beautiful young lady was drunk.

"Will you please sit down?" said the girl again, "and please don't bother to be funny."

Jay collapsed onto the stool beside her and gave a slightly embarrassed laugh. "Aren't you making a mistake?"

"Probably," she replied and sipped her cocktail. There was something rather mournful about her manner.

Jay took a drink, too, and wondered what the well-bred young man does under such circumstances. Of course the first thing would be to try and find out what it was all about. He turned to speak to his companion by adoption, but at that very moment six other young men, like Jay in tails and white ties, bore down upon them, and with little polite bows, each one perched himself upon a stool. They seemed to take for granted the champagne cocktails which had appeared one by one, and proceeded to lap them up with a rather deliberate diffidence. They were all reasonably subdued and completely mystifying to Jay. He leaned over to the girl. "All members of the same club!" he murmured. She gave him a long, cool look. "Very funny!" she said in a tone which indicated that she didn't, in the least, think so.

"Well, *I* liked it," said Jay uncertainly. "You know, this is all new to me so if I say the wrong thing, just overlook it!"

To his surprise she smiled. "Do they always send a spare?" she asked.

"Spare what?" asked Jay.

"Oh, never mind," she replied. Her manner implied that she didn't consider Jay very bright. "Better finish your drink. We're going upstairs now." She and the Silent Six stood up. Jay hastily gulped down the champagne. "Check!" he said to the barman. The barman shook his head. "All taken care of!" Jay followed the others more mystified than ever.

THEY entered one of the Tower elevators, and in a few moments were deposited at the entrance of the Jade Room, a private ballroom. Music which sounded sufficiently sweet and swingy poured out to greet them, and there were glimpses of young couples in smart evening clothes dancing past the door. The girl slipped her arm through Jay's. "I'll dance with you first," she said, then turned to the others, "Please try [*Turn to page 87*]

BY SALLIE BELLE COX

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN CROSMAN

LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

In her hands she held the destinies of four people she loved. In her past lay a secret that could destroy them all

BY HELEN HULL

TWENTY years ago, *Phyllis Collings* had been young, impressionable, laughter-loving. Even in a world that was torn with war—a war which had interrupted her marriage with *Edwin*, then a darkly somber, taciturn young student who loved her much but understood her not at all. Now, after years of golden living shared between them with *Edwina* and *Jack*, their daughter and son, and the *Major*, Phyllis' gallant father, nothing, either dreamed, could disturb their rich contentment. But something could—and did.

Elise Fulton, whose husband had died but recently, had come on a visit in the town outside New York where the Collingses lived. And at first meeting with Phyllis, Elise Fulton had threatened to expose to Edwin a fact which in Phyllis' memory had grown dim with time; that, once, *Andrew Fulton* had been her lover.

Both Andrew and Phyllis had known, even on that long-ago twilight, that their need of each other was neither lasting nor deep. To Andrew it had been a casual interlude; to Phyllis, a clarifying experience. For through it, she had come into a full awareness of her love for Edwin. And now that love was in danger; Elise Fulton meant to destroy her—and it. But she must not! Phyllis would tell Edwin . . . And so she went to him. Stonily he retreated from her. "Go ahead," he scoffed, "lie about it. But it will do you no good. On Monday, Elise Fulton will tell me the truth. . . ."

The next day was Sunday—a day already so full of planned activity Phyllis was almost distrait. It was Edwina's last day at home before leaving for college; Jack, at loose ends, had to be supervised; her father was restless because *Steve Trent*, Phyllis' brother, and his wife, *Marcella*, would that day come from Washington to take him home with them—and Edwin had suffered all night from a painful toothache.

Under this pressure, Phyllis' fears were dulled a little. But she knew that fury had paused only to gather force. Edwin had come to her like a hurt, petulant child, and she had driven him in to *Doctor Whitney's* office. And while Edwin was in the dentist's chair, Phyllis sought out Elise Fulton. "I expected you'd come," Elise greeted her. "But you might as well save your breath. It's my duty to tell your husband—" "I told him last night," Phyllis said.

When Phyllis and Edwin arrived at home, Steve and Marcella had already got there. Phyllis went straightway to the guest room where Marcella awaited her. "How's Father?" Marcella asked. "He looks like a death's head." So—that was it. Marcella did not want the Major as a house guest. "I don't suppose you'd believe it if I told you he has tried to make trouble between Steve and me?" Marcella said finally. "I don't believe it," Phyllis answered. A knock came at the door. A maid said, "Jack wants you on the 'phone, Mrs. Collings."

Part 4

FROM the living room came the male voices, deep, friendly, Edwin, Steve, the Major, just the quality and tone of each of them, reassuring her, releasing her from the perfumed atmosphere of Marcella.

Jack's voice was indistinct, over the phone. Abby would drive him to the doctor's, he thought he better call, in case—

"You're coming home in time for dinner?"

Well, you see, Murr, Abby was alone, her folks had gone off, it was lonely for a girl—

(Abby who yesterday had made him wretched. Phyllis didn't like the way the girl dropped Jack and picked him up again.) "You mean you want to bring her home with you?"

He did, if Murr didn't mind. Oh, no. Not at all. She was past minding anything. "But how come?" she asked, inelegantly. "I thought you were completely fed up with Abby."

"Gee, I can't explain right now." Phyllis could almost feel his squirm; Abby must be at his elbow. "'Sokey, then. Abbysinnia."

Phyllis sat still a moment. Abby was older than Jack, just a year or so, but Phyllis was willing to wager she'd flirted with the doctor who assisted at her birth. A brittle, restless, reckless girl, with a suspicious antagonism toward all adults, what did she want of Jack?

She was spending the summer with her father's people, her grandmother Eldrich was something of an invalid, and Phyllis had heard that Dr. Eldrich, a retired clergyman, disliked Abby because she looked exactly like her mother. Her mother was in Reno, and as soon as she had her decree she would sail for Paris with a new husband, taking Abby along to deposit her in a French Convent School. The girl had been at the house occasionally, but when Phyllis had tried to talk with her, she gave back indifferent monosyllables. "She's really a good egg," Jack insisted, "when you know her. Sure, she likes coming here, she said so."

Phyllis got to her feet, she must tell Bertha to set a place for Abby. That would make—she counted them on her fingers—seven for dinner.

Bertha was in the dining room, dusting rounds of the chairs. She looked up, still sulky, as Phyllis told her. Perhaps the girl didn't feel well. If she doesn't, thought Phyllis walking down the hall, I don't want to know it. She must, if she could, talk to Steve about their father. She couldn't have the Major unhappy. And it would take more balminess of climate than Washington afforded to offset the monsoon of Marcella's enmity. Perhaps if she and her father were to go South for the winter, leaving Edwin, he might discover that she was indispensable—*oh, would he?*—

Steve and Edwin were standing at the living room door, Edwin saying, "I have it upstairs, that analysis of their portfolio. Come along, I'd like to show you." They came toward her, intent on this thought of business. Steve looked at her, for a moment he wavered.

"Run along," said Phyllis. "Dinner's at one. I hope."

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"Marcella doesn't want a child. She won't say no, but she means to see that no child stays under your roof. She has no scruples about the means she uses for her end." Steve's face was a mask. After one glance, Phyllis could not look at him

The Major got out of his chair and hovered over the pile of Sunday papers. When Edwin and Steve stepped unmistakably in the hall above, he turned to Phyllis. "You been talking to Marcella?" he asked.

"I was, but Jack interrupted."

"She—" The Major drew himself up, standing as tall, as straight as possible, and his hand on the table had a thrumming tremor. "She doesn't want me back, does she?"

Phyllis thought: I've never really lied to him, what do I say now?

"Steve does," went on the Major. "I don't quite know what to do."

"Hadn't you better tell me what happened?" Phyllis found a chair, sat down. The Major shook his head.

"Stay here, then." Phyllis couldn't put it together. Her father had expected to go with Steve, he hadn't anticipated this from Marcella. Whatever had happened last winter had seemed to be finished. "We'll get one of those sun-lamps. I'd like to have you stay."

"Wouldn't fool Steve for a minute." The Major rammed his fists deep into coat pockets. "Furthermore, I think I ought to go back. Must be something else in the wind."

"If I knew what you were talking about, I could be of more use," said Phyllis.

"Yes," said the Major. "But I can't tell you. I say, how about a game of croquet before dinner? I'd like to knock something good and hard, you look old enough to be your own mother—" he paused, his mouth trembling. "I didn't mean that, she never looked old. She—" He braced his shoulders— "Come along outdoors."

He had her by the arm, he was leading her out of the house into the mild, haze-screened day, when a clatter in the driveway made them both look up, and stroll across the soft grass toward the driveway. The roadster, with the damaged fender whacking against the body of the car, stopped behind the family sedan, and Jack and Abby spilled out.

"Aw, geez, lookit, some pippin!" Jack pranced around Steve's new car, peering in at the gadgets on the dashboard, waving his clean bandage over the blunt and chrominum-shining hood. "I bet she'll make a hunderd, easy."

"But nobody'll let you drive a hundred, so what's the use of it?" Abby gave a little wriggle inside her tight blue wool frock and shot a tentative glance at Phyllis as she approached. She wasn't pretty: her hair blown back, her fair face stripped of color by the wind.

"Good morning," said Phyllis, and the girl interrupted, hastily, in her abrupt, surprisingly deep voice.

"Jack said it was all right if I came to dinner."

"Gosh sakes," exclaimed Jack, "you want a written invitation or what?"

"Of course it's all right, Abby. You made good time. I was afraid they might keep you waiting at the hospital. Was the hand all right, Jack?"

"Sure, the doc says tomorrow he'll take the stitches out. Oh, boy, I bet that'll be something!"

"How did you get away from here in the roadster? You didn't drive, Jack?"

"Nope." He grinned at Abby. "Shall I tell 'em?"

"Tell them what?" Abby scowled at him.

"How you hitch-hiked over, any way to get to see me?"

"I did not do any such thing. I rode over with the milkman on his way home, and I certainly—"

"Don't let him tease you," said Phyllis, and would have laid her hand on Abby's arm, but the girl dodged, still glowering at Jack.

THE CONQUEROR

He struts with an expanded chest.
His heart quite visibly is stirred
With mighty pride, for in his hand
He bears a small and lifeless bird.

What skill, what power on his part
To bear with pomp this gorgeous dead,
This bird that rose with quailing heart
On wings too slow for flying lead.

—GERALDINE ROSS

Phyllis thought, something's wrong, what have they been up to? "Steve's upstairs, with your father," she said, as they came into the hall. "He was asking for you. Abby, do you want to go up to Edwina's room?"

Jack had Abby's elbow, he ran up the stairs with her. The Major shook his head. "Totally devoid of charm. What does Jack run around with a brat like that for?"

"She just doesn't believe in humoring older people."

"No manners." The Major set his heels down hard as he walked to the dressing room at the end of the hall.

PHYLLIS looked in at the dining table. Marcella should find nothing to look supercilious about, the yellow roses were just right on the ivory damask. Jack came up behind Phyllis, his quick breath warm on her cheek, drops of water on his forehead from his plastered dark hair. "Listen, Murr—" He glanced hastily over his shoulder. "Say, be nice to Abby, will you? She's pretty low, see? She had a wire from her mother. Some dame, I'll say! She's coming a week earlier, and Abby hates this guy she goneta have for a new papa, and she says she won't go with them, she'll run away first, and she'd murder me for telling you. But geez, she's too good an egg to go running away, girls can't do that, now can they?" He ran his fingers distractedly through his wet hair, his flexible, immature mouth had a twist of scorn. "Even if their folks are rotten!"

Phyllis smoothed down his hair, she hugged him. (Oh, you darling *darling!)* "Of course I'll be nice. She's not very—responsive, you know."

"Honest, she thinks you're swell. Sh!" He sidestepped at the sound of voices in the hall. "Gee, I sure wish I could try that bus of Steve's," he said, in a loud, disarming tone.

"You go get a necktie," said Phyllis, looking him over with Marcella's eye.

"How can I tie me any tie?"

"You can let me tie it. Ski."

Abby, hanging over the newel post, was listening, she frowned as she watched Jack swoop past her up the stairs. She had combed her light hair and had painted her small unhappy mouth.

"Come in," said Phyllis, "the others will be down presently. You haven't met my brother and his wife, Jack's Uncle Steve and Aunt Marcella, have you?"

She followed Phyllis warily into the living room where Marcella sat on the divan. "Marcella, this is Abby Eldrich, a friend of Jack's. Mrs. Trent, Abby."

"How do you do," said Marcella, not caring in the least. "Eldrich? Oh, the Prentiss Eldriches?"

"He's my grandfather." Abby thrust her chin out defiantly, watching Marcella. (Oh, the poor baby, thought Phyllis, trying to see how much Marcella knows about her mother.)

Jack came in, Abby relaxed, and Phyllis stood, necktie in her fingers, while Jack ambled to the divan. "H'r'yuh, Aunt Marcella." He pumped at her hand, and Marcella said, "Heavens, how you've grown! And your voice is changing, isn't it?" She laughed, and Jack came back to stand before his mother, his ears red.

"What did you do to your hand?" asked Marcella, and Jack mumbled, "Hurt it."

Phyllis had the tie under his collar, she tightened it warningly, and Jack swallowed, his Adam's apple moving against her finger. "I ran off the road in the car."

"It's a wonder you haven't killed yourself," said Marcella, lazily.

"Jack's ■ good driver." Abby's voice, almost hoarse, offered a challenge.

"There!" Phyllis pushed the knot up to its proper place. "Pretty good for me. Did you speak to Father and Steve? Would you mind? Dinner is ready."

Abby looked longingly after Jack, and Phyllis thought, Marcella's worse than usual, she never did like children.

"I used to know your father," said Marcella. "Howard Eldrich. What's he doing now?"

"I don't know." Abby had curled one ankle around the other, holding herself from flight. "That is, I don't know what's he doing today. I—He—"

"He's in the lumber business," said Phyllis, crisply. "Pulpwood, is it, Abby, somewhere in the South?"

"Yes." Abby looked at Phyllis, her eyes harried. "Near New Orleans. He sent me a perfectly enormous box of pralines. Pralines are a kind of southern candy."

"They're coming!" Jack stood in the doorway. "Cheeps, and am I starved!" He crooked a finger at Abby. "Come on, gal." Behind him appeared the Major, fortified by the descent of Steve and Edwin. He wouldn't come in, thought Phyllis, not with Marcella here.

Dinner moved with external smoothness. Abby was for the most part silent, Jack made a few stabs at humor, Marcella never talked much, she did not look at the Major, she ate carefully. (That figure costs her some restraint, thought Phyllis.) They spoke of China, and the Major told a story of his youth in Shanghai. Steve said, "Marcella wanted to take a round the world cruise. I think we better wait," and Marcella said, "If we'd started last year, as I wanted to—"

"I couldn't just walk off," said Steve, quietly. "There were things—"

"I might go on a cruise this winter." The Major spoke up excitedly. "Not round the world, of course. One of those South American cruises. Why not? I enjoy shipboard."

"No fun to go alone." Steve looked at him affectionately. "If one of us were free—"

"I might go along." Phyllis laced her fingers in her lap, not daring to glance at Edwin. "The children will be in school."

Marcella laughed. "You'd never move an inch from Edwin."

"I need a change," said Phyllis. "You could get along, couldn't you, Edwin? Some hotel in town?"

"But what would happen to us?" Jack was aghast.

"I don't know. I haven't made any real plans." Recklessly Phyllis looked down the table, straight at Edwin, an imperative, challenging look. (Say something, why don't you? Would you like that? You thought I'd wait, crushed, for a word from you!) Edwin met her eyes with no response, his face secretive.

"You can't ruffle Edwin," said Marcella. "He knows you're thoroughly house-broken."

"Listen, Mother's no family pet!" Jacks ears were red again, and Abby looked at Marcella with interest.

"I don't know." Marcella's drawl was taunting. "You've had her pretty snug on the leash. I should say. Why don't you go, Phyl? It would do you no end of good."

"Why not?" asked Edwin, slowly. "I shouldn't mind a few months in town." His eyes were still impenetrable.

(It's a way out, thought Phyllis. No, it's just a way to be rid of me. He'd like me to go, so would Marcella, and take the Major out of her house. If I'm not careful I'll be on board ship! If I should go, it would be an end, an end without noisy disturbance. Before I came back Edwin would have walled himself up finally and forever. I shouldn't have left him last night, he can't think us out of this mess.)

WELL, I should think if Aunt Marcella wants to go on cruises, and the Major wants to go on cruises, they'd go together." Jack blew out his lips, his head thrust forward truculently. Something here he didn't like, Marcella's taunt, his father's curious acquiescence.

"I think the Major would prefer Phyllis, wouldn't you, Major?" Under the thick gold lashes Marcella's eyes rested a moment on the Major, came with amusement to Phyllis.

"I know Phyllis is a good—sailor," said the Major, in a deft parry. "I've traveled with her before." Good Major, rescuing her before things went too far, he knew who was pushing her on that boat!

"I may have lost my sea-legs, I've been on land so long." Phyllis rose. "Coffee in the living room." Jack and Abby lagged behind the others, Phyllis heard the girl's husky voice. What were they up to? Oh, this endless, endless day, not yet three, hours and hours of it left.

"Mother, listen, could I see you a sec?" Jack drew her to the foot of the stairs, and Abby lingered at the other end of the room. "You see, it's kind of a nice day, and we thought we'd take a spin somewhere, mebbe find a movie, only—" he thrust his good hand into a trouser pocket, flapped it. "I'm stony broke."

"But, Jacky! It's a week till the end of the month!"

"Well, you see—" he screwed his face into what he meant for an ingratiating smile—"I thought I'd be off to school tomorrow, and if I needed anything I could get it on tick there, but—You don't want me sponging on a girl, do you?"

Phyllis raised an eyebrow, looking past him toward the living room.

"Sure, I know what Father'd say, but—it's pretty important this afternoon, I gotta stick around with Abby." His mouth twisted, his voice was a whisper at her ear.

"It's unprincipled and weak, but—" Phyllis tweaked his ear. She wanted to put her arms around him, to feel his hard and sweet and careless person. He was really concerned about the girl. "Wait a minute," she said, and saw Jack nod at Abby, an "I told you I'd be smart enough to work it" nod, as she went lightly up the stairs.

She came down again, a bill folded into a neat rectangle between her fingers; just as Bertha paused at the living room doorway, the coffee tray poised in her outstretched hands. Phyllis paused, too, not liking the way Bertha rolled her eyes up at Jack.

"Not a drop," Jack was saying. "Not a drop of your caffeine. Get along, they're waiting for your poison."

Phyllis looked at Jack. Why, he's just a little boy, she thought, he isn't old enough for girls to roll their eyes at him! Then he tipped his head back, and his smile at her, his mother, was wide and innocent.

"Have a good time," she said, as Abby came slowly along the hall. "And come back here for supper, do. The maids are out, maybe Abby could help me a little."

"Could I!" Abby frowned, a tiny crease over her nose. "I'm not much good, I'd love to, if I could—"

"About seven," said Phyllis.

"Geez, you're swell, Ma!" He capered on the doorstep. "Come along, woman, we're off to the races!"

PHYLLIS watched them from the door, Abby backed the roadster sharply, curvetted past the other cars, she waved a hand at Phyllis, her face animated, almost gay, she couldn't be off fast enough.

Marcella had poured the coffee, she continued to sit behind the low table. "We thought you'd forgotten us," she said to Phyllis. "What do you wish, cream, sugar, brandy?"

"Just coffee." Phyllis stood beside the table, a flurry of irritation scattering dry words in her head. Effrontery, supplanting her in her own house, that damned charming manner. She took the small cup, and looked away from Marcella's slow smile. Straight into the Major's watching eyes. She walked over to him. She had no business to let Marcella irritate her, somehow today everything got under her skin.

"Where's Jack gone?" Edwin was across the room, at a window, his posture restless, uncertain.

"Oh, just off." Phyllis sipped her coffee. "Riding around, maybe a movie, no way to spend a Sunday, but what can you do?"

"Does he play around much with that girl?" Marcella's tone was solicitous. "I shouldn't think you'd approve, why do you allow it?"

"Why not?" Steve had the rotogravure section on his knees, he at least looked comfortable, leaning back in the deep chair. "She's an interesting child, something almost pitiful in that bravado."

(Yes, it had been true of Steve, what she had thought this morning, that he had changed. A year, two years ago, he wouldn't have seen that.)

"Bravado?" Marcella looked at Steve. "If you think bad manners are interesting! After all, with that heritage—"

"Her heritage is all right," said the Major. "Good stock on both sides."

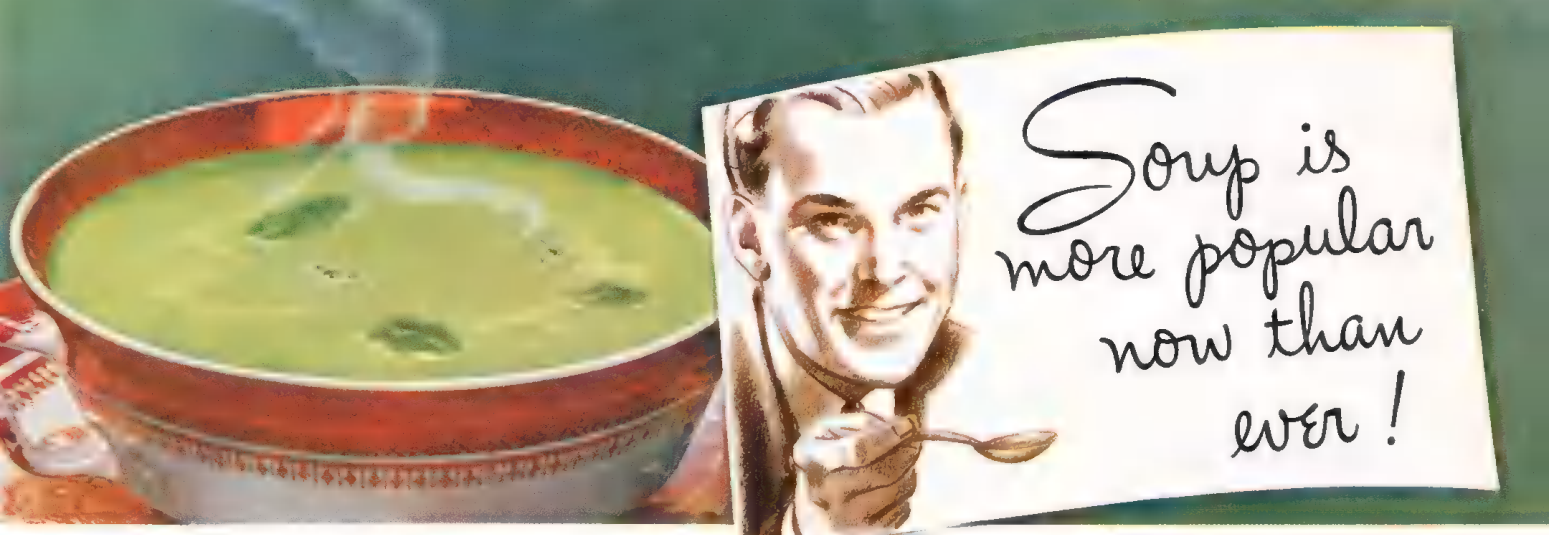
Marcella shrugged. "I was surprised to hear her mother was bothering with a divorce. But perhaps Howard, poor worm, turned at last."

"It's hard on a child nowadays, the way parents think they have a right to continue their emotional experiments. But you don't inherit divorce." The Major stretched up on his toes, let his heels down hard.

"Are parents people or not?" Marcella's hand touched the smooth curl above her forehead. "I wouldn't know about that, would I?" Her glance at the Major shimmered with challenge. "But Phyl would. She's a model parent. Children first."

The paper crackled under Steve's hands. Phyllis thought, she's up to something, what is it?

"My children don't take the place of my personal life, if that's what you mean," said Phyllis. "They're part of it. After all, they are [*Turn to page 61*]



IN THESE DAYS OF SIMPLER MEALS, NOTHING PLEASES THE FAMILY LIKE SOUP

TWO-HOUR MENUS have passed into history with Diamond Jim. Trim figures move nimbly through active days, and the motto of modern meals is "*Easy does it!*" Let each dish be easy to enjoy, easy to digest and, incidentally, easy to prepare. Easy to see why high on the shopping lists of most up-to-the-minute meal planners come those fine Campbell's Soups.

ASPARAGUS SOUP: Green vegetables are a modern "must" but Campbell's Asparagus Soup would be a joy in any age. Little bunches of tender shoots come fresh from the garden, to make this velvet-smooth purée. Wholesome table butter is added, and sprightly seasoning. Then dainty tender asparagus tips go in, plenty for every plate. Have it plain or smoothly creamed (by adding milk instead of water).

CHICKEN SOUP: Nearly everybody likes chicken soup. But!—the measure of a chicken soup is the good chicken-flavor in it. And Campbell's Chicken Soup is good chicken-flavor through and through. Tender are the chickens that give the broth its glint of gold and its deep-down chicken taste. Tender, too—melting tender—are the dainty pieces of chicken meat that adorn each plateful. *Chicken* is the thing in Campbell's Chicken Soup. Taste it—you'll see!

TOMATO SOUP: Bright plates of Campbell's Tomato Soup beckon folk to lunch and dinner tables more than ever now. The luscious, lively taste of Campbell's specially grown tomatoes put high taste-appeal in a soup that suits the modern scheme.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Why not be sure you get all the extra goodness Del Monte Dried Fruits and Raisins offer your holiday meals?

You want them so often *now!* For fragrant steamed puddings. For deep, juicy pies. For all the cookies and cakes that make the holiday season gala and gay.

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You can—and easily, too! By saying "Del Monte"—whenever you buy.

Here—under this friendly label you know so well—are dried fruits just the way you like them—meaty, tender. Packed clean and sweet. Their natural goodness and natural flavor protected by Del Monte cartons right to your table.

Thousands of grocers are now featuring the whole Del Monte Dried Fruit family—at this year's low prices. Don't wait any longer to discover how good they are.

Fill your holiday needs today. And see what praise-fetching goodness these dried fruits and raisins add to even the simplest everyday meals!

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EXTRA GOODNESS IN PRUNES

You get their true *natural* flavor. Tender, meaty fruit, softened by moist sterile heat—but expertly handled to avoid breaking down delicate tissues.

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Muirs, of course! And like Del Monte Prunes and Apricots, Del Monte packaged Peaches [illegible] to you only in triple-sealed cartons to guard their quality.

EXTRA GOODNESS IN APRICOTS

Flavor-famous Blenheims, ruddy and bright. All their tart-sweet richness concentrated for you by slow, even drying, Nature's way, under a [illegible] sun.

WHENEVER YOU WANT DRIED FRUITS

Look for DEL MONTE first

EXTRA GOODNESS IN RAISINS

Del Monte's exclusive wax-wrap pack protects these seedless raisins [illegible] no other carton does. Keeps them clean, full-flavored, plump and moist.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Beginning on page 15]

the river the hills were soft and green. History hung in the air, whispered from the earth.

Eden said, "I like it. Why? What makes it better than Yellowstone or Yosemite? Do you like waterfalls?"

"No. Merrill Drew harnesses them for water power."

Eden frowned. "Jeff. What's up?"

"You'll find out. When we get back to town."

"I tried to tell you over the phone. I'm resigning on Mr. Drew."

"Why?"

Eden looked across the river, to the hills. "Because you want me to."

Jeff turned to look at her. He knew he would never love any other woman. "Darling," he said slowly. "Don't."

"Don't what?"

"Don't tell Drew off. . . ." Jeff's voice was even. "Stay with him."

Eden couldn't believe her ears. "But, Jeff! Last night you almost bit my head off for working for him. Now you want me to stay with him. *Why?*"

Jeff kissed her hand. "Listen, Eden. I've started something. Something damned big. I don't know where it'll take me. But Drew's a part of it. I need him now."

"*You* need *him?*" Eden stood up. "After what you told me—"

"Yeh. You can help me, Eden. Let Drew keep the house. Play ball."

Eden shook her head. "You're crazy, Jeff. If you'd only tell me—"

Jeff got up. "No. Let's get back."

THEY drove back to Washington. The other side of Alexandria, newsboys were screaming something that sounded alarmingly like "Senapafazamaloy. Wuxtry! Evenapagarate!"

Eden stopped and bought a paper. He said, "Read it, Eden." She read:

MORLEY TO BE REMOVED FROM SENATE COMMITTEE

ANNOUNCEMENT CLIMAXES MERRILL DREW INVESTIGATION FIASCO

Washington, May 7.—According to a signed dispatch by Jeffrey Brett in the St. Louis "Express," Senator Jonathan Morley will be removed from his post as chairman of the Committee investigating alleged irregularities in campaign expenditures on grounds of "gross incompetence" . . . .

"Jeff! It isn't possible!"

"Isn't it? Anything's possible."

"Did Morley give you that story?"

"Yes," said Jeff. "It was strictly off the record."

Eden looked shocked. "Jeff! You double-crossed him! Jeff. . . ."

Brett took her hands in his. "I broke it, Eden. Hold tight, now. Do you love me?"

"I do, Jeff, of course. But how could you break a story. . . ."

Jeff said, "I did."

They drove home in silence.

"I've got to talk to you, Jeff."

"Give me a couple of days. 'Bye now."

"Goodbye, Jeff."

He drove away. Eden looked after him. She was worried, bewildered. She didn't go into the house. She hailed a cab. "Senate Office Building," she said to the driver.

Every Washington correspondent worth his salt was waiting in Senator Morley's office. Eden pushed her way to a harassed secretary. "I've *got* to see the Senator," she said.

The secretary shook her head. "The Senator will see nobody."

Eden wrote out a note hastily. "Give him this. It's important. He'll see me. He's got to."

The secretary looked doubtful, got up and went into the private office. She returned in a few moments. "Come in," she said.

Eden hurried through the door. Senator Morley stood up to receive her. He looked haggard. His voice was pitched higher than usual.

"Jeffrey Brett sent you?" he asked coldly, indicating her note.

"No," said Eden. "He didn't. I lied. I *had* to see you. It's—"

"I have no time for you," said the Senator.

"I've just been with Jeffrey Brett," Eden said. "Something's wrong."

"I know that." Morley's bitter look stabbed the girl.

"Senator!" Eden cried. "That was a disgraceful thing Jeff did to you! I know it. I'm trying to tell you that. There must be something behind it."

"Treachery isn't hard to understand."

"He isn't treacherous. Jeff may be impulsive, but he isn't—that."

Morley looked at her coldly. "Why are you so interested? What's your name?"

"Eden Fleming."

Morley's eyes went through her. "Weren't you working for—"

"I'm not!" Eden cried. "I'm through with Mr. Drew. I'm—I'm with Jeff. I love him. He told me all about Drew and you. I didn't believe him. I—I still don't know. But I know something's happening to Jeff!"

Senator Morley nodded ironically. "Marry him, Miss Fleming. He'll make you a very wealthy and distinguished husband. He'll go far, Brett will. He's smart—oh, *very* smart—and unscrupulous. And Drew's behind him now; it's easier to take Drew's filthy money than stand behind me. I'm what they call a has-been."

"I won't believe it. Jeff hated Drew!"

"Judas hated the Romans!"

"Senator Morley!"

The Senator walked close to Eden. "Listen, Jeffrey Brett hasn't heard the last of me—not by a long shot. I was elected to do a job, elected by five hundred thousand and more Americans. I'll do it." The old man seemed fired with a new, a fierce resolve. "For all the Drews and Bretts in Washington, there are a million decent men and women in this land who hate graft and corruption and chicanery, who've self-respect enough in them for me to want to be worthy of their trust. I won't let them down. I'll fight. I'll show Drew and Brett *how* to fight!"

He strode to the door and opened it. The correspondents surged forward. "Gentleman, come in. All of you. I'm going to give a statement."

THE reporters trooped in, asking a hundred questions. The Senator silenced them. Then he spoke:

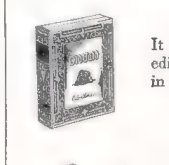
"The story in the St. Louis 'Express' is a blatant lie. Jeffrey Brett has perpetrated the most contemptible newspaper hoax of our generation!" The pencils began racing on the pads. "It is a lie that I shall be removed from the Senate Committee! It is a lie that I do not intend to run for reëlection! It is a lie that the inquiry into the Merrill Drew organization has been dropped! Any statements to the contrary are the unfounded fictions of a diseased

[*Continued on page 30*]

HERE'S one "volume" that will never get tucked away in the book shelves to gather dust! It's filled with 100 Old Golds, the cigarettes that are as double-mellow as Santa's smile and as fresh as the crisp Christmas air!

Bound in "old gold", handsome as a first edition, this unique book-box of 100 Old Golds costs no more than two "Flat-Fifty" packages.

And what a handsome gift it makes! Give him this "True Story of America's Double-Mellow Cigarette"... and you'll give him a whole volume of smoking pleasure! It tells its own tale of matchless flavor and freshness. Ladies will be thrilled with this Old Gold gift, too!



1

It looks like a rare edition, richly bound in maroon and gold.

2

Open it up and you find 2 regular "flat-fifties" of Old Golds (100 cigarettes).

3

Open one of the "flat-fifties" and enjoy America's double-mellow cigarette.

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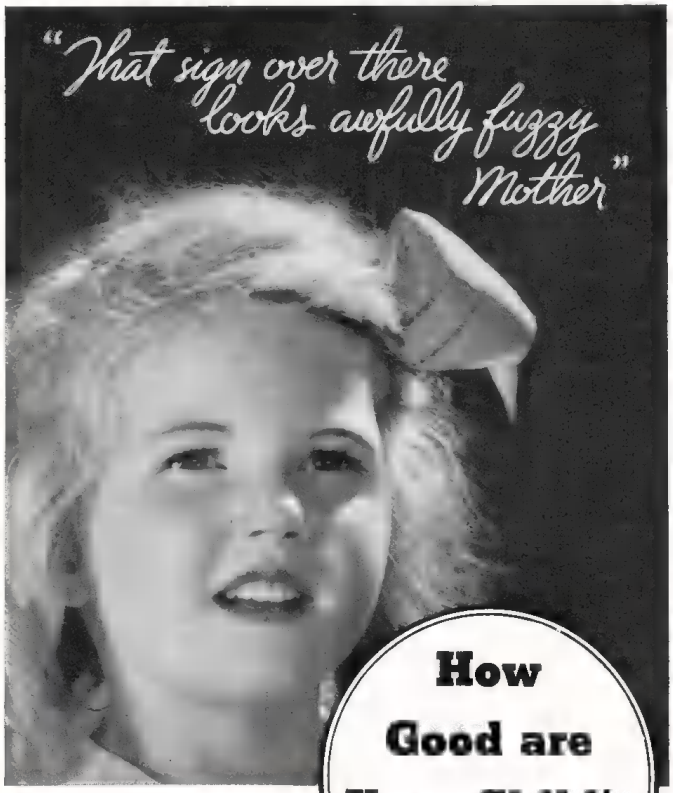
TUNE IN Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with Bob Benchley, Sunday nights, starting Nov. 20, Columbia Network.



How Good are Your Child's Eyes?

Does your child see clearly? Or does she struggle against the handicap of defective vision? Perhaps she has no difficulty reading a book, but can she read a sign across the street? Her distant vision may be good, but does she strain her eyes for close work?

Notice if she has any telltale signs such as habitually holding a book close to her eyes or gluing her nose to the desk, squinting when she reads or thrusting her head forward to see far-off objects.

Should she show any of these indications, her eyes need examining. Fortunately, the majority of eye defects can usually be corrected by properly fitted glasses.

Many a child, however, is needlessly doomed to a lifetime of suffering from the disfigurement of cross-eyes because parents fail to take proper steps in time. These children are often teased and taunted by schoolmates. Frequently they develop shy, highly sensitive personalities. They may be handicapped both socially and in their work all their lives.

The cross-eyed child needs help and needs it *now*, even if she is only two years old. She will not outgrow the condition. If it is neglected, straightening the eye and saving the sight become more difficult. No wonder wise parents are eager to secure competent professional aid as soon as a child shows any signs of cross-eyes.

Children are dependent upon their parents for guidance. Teach your child about the danger of glare from both the sun and artificial light. Make sure that she does not read in a dim light. Tell her not to rub her eyes, especially when something gets into them.

Your child's future depends largely upon her sight. Take no chances. Regular eye examinations are the only way you can be certain that her eyes are normal.

If discovered in time many defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected. A postcard will bring you, free, the Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes." It contains many helpful suggestions. Address Booklet Department 1238-M.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

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WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 29]

and despicable mind! Jeffrey Brett has maligned the Senate, betrayed a friendship, violated the simplest code of decency and journalistic ethics! That's all, gentlemen!"

It was enough. The correspondents whooped out, looking for phones.

Jonathan Morley turned to Eden. She had been watching in silence. She had heard things she had never heard before. She saw a gallant and a noble man with his back against the wall. And she knew that Jeffrey Brett had put him there, without mercy.

"Go back and tell that to your Jeffrey Brett," said Morley quietly.

Eden shook her head. "No." Her voice seemed far away from her. "I'm not going back to Jeffrey Brett, Senator—please—let me help you." Tears were in Eden's eyes. "Let me work with you! Give me a job—any job. Let's show Jeffrey Brett we can make him understand the meaning of—oh, let me help, Senator. *Please* let me help!"

Eden burst into tears. Senator Morley watched her, his face softening. She put her head against him, and he let her cry. . . .

AT THIS moment Jeffrey Brett sat in the bar of the Mayflower, finishing a drink. He had had a number of whiskies—straight—and dabbled with the prospect of a gin Rickey. The bartender was trying to dissuade him from such an unholy mixture. Macaulay Jones sat next to Brett; he looked dark, worried, gloomy. A bellboy came up. "Mr. Brett, telephone. Long distance. St. Louis calling." Brett refused to go.

Macaulay Jones said, "I'll take it." He went out. He came back a few moments later.

"Jeff, you've got to go to the phone. It's the boss."

Jeff looked up and smiled. "I was expecting the old man's call." He went to the phone.

Avery Norton exploded on the wire. "Brett! You're fired! Fired! You tried to ruin Senator Morley, and laid us open for a million dollar libel suit! I'm publishing a front-page retraction. I just spoke to Morley. You haven't the ethics of an alley cat. They've reached you, Brett, haven't they? You've sold out. Well, now you can *get* out. I hope Drew pays you plenty. And let me tell you something else. Morley's denied your story. The whole miserable thing. He is running for reëlection. The investigation isn't dead by a long shot. And we're still behind Morley. We're just starting to fight!" The old man hung up the receiver.

Brett stayed in the phone booth for a moment. "Attaboy," he said.

"What did he say?" Macaulay Jones begged him.

"What do you think?"

"Fired?"

"Sure."

Mac's hand shook. "Why'd you do it, Jeff? Why'd you do it?"

"It's the Brett curse."

"Jeff—I'll resign. We'll start a column, together. We'll—"

Brett shook his head. "Don't be a chump. I'm poison."

"We can do it, Jeff! I'll do the legwork. You write—"

"Go 'way," said Brett without emotion. "I'm expecting company."

It was no use. Mac went out.

Brett looked after him. He wasn't drunk. He was very sober. He whistled "Tea for Two" to himself, quietly. He walked back to his table. A lean man, gray at the temples, was sitting there.

"Would you care to see Drew?" he asked, most casually.

The faintest gleam crept into Brett's eyes. "Maybe."

"He's upstairs."

Brett nodded.

"Want to come up?"

"All right."

THEY went to the elevators and got off at the eighth floor. They walked down to the seventh. The lean man knocked on the door of 703, then went in, alone. A minute later the door was opened. Brett went in. Drew was sitting in a big chair, near a coffee table. There were plenty of drinks on the table.

"All right," said Drew. The lean man went out.

"Sit down," said Drew. Brett was already sitting. "Drink?"

"Scotch."

Drew poured himself some bourbon, and some Scotch for Brett.

"Interesting bit of work you did this afternoon," he said smoothly.

"Sensational. Got me fired."

"Why did you do it, Mr. Brett?"

Jeff played with his glass. "It was true. Morley told me he was quitting. He told me not to break the story until the fall. I'm impatient."

Drew lit a cigar. "Now what?"

"You tell me."

Drew played with the match. "Maybe. After I get your angle."

Brett took a drink. "Simple. Got fed up with the job, with Morley, with doing good deeds, with the investigation, with the publisher, his campaigns and his son. Clear?"

Drew said, "Not quite."

"Also got a little drunk. Very brave when drunk."

Drew nodded. "I never knew you drank before."

"Hidden vice," countered Brett. "Also sniff cocaine, play parcheesi, and grow marihuana. Also try to draw to an inside straight without fail. Never learn, I guess."

"On the contrary," said Drew slowly. "You seem to have learned a great deal." He played with his cigar. "Mr. Brett, *could* it be that there is—er—something behind all this?"

Brett's eyes didn't budge. "You never know."

Drew smiled. "Generally I do. I have good intuitions. Now all this might be a—shall we say—performance you're putting on for my benefit."

Brett yawned. "Might, at that."

"You *might* be pretending you're through with Morley so I would pick you up, give you a job, put you in my organization." Drew's voice was very urbane. "Then, you *might* try to use whatever—er—information you could get. Against me."

Brett's mouth fell open. "Beautiful idea! Wish I'd thought of it."

"I think you did," Drew smiled.

Brett took a long drink. "Don't let it bother you. I'm not working for you."

"You are," said Drew, "if you want to."

"I might double cross you."

A mocking look crossed Drew's face. "You won't. I'll attend to that."

"Still not working for you."

Drew flicked an ash off his cigar. "I'll pay."

"How much?"

"Twice what you were making."

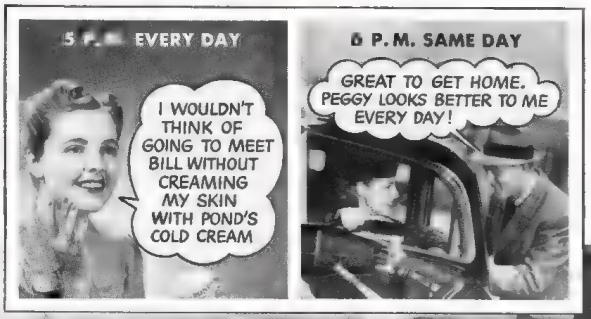
"Not enough."

"Triple."

"Hello, Boss," said Brett.

[*Continued on page 46*]

WOODEN ANNIVERSARY
..More Like a Honeymoon!


5 P.M. EVERY DAY
I WOULDN'T THINK OF GOING TO MEET BILL WITHOUT CREAMING MY SKIN WITH POND'S COLD CREAM
6 P.M. SAME DAY
GREAT TO GET HOME. PEGGY LOOKS BETTER TO ME EVERY DAY!

SMART WIVES USE THIS EXTRA BEAUTY CARE...THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN*

Princess—H. R. H. Princess Maria Antonia de Bragança (Mrs. Ashley Chanler) is a great believer in creaming "skin-vita min" into her skin. She says: "I'm glad to get this extra beauty care in Pond's—the cream I've always used."

Earl's Daughter—Lady Cynthia Williams, popular member of British aristocracy, has used Pond's since her deb days . . ."Now I'm more enthusiastic about Pond's than ever. **Extra 'skin-vitamin'** in Pond's Cold Cream helps provide against possible lack of it in my skin." (above) At her ancestral home, Waldershare Park, Kent, England—introducing her baby daughter, Juliana, to the hounds.

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health.

■ In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.

■ Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

"Any wife would be foolish not to take advantage of Pond's new 'skin-vitamin' beauty care! I've always used Pond's. It softens my skin . . . *gives sparkle* to my make-up."

Charming Hostess, **MRS. CHARLES MORGAN, III** *(left) popular in New York's young married set*

Amazing Pond's Offer
With purchase of large jar of Pond's Cold Cream, get a generous box of Pond's "Silver Fleece" Powder, BOTH for the price of the Cold Cream.
LIMITED SUPPLY
GET YOURS TODAY!
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Tune in on "[illegible] WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., E. S. T. Time, N.B.C.

HERE'S LONESOME LOU
KNITTING ONE, PURLING TWO —SHE THINKS THE BAD BREATH ADS MEAN YOU!
ARE YOU TELLING ME TO READ THIS BAD BREATH AD?
DON'T GET MAD, SIS! PLEASE READ IT--AND THEN SEE IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TALK TO OUR DENTIST TOMORROW
TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH
"You see, Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
IF YOU KEEP GOING OUT EVERY NIGHT LIKE THIS, LOU, I'LL HAVE TO FINISH MY SWEATER MYSELF!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

FOR SWEETHEART, WIFE OR MOTHER

[Beginning on page 7]

lashed her clothes and her hair, and blued her lips, she was pretty. The Hewitt women all were—with a wide-smiled, plump, satisfying prettiness.

Sid knew the whole family. They had had a farm in this part of the country but they had lost it when times got hard. They lived on a rented place on the other side of Opal. Now Emil Thornheur, who'd married Marcella, would never lose his place no matter how times were. Not a board or a brick on his place that wasn't paid for.

Marcella asked breathlessly, "Sid, are you going back to Opal?"

"Yeh—but right now I'm going up the Pines road with some Christmas packages. I'll be back in an hour."

"I'll be ready to go in to Opal with you," she said.

Sid asked, "Going home for Christmas, huh?" Emil Thornheur with his heavy shoes, his bargaining eyes, wasn't the kind of a man you felt sorry for, but Sid felt sorry for any man who had to stay in an empty house over Christmas.

He said, "Better pull your sweater together. The wind bites deep."

But she didn't pull it together. There was a desperate and far-away abstraction about her.

Sid went on, "Well—if you want to go in with me, you be here ready. You want me to bring you back—maybe after the dance in Opal?"

"No," Marcella said tightly. "No—you don't need to figure on bringing me back."

. . . The country folks had said when she married Emil Thornheur, "You can't hook a skittish colt up with a plodding ox."

Sid drove on to the Pines. Marcella stood there for a minute in the wind, as though her own racking bitterness was at one with the whipping wind and gathering sky.

LITTLE Martin found Emil Thornheur in his blacksmith shop. "Say, Emil, I got a little deal to talk over with you. I'll see that your Hay Gulch gate is kept shut, and I won't take a thing for it, if you'll buy one of these Beauty Boxes."

Emil's mind was on the Hay Gulch gate. It would be a relief to have Martin close his gate which those trifling Odler boys were always leaving open. Once, two of his young heifers had got through and he'd had to take a day off to find them.

He glanced depreciatingly at the box Martin opened on the work bench. Above the smell of tar and leather oil there rose a flowery perfume. It reminded him somehow of Marcella and he felt a disquieting twinge because Marcella and he had been on the "outs" lately.

"All right, I take it. You be sure and keep shut the gate."

He sent Martin hurrying home for a blizzard was close on the heels of the wind that rattled his tools hanging on the wall of the blacksmith shop. Emil locked the door, went into the house. He wanted suddenly to give the box to Marcella.

The house was empty. You didn't have to look in each room to know Marcella wasn't there. You always heard her—either singing, or talking to the cat, or just working noisily with thumps and bangs. Emil stood bewildered inside his square, compact house. The Thornheurs liked snug, tight houses; Marcella was always wanting to fancy the house up. It was his mother who'd taught him never to spend money for something that didn't bring money back.

Emil pushed into the bedroom that was off the sitting room. The bedroom was in the disarray of hurried packing. Emil stopped there, his breathing heavy as a horse's that is jerked up short.

What was it their bitter quarrel had started over? But what was there in the house they hadn't quarreled over? Even this dresser on whose corner he heavily dropped the Beauty Box. Marcella had wanted to paint the dresser and bed some finish she called Colonial Ivory; "You put a thin layer of gray over the cream and then you rub it—" But Emil said the bed and dresser were all right as they were.

Outside, his black Angus bull bellowed against the wind. Marcella hated his black cattle, and the way he was always figuring on the back of an envelope their original cost, the cost of their feed, their fencing, against their selling price. She called his black cattle the big love of Emil's life. "What I can't understand," she had said, "is why you married me."

He had said harshly, "A man wants a wife—a home—and children."

She had answered slowly, "This isn't my home. It's still your mother's. You won't let me make it mine—" her voice had cracked in scoring triumph, "and I won't bring children into it."

But this last quarrel—he remembered now—was about Christmas and giving presents. "We do not give a lot of fool folderals," he had said.

"We always gave at home," she'd said. "But of course we cared for each other. It's fun to give presents to people you love."

He had wanted to score a hurt. "So much they give—your people—and now they live on a rented farm." He hadn't realized his thrust would go so deep. She'd sat there limply, looking up at him with white hate.

Now he knew full well what she'd meant when she'd said to him this morning with a hard little laugh, "Even if you don't believe in giving Christmas presents, I'm going to give you one. It'll be one that will give pleasure all through the years." . . . She was giving him her absence from his house.

Stunned and shaken, he walked out into the kitchen. Marcella was leaving him. He had to lean heavily against the separator.

One thing in the kitchen caught his eye. It was the red and white oilcloth Marcella had cut into fancy little scallops and put over the square windows. Everything about Marcella—her clothes, her ideas on life, her voice—was bright. And everything in him craved that brightness as one craves sun.

THE driving wind stung with needle points of ice. Marcella Thornheur had not known how chilled and battered she was—yes, and frightened by the wind's fury—until she stepped back into the warmth of Emil Thornheur's house. It had a snug and sound serenity.

She shivered as its warmth seeped deeper. She walked slowly to the little room in its disarray of packing. It was good to feel secure against storms. Her fingers touched the Beauty Box on the dresser. She opened it. Both Martin and Emil had overlooked the putting of a card in it. But she knew it was from Emil.

[*Continued on page 35*]

Licked ... *unless he gets the food energy he needs every day!*

A-lickety split and down the hill!
I sure was doing fine,
But a snowbank up to me and said,
"All out! The end of the line."
The thrills (and chills!) of tobogganing
Are just my daily meat.
And for the energy it takes,
Give me Cream of Wheat!

Stoke up your child's system! Cold mornings call for steaming hot Cream of Wheat. Warming? You bet! Appetizing? M-m-m-m! And filled to bursting with quick-acting food energy. Here is fuel for fun . . . and growth and work. Fuel to keep your youngster on the go during pell-mell morning hours. And how he needs it! He burns up each day more food energy in proportion to his weight than a grown man does!

3½ million bowls are eaten daily! Children—grown-ups—everybody loves Cream of Wheat. Through 43 years, untold numbers of doctors have come to rely upon this cereal to yield food energy speedily. A grand source of muscle-building proteins, too. Stimulates natural weight gains. Digestion of Cream of Wheat starts in the mouth!

Bank the difference! Cream of Wheat is a friend to your budget. Cooks up to 6 times its original volume. Costs only a fraction of a cent a serving. Yet only the best hard wheats ever go into the blending of this unusual cereal. Sun-ripened in top producing areas. Heat-treated and purified. Order today.

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JACK BENNY breaks a 20-YEAR SILENCE

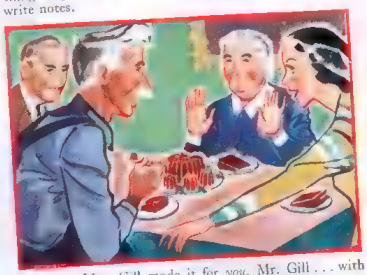
FARMER GILL: Car broke down, eh? Wal, guess ye can stay here. Ask Mrs. Gill to show ye upstairs.
MRS. GILL: Tell Mr. Gill I ain't needin' any hints from him on hospitality!
MARY: (aside to Jack) What's the matter—aren't they speaking to each other?

FARMER GILL: Some more chicken, Miss Livin'stone? Or should I say Mrs. Benny? Sure is nice to meet you radio folks. Ask Mrs. Gill to give ye some gravy.
MRS. GILL: Mr. Benny, tell Mr. Gill he's been forgettin' to pass the preserves.

JACK: Say, these Gills we're staying with seem to have ph-tt!
GARAGEMAN: Oh, sure. They had a fight 20 years ago and ain't spoke since. They tell the hired man anything they got to say. Or, worst come to worst, they write notes.

MARY: Listen, Jack—we got chummy doing the dishes—and I believe she'd really like to make up!
JACK: Yes—and I think *he* wants to, too . . . Ho hum—some men never know when they're lucky! . . . Aw, Mary, I was only kidding . . . I've got an idea—

MRS. GILL: A plum puddin', Miss Livin'stone? He used to love that. But I don't know if it would agree with him.
MARY: Oh, but this is a Jell-O plum pudding, and Jell-O's so easy to digest! It'll agree with him all right—and *maybe*—it'll make him agree with *you!*



MARY: Mrs. Gill made it for *you*, Mr. Gill . . . with genuine Jell-O. Notice that extra-rich fruit flavor?
FARMER GILL: Say! Tell Mrs. Gill this is one all-fired, ring-tootin', whoopin' hollerin' fine puddin'! Tell her . . . No! Dang-bust it all, I'll tell her *myself!*
MRS. GILL: Oh, William!

JELL-O PLUM PUDDING

Combine 2½ cups water, 1 two-inch stick cinnamon, 4 whole cloves, and ¼ teaspoon whole allspice and bring to a boil. Boil, uncovered, about 5 minutes. Strain; if necessary, add hot water to make 1 pint. Dissolve 1 package Raspberry Jell-O in this liquid. Pour ¾ cup spiced Jell-O mixture into large mold. Chill until firm. Pour remaining spiced Jell-O into 6 small individual molds. Chill until firm.

Combine 1 package Raspberry Jell-O, dash of salt, ½ teaspoon ground cinnamon, and ¼ teaspoon ground cloves; add 1 pint hot water and stir until Jell-O is dissolved. Chill until slightly thickened, then fold in ¾ cup each finely cut raisins, cooked prunes, and nut meats, ¼ cup finely cut citron and ¾ cup Grape-Nuts. Turn into large mold over clear Jell-O. Chill until firm. Unmold and garnish with small molds of clear spiced Jell-O and sprigs of holly. Serves 12.

(All measurements are level.)

TUNE IN SUNDAY NIGHT

. . . it's the gayest, grandest show on the air! Laugh with Jack Benny, America's most popular comedian, and his lively partner, Mary Livingstone. Songs by the favorite tenor, Kenny Baker. Don Wilson announcing, Phil Harris waving the baton. 7 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, 6 Central, 9:30 Mountain, 8:30 Pacific. N. B. C. Network. It's "Jell-O again!"

A product of General Foods

Strawberry • Raspberry
Cherry • Orange • Lemon • Lime

FOR SWEETHEART, WIFE OR MOTHER

[Continued from page 32]

This was the kind of present the Hewitts gave each other. It *was* just a folderal—a fool folderal that Emil didn't think much of. She picked the perfume up out of the box, whiffed it with the gentle smile of ■ woman-grown for something she'd once thought wonderful. This filmsy lavender box with its bottles and round boxes seemed to stand for the fancy and foolish things the Hewitts gave and would always give. They had their place in life—but a man like Emil gave solid things. . . She remembered her brother's wife crying because their baby got pneumonia from the drafty floors. . . She remembered her mother walking the floor in distraught wakefulness over notes due at the bank.

Marcella turned and, with the swift impulsiveness that had made Emil Thornheur love her from the first time he'd met her at a Fourth of July picnic, hurried to the kitchen. She said, "Emil—Oh, Emil—you didn't have to give me this. I guess you thought you had to give me things like this—because I've been so hateful about—about Christmas."

He looked up at her out of eyes momentarily uncomprehending. Emil was slower-thinking, slower-talking than Marcella. But he spoke out his troubled thoughts, "You must not go, Marcella. I do not mean to hurt you. For that mean thing I said about your folks, I am sorry—because I like them." Emil, who was not one to talk much, went hurrying on, "I like your ways of keeping house, those things you do to things—those cut-out scallops over the window I like. I like your ways in a house better than—" and then he checked himself; his mother had been a grim, hard-working woman—and she was dead now. He mustn't speak ill of her, "than the ways of other folks," he added.

Marcella lifted her eyes to the looking glass over the wash-stand, they met his with a strange flicker of shyness. "When I came in out of the storm this house was—home to me. I was ashamed of fighting with you. Because I'm—proud of being Mrs. Thornheur—and I thought how—nice it would be to have your children—here in such a nice, warm house."

Emil's brown eyes filled with swift tears. His voice was thick, as he pulled from his pocket his stub of pencil and that messy envelope covered with figures. "I figure it out how maybe—if at the Stock Show I make good sales of my Angus heifers—to put in ■ pump and a sink for you here in this kitchen."

Marcella gave a cry of delight, "Oh, I'd love ■ pump," she said. "But we wouldn't need to get the sink right away. We could do with a bucket and a washpan for a while."

SID AMES, the boxes delivered to families toward the Pines, stopped again at the corner of Section 18. No Marcella Thornheur was waiting at the section corner and Sid knew a thankful relief. He could see the lights in the Thornheur house, and quite inexplicably ■ shiver, that was a sigh of loneliness, took a long time to pass through him.

He turned then and saw, on the long seat where Miss Adelaide had sat, a package she had forgotten. Sid was suddenly glad she'd left it. That would be his excuse for going to see her—and then he'd give her the Beauty Box.

The back door of the ranch house, where Miss Adelaide's brother and his family lived, opened into a summer kitchen which was only used in winter for extra wraps and storing firewood. He opened the door of the summer kitchen on a gust of wind and, as it banged behind him, he heard ■ startled "Oh-h."

It was Miss Adelaide herself setting a stew-pan of candy or maybe icing on the wash-stand to cool. Sid said awkwardly, "You forgot your package and I brought it up and so I—I brought you this too."

She said, "Oh!" again. She opened the box with hurrying, fluttery hands. She took out the card, elaborate in fancy printing, silver stars and holly wreaths. She backed up a little so that the light of the kitchen window lighted the card which young Martin had slid inside, "To One I Love."

Sid said, "Not that you need any of that truck—"

Miss Adelaide turned abruptly to pick up some winter coats, which had slid off the nails. . . . The years seemed to turn back and Sid Ames was standing again in the dimly-lit vestibule of the schoolhouse close to Miss Adelaide who was trying so hard not to cry. . . . Sid said to her now, "Why, Miss Adelaide, what's the matter. I guess maybe—"

She said thickly, "Don't guess wrong again, Sid. I've wished—I've wished that I'd told you right out that night at the box-supper who it was I wanted to get my box."

"You mean it wasn't Jack?" he asked bewilderedly. "I never understood—you told him—"

"I told him he didn't measure up to—to the man I wanted," she said quickly. "Oh, Sid, you spoiled me for any other man—seeing you every day and you so generous, and kind, and big. . . . I could have had a school at the Junction, but I wanted to stay on and have you drive me in every morning—"

"That's why I couldn't give up the bus route. Because I've loved you," he said slowly, "always, I guess. I can't even remember when I haven't."

"We've been such fools," she said regretfully. "We've cheated ourselves out of nineteen years."

"No," he said gently, "no—the years will be sweeter from now on."

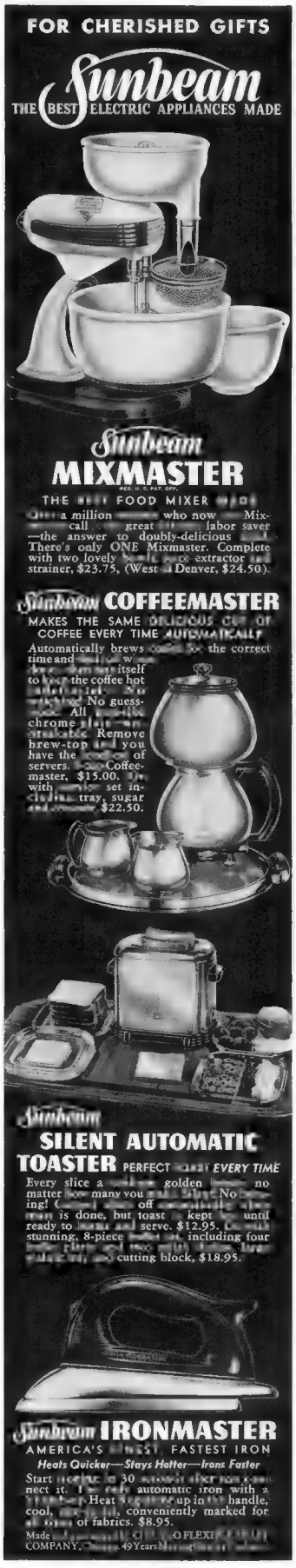
The flimsy summer kitchen was bitter cold. But they didn't know it was cold. And when he took her in his arms it was with a great surge of tenderness. They were always to have it—that intensitive rapture when they were together. "Old fools are the worst," the countryside quoted. But they didn't know that love, long-deferred, could be the sweeter.

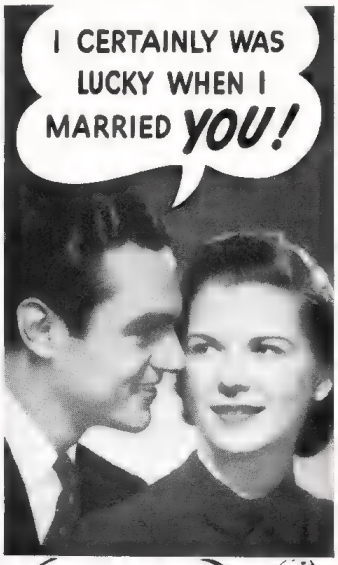
LITTLE Martin Holloway scarcely felt the lashing wind that battered him or the sleety snow that sifted down his neck. Only one Beauty Box left to sell! Both Sid Ames and Emil Thornheur had changed their minds after telling him they didn't want one. Maybe Margaret, his stepmother, would change her mind too.

She was in the kitchen, stirring something on the stove with one hand, holding Joey at the same time. She lifted ■ tired and harassed face, and said sharply, "I thought you'd never get home. We'll have to hurry to get in fuel—and there's the milking."

Martin had no time to broach Beauty Boxes or a Hercules gun while they hurried through the dusk and wind doing their few chores.

[*Continued on page 37*]





Now—read her secret

"FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti is one of my best helps," she'll tell you. It means tasty, appetizing meals without long hours in the kitchen. It means being able to serve cheaper meat cuts and left-overs and get compliments on them! It means a nourishing hot lunch for the children in next to no time. Its zestful, savory cheese-and-tomato sauce (containing *eleven* different ingredients) makes Franco-American far superior to ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti, yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢. Order several cans today.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

Send for **FREE** *Recipe Book*

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 512
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print)_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

FOR THESE WOMEN...

Yes, and millions like them . . . women who demand from the very bottom of their hearts an occasional escape from reality . . . who ask for a chance to cross the fabulous threshold, and to stride gaily, gloriously into the never-never land of romance . . . where men are wise, grand, gallant blades . . . where women are all wondrous fair and wondrous lovable.

THIS PICTURE...

The immortal "If I Were King" with Ronald Colman in his grandest role as Master Francois Villon, swashbuckling, devil-may-care poet-rogue, who dares a thousand dangers, risks his bold neck a thousand times, and all for the love of a lady. Frank Lloyd, Producer-Director of "Cavalcade," "Mutiny on the Bounty," and "Wells Fargo," weaves, as only Frank Lloyd can, the wondrous fabric of true romance.

Adolph Zukor presents
Ronald Colman
in Frank Lloyd's
"IF I WERE KING"
with Frances Dee • Basil Rathbone
Ellen Drew • C. V. France • Henry Wilcoxon
Produced and Directed by Frank Lloyd
Screen Play by Preston Sturges
From the Play by Justin Huntly McCarthy
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

To be scribbled in indelible lipstick — your date book

Paramount's "Men With Wings," produced and directed by William A. Wellman, in All Technicolor, is *flaming romance!*

FOR SWEETHEART, WIFE OR MOTHER

[Continued from page 35]

Since Martin's father was away carpentering and couldn't chop wood, they had to burn coal.

Margaret left Martin to entertain the baby while she bundled up and went out to milk the black cow. Joey was almost three and it hurt Margaret that other three-year-olds could run everywhere. But, now that Joey didn't have to wear braces, he was learning.

Then they ate supper. At least Margaret dished up the mutton stew for Martin, but she couldn't eat hers for getting up to set a bowlful on the porch to chill so she could skim off the grease before she fed it to Joey.

Martin finished first. He edged away from the table and to the old desk in a corner of the big kitchen, and got out all his "literature" from the Easyway Company. It was hard to see, for the glow of the lamp was only a circle including the two at the table. Martin would have liked to move inside it—but he felt outside.

That was what made him feel an empty ache—being outside. But of

[*Continued on page 38*]

• • ■

MOVIES

[Beginning on page 4]

audiences, but for the last fifteen years he has been one of the greatest actors we've had around town. Although Lionel Barrymore is a kindly old man with a heart of gold in the movie, he is not Grandpa—thus Mr. Capra lost right away half the character of his movie.) But Essie and her husband, and all the other characters are first-class, and you will enjoy full-heartedly the first part of *You Can't Take It With You.*

The last part of the picture turns out to be an old Victorian problem play in which a banker's son falls in love with Grandpa's daughter. The banker is a ruthless wolf of Wall Street crushing his opponents in his claws; he breaks up Grandpa's home, ruins his son's romance, kills off an old partner, and in general is so nasty you fully expect to see him chasing Eliza across the ice, until Grandpa finally brings him around, and we see him in the last scene playing the harmonica with Grandpa.

In short, when Mr. Capra presented *You Can't Take It With You* he did a fine job; when he tried to include parts of *The Old Homestead* and *East Lynne* and give us a little message about kindness and the Golden Rule, he might have been motivated by finer principles but he failed to keep on the track and he emasculated a prize-winning comedy.

THE French picture, *The Grand Illusion,* is a war story without any war in it, and one so simply and, at times, crudely told, you might think it had been produced way back in the old silent movie days.

The very fact that it has no great airplane battles, that it has no huge so-called production sequences, only adds to the great power and tragedy you will find in this picture. (And I hope *The Grand Illusion* plays in your city; it has English titles, but you don't need them because the story is so simply told even a child can understand it.)

Mr. Renoir's story concerns a group of French officers who are interned in a German prison camp; two camps, to be exact; and, as Captain de Boildieu remarks, as a tennis court is meant for tennis, a polo field for polo, then a prison camp is something you escape from. But *The Grand Illusion* is not a melodrama of escape; it is, by the grace of four great actors, a study of characters; a study of men in war.

There are so many delicate shadings of character in the picture I hesitate to attempt any description of the various ways in which Renoir paints their portraits for you with his camera. One thing I know you will see and understand; the simple way in which Renoir tells his story. And that is movie-making. You will see no white-hot sets, with every detail apparent to the eye in a second. You will find no great emotional, "Oh, the pity of it all!" scenes. You will see Captain Boildieu, the gentleman officer; Marechal, the mechanic who became a pilot; and his friend Rosenthal, politely trying to escape from the tragic hospitality of the Prussian, Von Rauffenstein.

Every movement, every gesture, of these men becomes highly important to you. You feel, before you leave them, that you know their table manners, their small talk, their most intimate secrets. And you feel, finally, when you see Marechal and his friend Rosenthal staggering far in the distance across a snow-covered Alpine pass, a most profound compassion—and despair—for them.

There are some crude scenes, and there is some awkward editing in *The Grand Illusion.* But there is a heroic quality in it that is understandable wherever men read or write or talk. And there is an adult conception of the world of men in Renoir's story that makes Grandpa Vanderhof and his hard-hearted banking chum more than childish in comparison.

AS ONE of the most ebullient writing men we have, and as the former editor of Fox Movietone News, Laurence Stallings should know something about the newsreel business. In his picture about it, *Too Hot To Handle,* you will find very little newsreel lore, but mostly cockeyed burlesque about the adventures of two rival newsreelmen and a lady flyer.

It is highly entertaining burlesque, however, and Mr. Gable and Myrna Loy make a mighty attractive pair of dare-devils.

The newsreel sections of the film are not only the most exciting but by far the funniest in the picture. Mr. Gable's phony Shanghai bomb picture is the highspot in the film, and the stunt flight over a burning ship, even though it is faked in parts, is a legitimate newsreel thrill.

But, alas, even Mr. Stallings had to find a plot for his story, so we find Mr. Gable and Leo Carrillo, and Walter Pidgeon and Miss Loy taking pictures of a tribe of voodoo worshipers in a South American jungle, whence Miss Loy flew to rescue her long-lost brother. Fortunately, however, this lost brother business only takes up a small part of the film. For the rest, it is very fine burlesque, and considering the fact that Mr. Stallings had a camera crew in Ethiopia, during the late war, probably based on more fact than you might imagine.

Your Child needs the EXTRA Protection of Luxury Texture

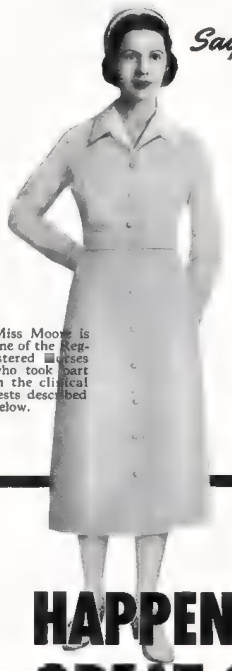
IN YOUR conscientious, loving care for your child, you may feel you have *thought of everything.* Yet you are risking your child's comfort and health *daily,* if you expose his sensitive young skin to the irritation of ordinary harsh toilet tissue.

And this is so unnecessary. Every mother today can provide the comfort and security of linen-soft Luxury Texture ScotTissue.

LUXURY TEXTURE cleanses immaculately. It is strong and firm, but so soft and clothlike it cannot cause irritation, even to the tenderest skin.

Protect *your* child's comfort and health . . . keep your bathroom supplied with Luxury Texture. Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.; also makers of Waldorf and Scot-Towels for home use.

LUXURY TEXTURE



Miss Moore is one of the Registered Nurses who took part in the clinical tests described below.

Says **NURSE BONNER MOORE:**

"I want every young mother to know this—

"A great deal of needless suffering would be saved if every mother—especially every *young* mother—knew what I know about the results of these great clinical tests. I was amazed—I had never dreamed that the ravages of colds could be abated to such an extent."

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO COLDS IN GREAT CLINICAL TESTS

Number and Length of Colds, Their Discomforts and Cost Cut Down Drastically in Tests Among 17,353 Volunteers

THESE THREE Kernersville (N. C.) Public School youngsters—Jim Bob Caudle, Robert Wells and John Taylor—followed Vicks Plan for five winter months. Result—*no* absences due to colds. (An unusual record, but just look at the splendid average results for all those who followed Vicks Plan.)

A MODERN CRUSADE has been going on against the common cold among thousands of people in homes, schools, and factories. Here's what has happened: The number of colds—with all their discomforts—has been cut 24.66 per cent . . . The length of colds, 28.78 per cent . . . Sickness from colds, reduced more than half (50.88%) . . . School absences due to colds (among 7,031 children) reduced even more (57.86%)!

These are actual figures—not just a few individual experiences, but the average results of four winter series of clinical tests in which 17,353 people took part. Thirty-seven doctors were on the supervisory staff. More than 500 teachers, nurses, and other trained workers assisted them.

A Simple Guide Any Mother Can Follow

This great clinic, in which sickness and suffering caused by colds were reduced so drastically, proved the effectiveness of Vicks Plan. Vicks Plan is a simple guide which emphasizes the importance of proper personal care and the use of two *specialized* medications—Vicks Va-tro-nol and Vicks VapoRub—for relief of symptoms in different types and stages of colds.

When colds threatened—at the first nasal irritation, sniffle, or sneeze—Va-tro-nol was used to help *prevent* the development of many colds. When a cold got by all precautions, its discomforts were *relieved* with VapoRub.

The results speak for themselves. Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more. But with such a record it certainly is worth a trial. It is simple and easy to follow in any home. Full directions in each package of Va-tro-nol or VapoRub.

Helps PREVENT COLDS

Va-tro-nol is *specialized* medication for the nose and upper throat, where most colds start. You *feel* this tingling, stimulating medication go right to work. Used at the first sniffle or sneeze—a few drops up each nostril—it helps to *prevent* many colds from developing. Keep it handy and use it *early*.

RELIEVES misery of COLDS

VapoRub is a family standby of most mothers the country over for *relieving* misery of colds. Massaged on throat, chest, and back, VapoRub works two ways at once: (1) It acts *direct* through the skin like a poultice; (2) Its medicated vapors are inhaled *direct* to irritated air-passages. This poultice-vapor action loosens phlegm—clears air-passages—checks tendency to cough—relieves local congestion.

For 24 Years Vicks Advertising has been passed upon by a Board of Physicians.

FOLLOW THE CLINIC-TESTED VICKS PLAN IN YOUR HOME

FOR SWEETHEART, WIFE OR MOTHER

[Continued from page 37]

course since Joey had been so sick with infantile paralysis, Margaret didn't have time to pay attention to anyone but Joey. Joey was coming along fine now. Margaret didn't have to take him to Denver to the hospital any more, but she took him on Saturdays to Opal to a woman who'd been a nurse and she showed Margaret how to massage his back and legs.

Those were the days that were so long for Martin at home. That's why he'd taken up with the Odlers. He was a little on the outside with them because he was only ten, but he wouldn't be when he got this Hercules gun. "The envy of every boy who sees it." Gosh, he could still feel creepy when he remembered that last day he'd been with them; he'd hid in a gully with them and they'd shot one of old Lady Maginnis' turkeys, and when the Maginnis dog kept barking and running in their direction, Curt Odler said, "Jus' let that dog get any closer and I'll fill her old belly fulla lead." Martin had thought of the many times the friendly old black and white Maginnis dog had jumped up and licked his cheek. . . .

That evening Martin had been so sick and shaky inside that he couldn't eat any supper.

IT WAS while Martin wiped the dishes for Margaret that he cleared his throat, said, "Margaret, I've just got one more Beauty Box left to sell to get my gun. Maybe you'd like to look at it again. It's a regular four dollar value for only two dollars and forty-nine cents."

Margaret said shortly, "I couldn't even spend forty-nine cents on something we could do without."

Martin put away the last cup, went soberly back to his corner and Easyway papers. Here were the pictures of the premiums. It did seem as though the Easyway Company had forseen every exigency. For it said that, if you preferred, you could sell only five Beauty Boxes, keeping one as a gift for some member of your family and by remitting the twelve dollars and forty-five cents, receive this wagon—the De Luxe Flyer. The picture showed a half-grown boy pulling a little tike about the size of Joey. But Margaret probably wouldn't want him to pull Joey. She liked to do everything for him herself.

Martin sat lost in deep thought. The telephone rang and Margaret answered it. She turned to him, when she hung up the receiver, said, "That was your dad calling from Olmstead on the other side of Opal. He won't get home for tomorrow. Says his fan belt needs fixing, and he'd have to pay someone to bring him out, and likely lose a couple of days' work. Guess we needn't plan on much of a Christmas—" She turned quickly to the stove but Martin saw her face twist in desolation.

Martin's eyes dropped to his papers again—"A gift that will gladden the heart of any woman." Margaret looked so in need of having her heart gladdened. But what Christmas card should he put in with his gift of the Beauty Box? There were cards for sweethearts, wives, mothers—sisters even, and friends—but none for a woman married to your father whom you called Margaret. Well, he'd use a Mother card, because it was closest. He sucked on his pencil, filled in the space after "From" with a carefully written, "Martin."

He waited until Margaret took the lamp in to get Joey's sleepers, then he hurriedly put the Beauty Box on the table where she'd see it.

Margaret saw it when she set the lamp down. She didn't realize what it was when she opened it. Then she recognized it—one of Martin's Beauty Boxes. She picked up the card,

"To Mother,
There is no fount of love
Like that within your heart.
From Martin."

She couldn't even look at Martin, sitting there with his expectant smile. The very mockery of it stabbed at her in pain. . . . When Martin's father had brought her home here, he'd tried to have Martin call her Mother instead of Margaret, and she'd said, "Never you mind, Martin, you wait till I am a mother to you—then you can call me Mother." She'd meant to—oh, she had meant to, because she had felt his little-boy hunger and need of her. She'd started to mother him. They'd had picnics together—Oh, and hadn't Martin loved it! Then Joey had come—and before he was out of babyhood, stricken.

Every memory was a whiplash of reproach. "Sh-h, Martin, don't play around the house—Joey's asleep." Martin had wanted her to come to the school entertainment to hear him speak—all the other kids' mothers would be there. "But how can I leave Joey?" she had put him off.

Margaret managed to say unsteadily, "It's—lovely, Martin. But—you can't get your gun now."

"Oh, that's all right—I can get a wagon. I don't care so much about the gun. It was just that I thought it'd make the Odlers' eyes bug out."

Her newly-awakened mother instinct made her ask, "And do you care a lot about that—about making their eyes bug out?"

"No—it was just that—Saturdays—I got sort of tired hanging around here by myself—sort of—"

"And would you just as soon have the wagon? Because we could all use the wagon. I mean we could put Joey in it and go picnicking."

Martin's face went rapt. "Say, that'd be swell! I thought about Joey—only I didn't know whether you'd want me to haul him—I mean—"

"I know what you mean," she said slowly. "But Joey would love it, it's what he needs—to play and have fun. Martin," she said eagerly (and her heart was saying to herself, "It isn't everybody that gets another chance."), "how much room is there in that wagon? Because when your dad is through at Olmstead, he's going to put up a barn for Emil Thornheur's cattle and I just thought—"

"Sid says we'll have spring early this year. He said because the cockle burs didn't hardly stick last fall."

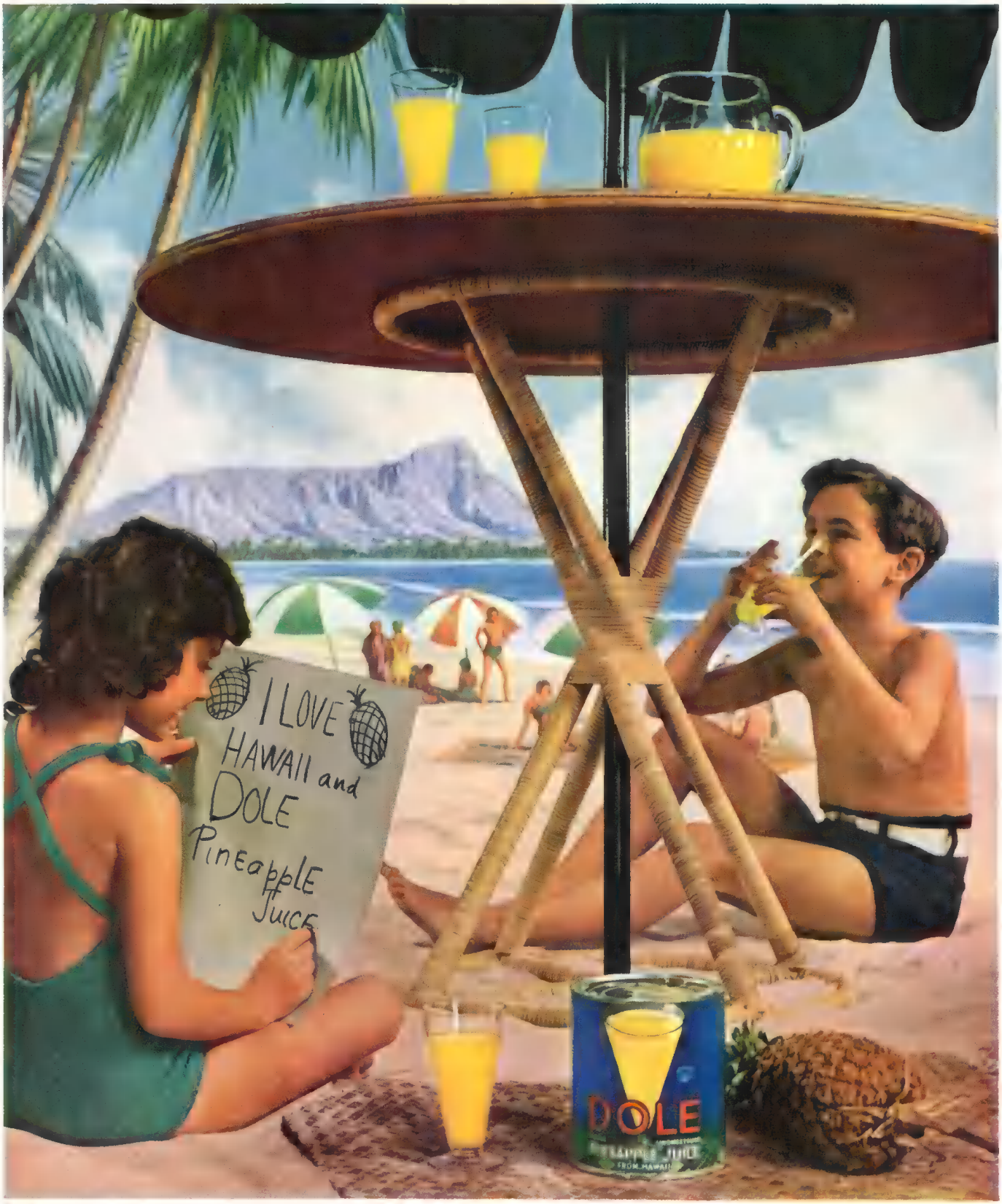
"—that we could pack picnic lunches and pull Joey over and all of us could eat together."

THEY hunted up the yardstick. They got down on the floor, laughing all of them together—and little Joey took two rollicking steps to Martin without having to be coaxed—and Margaret reminded Martin that he'd better call her Mother, instead of Margaret, because Joey would be doing and saying everything that Martin did. They tried to get Joey to sit still so they could measure him sitting down. "See, if he spreads his feet, there'll be lots of room to scrouge the lunch box sort of between—"

They were scarcely conscious of the blizzard beating outside.

NEW YORK CENTRAL

ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI



At home, as in Hawaii, you can enjoy the inimitable flavor of the world's finest pineapples. For DOLE Pineapple Juice is truly Hawaiian — pure, natural and unsweetened — a healthful, cheering drink for morning, noon and night.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., also packers of Dole Pineapple "Gems," Sliced, Crushed, Tidbits, and the new "Royal Spears." Honolulu, Hawaii, U. S. A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco

SONG FOR A CHRISTMAS TREE

Today the winds of all the world
Blow wild and cold and insecure,
But here one flower is still unfurled,
One fruit can still endure;
Here is the Tree that shines each year
With blooms of gayly-colored light
And, closing us from hate and fear,
The holly's hedge burns bright:

And still we laugh with each loved child
Because the Christ could come and stay
With love, within a world more wild,
More dark, than ours today:
Could wake among its wounds and wrongs
And cruel deeds and evil wars
Hearts that held fast to Christmas songs
And peace, and dreams of stars:

Oh, if for this short Christmas while
Our world that hates can still forget
And turn in love to sing and smile
With gifts and laughter yet,
Then surely in a wider world
Some day Christ's peace shall be secure,
The flower of love be all unfurled,
The fruit of love endure!

—MARGARET WIDDEMER

The warm, sweet scent of Mother's cookies, cakes and pies... the pungency of orange peel... that indescribable blend of hot candle wax and pine that used to make your nose wrinkle with excitement when you woke on the morning of the great day...

UMM . . . SMELLS LIKE Christmas!

CHRISTMAS CANDLE CAKE

1½ cups shortening
3 cups sugar
6 eggs
4½ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon mace
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons brandy flavoring

Cream shortening, adding sugar gradually. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each egg. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt, mace. Add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add flavoring. Bake in 3 10" greased layer pans in moderate oven (325°F.) 45 minutes. Fill and frost with your favorite cooked frosting, brandy flavored and with a dash of mace, if desired. Decorate with candles and holly.

HONEY PUMPKIN PIE

3½ cups pumpkin (cooked or canned)
1 teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon ginger
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup liquid honey
3 eggs
1½ cups milk
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
½ pint heavy cream

Simmer pumpkin until most of liquid evaporates. Remove from heat; add spices, salt, honey. Separate eggs. Beat egg yolks; add milk and butter or margarine. Add to pumpkin. Beat egg whites stiff; fold in. Pour into 10" unbaked pie shell. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 10 minutes. Reduce to moderate (325°F.); bake 75 minutes. Cool. Top with whipped cream.

KRIS KRINGLE COOKIES

1 cup shortening
⅔ cup sugar
1 egg
3 cups flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Cream shortening; add sugar. Add egg; beat well. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add to first mixture. Add vanilla extract. Form into 2 rolls, 1½" in diameter. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill. Slice thin. Bake on greased baking sheet in hot oven (400°F.) 5 minutes. Makes 4 dozen.

For Caramel Cookies: Substitute 1 cup brown sugar for white sugar.

ORANGE DIVINITY

2⅓ cups sugar
⅔ cup light corn sirup
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites
3 tablespoons coarsely grated orange rind
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Combine sugar, sirup, water, salt. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until sugar dissolves. Continue to cook slowly to 265°F. Beat egg whites stiff. Pour sugar sirup on egg whites gradually, beating constantly until mixture holds its shape. Add rind and vanilla extract. Turn into greased pan 8" x 8" x 2" and spread evenly. Cut into squares. Makes 1¼ lbs.

BY ELIZABETH WOODY

SANTA CLAUS, they tell me, is a lot likelier to pop down your chimney with an extra-full pack on his back if the fragrance of Christmas baking floats up to him as he pauses on the roof ridge. And I'd be the last to blame him for playing favorites. For, to my way of thinking, Christmas spirit that doesn't find its way into the kitchen and take command is no kind of Christmas spirit at all!

I know your kitchens are going to be brimful of Christmas. I know because so many of you have written to tell me what you're planning and to ask for some of our newest McCall Kitchens recipes for holiday baking and candy-making. So here is my pre-Christmas gift for you—a group of recipes for good things that are so good the old Saint will want to come early to share in the fun of making them and then linger until the last crumb's gone. To every one of you, a Merry Christmas!

ORANGE SPONGE CAKE

1 cup cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
Few grains salt
3 eggs
1 cup sugar
7 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1 teaspoon butter or margarine

Sift flour; measure; add baking powder and salt; sift 3 times. Beat eggs until very frothy and nearly white in color. Add sugar gradually, beating constantly. Fold in flour mixture. Combine orange juice, orange rind and butter or margarine; heat. Add to first mixture. Stir until smooth. Pour into lightly greased pan 11" x 7" x 1½". Bake in moderate oven (325° F.) 1 hour. When cool frost with Seven Minute Orange Frosting.

SEVEN MINUTE ORANGE FROSTING

2 egg whites
1 cup sugar
3 tablespoons orange juice
½ teaspoon grated orange rind
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
Few grains salt
8 marshmallows

Combine unbeaten egg whites, sugar, orange juice, cream of tartar and salt in top of double boiler. Cook over boiling water; beat constantly with rotary beater until light and fluffy (about 7 minutes). Cut marshmallows in quarters; add to frosting mixture; fold in until partially dissolved. Add orange rind. Makes enough frosting to cover loaf cake 11" x 7" x 1½".

QUICK LAYER CAKE

2 cups cake flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
Few grains salt
1/3 cup shortening (soft)
2 eggs
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, baking powder, sugar and salt together three times. Cut in shortening with two knives until mixture resembles cornmeal. Beat eggs until thick and lemon colored. Add milk and vanilla extract to eggs. Add to first mixture gradually; stir until mixed. Pour into two greased 8-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Frost with chocolate frosting.

For Raisin Spice Cup Cakes: Add 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon nutmeg and ¼ teaspoon cloves to dry ingredients before sifting. Dust ⅔ cup seedless raisins with flour; add just before pouring batter into greased cup cake pans. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 20-25 minutes. Makes 18.

For Cocoa Layer Cake: Add ½ cup cocoa to dry ingredients before sifting. Increase milk to 1 cup.

For Nut Layer Cake: Add 1 cup chopped walnut meats just before pouring batter into pan. Frost with maple or butterscotch frosting.

OATMEAL COOKIES

½ cup shortening
2/3 cup sugar
2 eggs
¼ cup milk
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup rolled oats

Cream shortening and sugar. Beat eggs; add with milk. Mix and sift flour, baking powder, salt and spices; combine with rolled oats. Add to first mixture. Drop by spoonfuls on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Makes 30 cookies.

For Sugar Plum Cookies: Add 1 cup chopped walnuts and 1 cup seedless raisins to batter. Makes 40 cookies.

For Chocolate Cookies: Add 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate to shortening and sugar. Use 2 extra tablespoons milk. Makes 34 cookies.

For Tropical Cookies: Add 1 cup chopped dates and ½ cup shredded coconut to batter. Makes 40 cookies.

BRAZILIAN DATES

Pit dates. Place one whole Brazil nut meat in each date. Roll dates in confectioner's sugar.

WHAT *is* Christmas, anyway?" someone asked me once, and without stopping to think, I knew the answer. "Christmas is something that *happens* to you once a year—a combination of dark blue nights when the stars hang low; crisp winter-sunned mornings, just right for going to the woods after greens; the bustle of a house being decked for its loved ones; the mingled odors of spicy holiday cooking and pungent evergreens, and that quick lump that comes into your throat when you think that the family is coming home."

And of the many blessings that Christmas brings, I count dearest of all the "getting ready," and the knowing that all around me other people everywhere are enjoying the same thrilling anticipation.

Christmas plans start with the decking of the house, and this year I have turned my back on hit or miss decorations to try a new idea:

I HAVE A THEME FOR MY HOUSE THIS CHRISTMAS . . .

. . . and a color scheme, too, which I am going to follow.

Other years, carried away by the spirit of the holiday, I've gone through the house like a whirlwind, putting greens and wreaths and decorations in every nook and cranny, regardless of whether or not they went well together.

GREENS AND BELLS AND CANDLES

But this year I have chosen for my theme silver bells, tall white candles and greens fresh from the woods. And for my color scheme silver and white and green.

the front door, silver bells, hung on broad ribbons from a spray of evergreens ring out a Christmas welcome to guests

And instead of scattering my decorations wherever there seems a likely spot, I am concentrating on doorway, windows, mantel, tree and table. The pictures on this page show how dramatic the results are; how, without losing any of that pleasant "Christmas hurry," the house avoids a look of confusion throughout the holiday season.

I evolved this plan because I like silver bells and tall, fat white candles, and candle light on my table and in my house. You may prefer another—blue balls and silver stars and rich evergreens, or red and gold and white. But do choose a theme and stick to it. And when your friends come in they will exclaim over the lovely effect and your own originality.

I am using silver or broad green satin ribbon to tie the bells and greens together. And to keep the same spirit all through the house, I am buying bells of the same shape, but varying them in size according to their use. I'll experiment, too—I may get a more charming effect by using a cluster of large and small bells than by keeping them all the same size.

And I've discovered that the papier maché bells which can be bought anywhere are greatly enhanced by painting them a dull silver on the outside, a soft gray-green on the inside and by making the clappers of varisized Christmas tree balls attached to the inside of the bell with a wire.

I hope you're going to have a tree. I hope everyone in the

the windows a cluster of silver bells with shiny clappers hangs from a garland of greens secured at each upper corner

THEME SONG *for* CHRISTMAS

I threw over holly
and tall wax candles
and winter greens
to decorate my house
and hide the ugly
looking room

SAYS HUNT TAYLOR

The Christmas table wears, with grace and dignity, a centerpiece cluster of tall white candles surrounded by evergreens and silver bells. Twisted silver ribbons carry a smaller bell to each place

world will have one. For, whether it is a tiny one, or a proud, tall one to reach to the high rafters of your hall, it is the moment when the tree is lighted that you know Christmas has truly come into your house.

SILVER BELLS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Mine will be a plump green spruce, topped with a silver star cut from foil paper, and decorated with silver bells—large ones at the bottom, graduating up to tiny ones at the top. The candle-shaped lights will be white.

Greens from the woods with white berries added—balsam, ground pine, holly and laurel, any of the greens that grow near-by—come into their own at this season. For variety I'll use no wreaths this year but, instead, sprays of assorted evergreens tied with ribbon and silver bells.

From a group of white candles at one corner of the mantel sweeps a festoon of greens to a candle with a bell pendant

A GREETING WHEN YOU COME

On my hall table I'll lay a bunch of greens caught together with a silver ribbon, a cluster of bells tied close to the bow. Above the bow I'll set three tall white candles. A festoon of greens will outline doorways, with the bells hung at one corner.

THE FEAST ITSELF

No moment quite equals for me the one when my table is ready, the candles lighted, and the "Won't you come to dinner?" just ready to be said.

For the table, again, the colors are white, green and silver. White damask is a fitting setting for the group of tall white candles in the center. These are surrounded at the base with sprays of green and bells facing out from the centerpiece. Twisted ribbons carry a small bell to each place.

For the feast itself our own McCall Kitchens have prepared the menu. Pineapple in orange juice whets the appetite for the roast turkey that is to follow. But here it is:

Pineapple Chunks in Orange Juice
Roast Turkey
Giblet Gravy — Oyster Stuffing
Candied Sweet Potatoes
Hubbard Squash — Broccoli Hollandaise
Olives — Carrot Strips — Orange Marmalade
Mixed Green Salad
French Dressing
Christmas Candle Cake (Recipe on Page 43)
Coffee
Green and Yellow Mints — Salted Pistachio Nuts

NOW LET CHRISTMAS COME HOME

We each have special Christmas traditions that are close to our hearts, but I'm sure we're alike in this—that the days of the holiday season seem all too short for the happy times we long to crowd into them. We'll give parties, certainly—the kind we like best, whether they are tea or bridge or dancing; carol singing, community affairs with little suppers at home afterwards, sleigh rides and formal parties, too. Perhaps even more precious are those quiet moments at dusk with old friends, when the firelight is caught up by the Christmas tree sparkling in the far corner of the room.

These come after the great day itself. Before are those last lovely days when carols are in the air, when your house smells of the woods, and you feel that kinship with men and women and children everywhere, who are waiting in hushed expectancy for Christmas morning, too.

Our world is tired this year, and people all around us are disillusioned and fearful. They need as never before the healing of this blessed season. Let us join hands to make it a *real* Christmas. All the love and care and planning that go into our preparations this year will fill a poignant need when we open the doors of our house and invite the world that is passing by to come in and share our joy and peace.

Here's Your

CRANBERRY SAUCE

GROWER-PACKED

Ready to Serve

Serve Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce with turkey, chicken and with all meats and fish.

Only Cranberry Sauce made by *cranberry growers* could have such flavor! Rich . . . smooth . . . filled with the tang of the sea! A flavor that comes from vine-ripened cranberries, specially blended, and cooked with pure white granulated sugar to make a perfect molded Sauce.

Yes, Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce is a quality product all the way through. No artificial coloring, no flavoring, no preservative added. Absolutely pure! . . . It's America's favorite to serve with meat, fish, and salads . . . and considering its food value, Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce is the least expensive fruit food you can buy.

Ocean Spray Cranberry Sauce is a health-giving fruit food. Laboratory tested by Massachusetts State College. Contains iron, iodine, manganese, calcium, phosphorous, copper, magnesium, vitamin A, and vitamin C.

Packed 17 oz. to the can. Normal serving, 2 oz.

Ocean Spray BRAND
CRANBERRY SAUCE

The Growers' Brand — Your Guarantee of Quality

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 30]

Drew got up. "You'll be on our—er—press relations staff. It's clean work, Mr. Brett. You'll make a good press agent. You're intelligent. We can use you."

"Damn right you can."

Drew picked up his gloves. "And, Mr. Brett. One thing more. Don't try anything melodramatic."

"Don't give me a chance," Brett said.

"I won't. But don't try, anyway." At the door, Drew turned. "See me Monday at the office."

The lean man who was gray at the temples was waiting outside the door.

"Brett's in," said Drew.

The man shook his head. "I don't like it. He's too smart."

"I'm smarter."

The lean man didn't see it. They rode down to the lobby and started for the doors.

"Mr. Brett's experience," said Merrill Drew, "is—valuable. His pen is—superb. He's dangerous—just as long as I can't keep an eye on him. I want him where I *can* watch him. And that's just where I've got him."

"Yes, but—"

"I think," said Drew as they got into the car, "that you might have someone inform the Standing Committee of Newspaper Correspondents that Jeffrey Brett is working for us."

"You think of everything, Mr. Drew."

"It's my business."

The notice appeared on the bulletin board in the Press Room of the Senate and the House of Representatives:

> Jeffrey Brett, formerly correspondent for the St. Louis "Express," has been removed from the list of accredited newspapermen entitled to the privileges of the galleries. Notice is hereby given that Jeffrey Brett is employed in the press relations section of Merrill Drew and Associates, Inc.
>
> By order of
> The Standing Committee.

TWENTY minutes from Washington, in the fair, rolling country of Virginia, there is an old estate called Clover Farms. This estate has become the Sunday morning rendezvous of the capital's politicos and socialites. They breakfast there on chicken and waffles and popovers, and wash them down with sherry, according to an old and famous tradition. They breakfast in what was once the barn.

At a table under a defunct hayrack, some three weeks after the Jeffrey Brett scandal rocked Washington's newspaper circles, three men and a woman sat talking: Senator Morley, Macaulay Jones (new bureau chief for the St. Louis "Express,"), young Thomas Norton, and Eden Fleming. They were having a council of war.

Senator Morley finished outlining the work the investigation committee had been doing in the matter of Merrill Drew and election campaign expenditures. It was, to be exact, a depressing report. The Committee had completely failed to make any progress toward finding the one man on whom their chances for success depended—a man none of them had ever seen, a man none of them knew to exist, a man who had entered the case when Merrill Drew, on the witness stand, had mentioned his name: Peter Day. Things looked hopeless without Peter Day. And despite a dozen subpoenaes and a nation-wide search—there was no Peter Day. Morley had run down ten dozen false leads: there was a Peter Day selling vacuum cleaners in Bridgeport, a Peter Day painting waterfronts in New Orleans, Peter Days in shops and fields and on American freighters spanning the seas. But the Peter Day who had "closed a deal" for Merrill Drew and then disappeared—that Peter Day seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth.

Macaulay Jones tried to bolster Senator Morley's morale by assuring him that "something" would happen, that Morley could rely on old man Norton and the "Express" to help him in every conceivable way. They outlined new plans, drew new dragnets across a map of the United States. The name of Jeffrey Brett no one of them ever mentioned. Each knew what painful memories that name would arouse.

AFTER the last pot of marmalade had been consumed, Tommy Norton took Eden out to the gardens. Clover Farm was renowned for its mazes—garden hedges shoulder high which had been laid out in the form of an intricate series of blind alleys and paths, with only one entrance and only one exit.

"Do you like mysteries?" Tommy said.

"Not real ones. I like mystery books."

"This Peter Day embroglio would certainly make a swell yarn."

Eden ran her hand across a hedge absently. "Yes, Tommy. If anyone could ever solve it."

Tommy screwed up his mouth. "You know, Eden, for some cockeyed reason I think the only guy in Washington who could sink his teeth into this mess is Jeffrey Brett. That man's got more—"

"Stop it!" Eden's voice was sharp. "He *had* more—"

"Sorry, Eden." Tommy saw Eden was disturbed. "Look—this path ends up here. Let's go back. These mazes are *mazes*."

They retraced their steps, walking slowly, came to their starting point and took the middle path.

"Eden, how about you and me taking grub one night?"

"Maybe."

"How's about tonight?"

"N-no. Tied up."

"Tomorrow?"

"Bad. Conference."

Tommy sighed. "Okay. When?"

Eden shrugged. "When this business is over—if it ever is. I'm sorry, Tommy. I'm just not fit company. I've—I guess I've got the jitters."

Tommy didn't say anything.

"It's been exciting," Eden said quietly. "But hard. Heavens, I never knew Roger Fleming's little girl would ever put her nose to the Washington grindstone. Telling Merrill Drew off wasn't easy either. And renting the house again. And—"

Tommy stopped short and faced her. "Look, Eden. Let's quit stalling. I want to ask you something. If you don't want to answer—don't. But—are you in love with Jeffrey Brett?"

Eden's forehead went into tiny wrinkles. "I was, Tommy."

"Are you—now?"

Eden played with her purse. "That's below the belt."

"Was he in love with you?"

Eden started to answer, then paused. "He said so. I thought so. Maybe he was. Maybe—oh, Tommy—" She burst into language, swiftly, earnestly. "He *couldn't* have been—

[*Continued on page 49*]

Are You Tired of Old Menus?

ARMOUR'S MEAL OF THE MONTH SERVICE

Adds 3 Sparkling New Meals to Your Bill of Fare!

Now . . . Armour's famous Meal of the Month triples its service to you! Every month, the Meal of the Month Service will provide exciting new dishes to end meal-planning drudgery. Watch for them. And ask your dealer for Armour's Meal Guide . . . filled with scores of new food ideas.

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE PORK SAUSAGE (Links)

Be sure to use Armour's Star Pork Sausage for this marvelous breakfast combination. It's *pure* pork . . . made fresh *every day* in spotless kitchens . . . zestful, yet delicate flavor. Don't just ask for sausage, ask for Armour's Star!

MENU

Pineapple Juice
Broiled Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage Links
Rice Pancakes—Grape Jelly
Cloverbloom Butter Pats
Coffee

To Broil Sausage: Place sausage links on rack 3 inches under broiler unit. Let broil 12 minutes, turning once or twice to insure even browning.

Rice Pancakes: Mix and sift 1 cup flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat 2 Cloverbloom Eggs, add 1 cup well cooked rice, 1 cup diluted Armour's Evaporated Milk and 2 tablespoons melted Cloverbloom Butter or Margarine. Add liquid to dry ingredients. Bake in small pancakes on hot griddle. Makes 18 to 20 cakes.

ARMOUR'S STAR SLICED BACON

Here's a luncheon that looks and tastes downright wonderful, yet is very simple to fix. And for the sake of both looks and taste be sure to use Armour's Star Sliced Bacon. Its special sugar curing and hickory smoking make it tender, rich, and sweet. Buy a pound today!

MENU

Armour's Star Bacon Cheese Sandwiches
Tomato Slices—Stuffed Olives
Half Grapefruit—Tea

Star Bacon Sandwiches: Mix ¼ cup mayonnaise with 1½ cups grated Cloverbloom American Cheese, 1½ teaspoons dry mustard, ¼ teaspoon paprika and ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce. Spread on 6 slices of sandwich bread, previously toasted on under side. Place under broiler until cheese melts and browns lightly. Serve with crisp Star Bacon crossed over top.

To Broil Star Bacon: Place strips on rack of broiler, 3 inches under heat unit. Broil 3 minutes to a side or to desired crispness.

ARMOUR'S STAR PURE PORK SAUSAGE (Patties)

Pork Sausage makes an ideal dinner for cool weather. Keep in mind that Armour's Star Pork Sausage is made of nothing but fine, fresh pork . . . made fresh every day in spotless kitchens . . . seasoned just right. Ask for it by name.

MENU

Scalloped Corn and Armour's Star Sausage Patties
Savory Beets
Apple-Celery Salad
Bread and Butter
Gingerbread with Whipped Cream
Coffee

Scalloped Corn and Star Sausage Patties: Fry 1 pound Star Pure Pork Sausage Patties 6 to 7 minutes or until lightly brown. Make 1½ cups white sauce by melting 3 tablespoons Cloverbloom Butter, adding 3 tablespoons flour and 1½ cups milk. Season with salt, pepper and add 1 pimiento chopped. Open No. 2 can whole kernel corn. Roll ½ cup cracker crumbs fine. Arrange crumbs, corn, sausage and sauce in alternate layers topping with buttered crumbs and a row of 5 or 6 of the patties. Bake 30 minutes at 350° F. Serves 5

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

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Now...Corn in Tempting "Bubbles"...

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW FOR BREAKFAST!

Looks Different...Tastes Different ...Has 4 added Food-Elements not combined in any other well-known Corn Cereal! [AND THERE'S A REASON IT STAYS CRISP IN MILK OR CREAM.]

"Mm-m! They're Grand!"

"Talk about good things to eat . . . I'm just crazy about KIX, and so are all the other kids in the neighborhood. We eat big bowlfuls for breakfast every morning and ask for more!"—*Comments like that are typical of children all over the country.*

HOW WOULD YOU like to have something new, and different, and thrilling, for breakfast—something totally different from anything you ever ate before?

If you would, here's something that will surely appeal to you.

It is a new cereal . . . a corn cereal . . . but it doesn't taste like any corn cereal you've ever known. It's wholly new in form. Entirely new in taste.

We set out deliberately to make a cereal that would be different. We made it in bubbles, as you can see at the left. Airy, dainty bubbles that melt in your mouth . . . Bubbles so crisp and tempting they'll delight you!

And they *stay* crisp, too . . . do not get all soaked in milk or cream as flat flake cereals do. Scientific tests *show* they stay crisp longer. The way they're made is the reason!

We Consulted Nutrition Experts

Before making Corn-KIX we consulted leading experts in nutrition. Then we "tailor-made" this cereal. During the process of manufacture we added four food-elements not combined in any other well-known corn cereal!

We added Vitamin B to it. That's the vitamin needed to help promote good appetite and healthy nerves.

We added Vitamin D—"sprayed" it on. That's the vitamin needed for bones and teeth.

Then we added concentrates of Calcium and Phosphorus—minerals required for bodily development.

In short, we added four vital food-factors not combined in *any* other ready-to-eat corn cereal!

Corn-KIX helps balance the diet. Combats certain common dietary deficiencies.

Thus you'll want to serve it for breakfast every morning. Why not get two packages at your grocer's and start tomorrow?

Copr., 1938, General Mills, Inc.

Corn-KIX is made by General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

It's Taking America by Storm!

WHY NOT GET A PACKAGE TODAY?

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 46]

really. He made love to me, kissed me, led me to think—but he was *using* me, Tommy. Using me for some weird, obscure reason. Using me first to use against Drew. Then—then trying to get me to stick to Drew and work with him. He had me fooled, all right. He surely did." She laughed. It was hollow. "How *could* he have loved me?"

They were coming out of the maze. Over a wall, a long field lay before them; the tall grass moved, gently.

Tommy said, "Let's sit down."

Eden shook her head. "Let's go back."

They went back to the barn. They found Senator Morley and Macaulay Jones poring over the front page of a paper. Morley's face was livid with rage. Mac looked ten years older. He handed Eden the paper without a word. On the front page she read:

MORLEY LINKED TO MUNITION MAKERS
MERRILL DREW ISSUES SURPRISE STATEMENT

"What's this?" cried Eden. "It's mad!"

"Brett's work," said Morley.

"But it's preposterous, insane!"

Macaulay Jones shook his head. "It's very smart, Eden. It's just Jeffrey Brett enforcing the simplest, shrewdest law of politics. 'Attack, attack, attack! And let *them* explain!'"

The four of them were very quiet as they drove back to the capital.

JEFFREY BRETT was attacking—and letting "them" explain. It was the only thing he could do. It was, indeed, one of the things he wanted to do—but for a reason Eden Fleming could never have guessed, nor Senator Morley believed. Jeff was following a strategy that was neither as weird nor as obscure as Eden had imagined. Jeff was a newspaperman, a newspaperman of conspicuous talents and singular insights. And if there was one thing the brutal, brittle, blatant world of journalism had taught him, it was this: the best way, the quickest way, to hurl a name into the headlines is to "smear" it. An attack is news. Jeffrey Brett was spreading a name across the front pages of a continent—by attacking it. He was making a nation angry, curious, alert, avid—for news, news, and more news about a man who a few weeks ago had been a small-time public figure. He was magnifying a man into a symbol, projecting a man into a legend. That man was Jonathan Morley.

Brett sold Merrill Drew on a "smearing" campaign. Drew fell for it, as Brett had imagined he would. When Brett strode into his office with three releases ready for the press "smearing" Morley, Drew read them carefully.

"I don't want a libel suit," he said.

"The day they pin libel on me, you can shave my head and paint it pigeon green."

"These releases might be dangerous."

"Not the way I've written them," said Brett. "I was weaned on mud-slinging. Got an A.B. in applied libel."

Drew leaned back and studied Brett. "Why should I move now?"

"You're stronger moving."

"I'm strong enough. Moving's risky."

Brett took a handkerchief out of his pocket, knotted the four corners, and put it on his head. "Gentlemen of the Foreign Legion," he cried. "Napoleon said, 'An attack is our best defense!' Danton said, *'L'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace!'* Drew says, 'Sit tight.'" He took the handkerchief off. "I like to attack, Massuh Drew. You don't. Okay. Skip it." He started to tear the stories in two.

Drew said, "Wait." He took the papers and read them again. His eyes gleamed. "All right. Let's attack."

He did release the stories. He released them almost as Brett had written them. He toned them down here and there. But he released them.

It was the only break Jeffrey Brett had gotten. He was given the most innocuous tasks—re-writing speeches to conventions of overall-makers, proofreading monographs on "The American Dream," dictating letters to cranks and crack-pots. And everything he wrote, said, did, even thought—he began to suspect—was instantly relayed to Merrill Drew. He was never let in on the conferences in Drew's private office. He never saw the mysterious persons whose voices he might hear as a vague mumble: they entered and left Drew's *sanctum sanctorium* by a special door from the corridor. He could never listen in on the wire by which Drew spoke to the legion of lieutenants in his political empire. It was a private wire.

Brett employed guile. It failed. He started an elaborate and persuasive campaign to win the affections of Merrill Drew's secretary. The campaign was a miserable failure. Brett discovered that the woman's brother had been paroled from prison at Drew's intervention, and could be slammed back into the pen whenever Drew chose to wave his little finger.

Brett shifted his campaign to the girl at the switchboard. That collapsed when he learned—from Drew this time, mockingly—that Drew had $5,000 of her husband's unpaid I.O.U.'s. Brett worked on Drew's chauffeur, Drew's cook, Drew's gardener. But the first carried a revolver and made no secret of his loyalty, the second had been with Drew for twenty years, and the third was deaf and dumb—literally and figuratively.

In all these strange and diverse machinations, Jeffrey Brett clung to two desperate hopes: the hope that somehow he could get something on Merrill Drew; the hope that somehow, by some circuitous means, he might find a lead to Peter Day. He tried in a dozen different places; he set a dozen different baits. Once he told Drew's assistant, very casually, that a correspondent had tipped him off that Peter Day was in Washington. Ten minutes later Drew sent for Brett.

"I was most interested to learn that someone had informed you that Peter Day was in our midst."

"Yeh," said Brett.

"Splendid!" Drew smiled. "Get in touch with him at once. Arrange for us to meet. It will mean a thousand dollar bonus."

Brett stormed out of the office. He began to drink. He liked drink now.

MACAULAY JONES sat in his office, brooding. He had called Brett's house seven times and never found him in. He had left seven messages and was never called back. He had called Brett at the Merrill Drew offices, but Brett was always "out" or "busy."

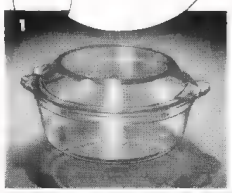
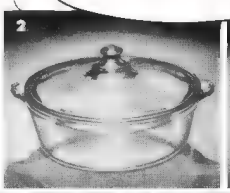
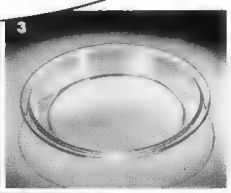
Alone among Jeff's former colleagues in the press corps, Macaulay Jones refused to believe the evidence

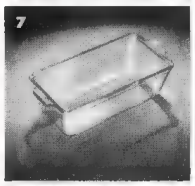
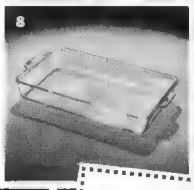
[Continued on page 50]

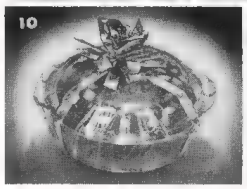
MARTHA CRANE
CHICAGO'S POPULAR RADIO HOME ADVISER, SAYS:
"ScotTowels in the kitchen, bath and garage will save you time and laundry"
KITCHEN
Keep your sink free from grease! Wipe out your frying pan with a strong, absorbent ScotTowel!
BATH
You can cut your towel laundry in half if the children wipe their hands on fresh ScotTowels.
GARAGE
Keep ScotTowels in the garage for grimy hands. For wiping windshields—no streaks, no lint!
ScotTowels
FOR KITCHEN USE
MAKE THIS WEIGHT TEST!
ScotTowels are softer, stronger, more absorbent and actually cost less, because each roll of ScotTowels has 2 to 3 ounces more paper than the average.

MERRY PYREXMAS!

PRICES REDUCED
30% TO 50% on famous
PYREX OVENWARE



1 Serves a double purpose. Round casserole with pie plate cover. 3 qt. size 95c, 2 qt. 75c, 1½ qt. 65c, 1 qt. size was 80c, now **50c**

2 Round casserole with knob cover keeps food hot. 2 qt. size 75c, 1½ qt. 65c, 1 qt. 50c. 1 pint size was 65c, now only **40c**

3 No soggy bottom crusts with a Pyrex pie plate. 11½ inch size 35c, 10½ inch 30c, 9½ inch 25c, 8½ inch, serves 5, was 40c now **20c**

4 Handy custard cups for individual servings of puddings and desserts. Deep 6 oz. size, 10c. Deep 5 oz. cup was 10c, now **5c**

5 Popular deep oval casserole with attractive knob style cover. 2 qt. size 75c, 1½ qt. 65c. 1 qt. size was $1.00, now only **50c**

6 New 9-piece Kitchen Set in lovely gift box. Contains 1 oz. measuring cup, one 9½" pie plate, six 4 oz. custard cups with wire rack. Complete, only **89c**

7 For cakes, breads, meats, an oblong loaf pan. 10⅝ inch length 65c, 9⅛ in. length was 65c, now **45c**

8 Oblong utility dish for baking, storing, serving. 12⅝ in. size now 65c. 10½ in. was 75c, now **50c**

9 10-piece Gift Set packed in gift box. Contains oblong loaf pan 9⅛ in. length, 1½ qt. casserole, oblong utility dish, 10½ in. length, 9½ in. round pie plate, and six 4 ounce custard cups. Complete, now only **$2.15**

10 Rich, wholesome fruit cake baked in a Pyrex casserole. A delightful combination gift offered by leading bakers. Look for it at your favorite store or bake your own. Or make your own.

CLIP THIS HANDY GIFT LIST

This year's most exciting gifts! The same high quality Pyrex brand ovenware dishes you've always known—protected by the same 2 year replacement offer—now at 30⅓ to 50⅔ lower prices. Use this list as your guide. Remember the trade-mark "PYREX" is stamped on every dish. Corning Glass Works, Corning, New York.

Exciting because its new—
TOP-OF-STOVE WARE

It's better cook with
PYREX
BRAND
OVENWARE
FLAMEWARE

Better coffee with Corning all-glass coffee maker. Pyrex brand glass, plain or plat. decorated. Base makes smart teapot. Gift packed. Plain, 6-cup size **$3.50**

New Pyrex all-glass teakettle. Strong & sturdy. Does double duty as table-server. Full year replacement offer. Gift packed. 2½ qt. capacity, only **$3.25**

Flameware double boiler. One quart size with 1½ qt. saucepan bottom, chrome trim and glass handle, $3.45. 1½ quart size, complete, only **$3.95**

3-piece Flameware set. Gift packed. Contains 1 qt. and 1½ qt. saucepans and 7" skillet. Interchangeable chrome handle fits all dishes. Complete **$2.65**

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WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 49]

of Jeffrey Brett's apostasy. Nothing could make him believe what everyone believed—that Brett had sold out, that Brett was a "rat." In desperation at the way things were going, Mac took one more chance. He went up to see Brett at the Drew offices. Brett sent word out that he was "busy." Mac crashed in. Brett was sitting at a desk playing solitaire.

"Hello, Jeff."

Jeff nodded and laid out a card. "You shouldn't come here. Never come here. Poison in the air."

"Jeff. Let me in on it. Let me help."

Jeff put a black Queen on a red Jack. "'There was the Door to which I found no key. There was the Veil through which I might not see.'"

Mac shook Jeff. "Snap out of it, fellow. Morley's on the spot. The investigation reopens—Monday."

"Monday, string beans. Tuesday, mashed potatoes. Wednesday—"

Mac hit his fist on the table. "Morley's stymied. The committee's buffaloed. They can't find Peter Day."

Brett looked up slowly. His voice was very soft as he said, "Neither can I, Mac."

THEN Mac began to suspect. Mac knew that Jeffrey Brett had deliberately plunged into a mess—and couldn't get out. "Oh, Jeff! You crazy loot. Jeff, let's get out of here! Come on. Let's—"

Jeff was back at the cards. "Red king, red king, fly away home. House is on fire, children will burn." He fell on the desk.

Mac took Jeff under the arms and half-carried him out of the office. The girl at the switchboard caught her breath. "Is he hurt?"

"No, madame," said Mac in cold fury. "Just been standing in the sun too long."

He put Jeff's arms around his shoulders and walked him to an elevator. "All the way down. No stops," he snapped to the operator. They shot down. Mac got Jeff out of the building and into a cab. "Viceroy apartments, driver." When they got to the Viceroy, Mac got the driver to help him. They carried Jeff up to his rooms. Mac paid the driver.

He undressed Jeff and put him to bed, with a cold towel on his forehead. Then he sat down and waited. He didn't move for an hour. Then he called Eden Fleming at the Morley offices. She was gone. In half an hour he called Eden's apartment. They told him Eden was dining out and going to the National Theatre.

Mac took a quick look at Jeff, wrote a note, put it on the table next to the bed, locked the door, took the key and went to the National. He had to wait in the lobby almost thirty minutes. When the audience poured out for the between-acts smoke, he found Eden with Tommy Norton.

"Hello." Over Tommy's head he signaled Eden that he wanted to talk to her—alone.

"Tommy," said Eden, "would you get me a drink?"

"Certainly." Tommy was on his way.

"I just saw Jeff," Mac began.

"I don't want to hear about him."

"You're going to! Jeff's in a horrible jam. He's sick."

"Sick?"

"Yes," said Mac. "Something's up. Something foul. Something you've got to help him out of."

"I can't help him."

"Nobody else can. He loves you."

Eden shook her head.

"Listen, Eden. Jeff didn't really knife Morley. He tried to get in with the Drew outfit. He tried to work from the inside. He tried to get a lead on Peter Day. He's failed. They've tied him hand and foot. They've destroyed Jeff. He's sick, Eden."

Eden listened to him first without expression. Then her cheeks got warm and flushed. Mac gave her the key to Jeff's apartment. "I put him to bed, Eden." Suddenly Eden walked to the curb, and got into a cab.

Tommy came back with the glass of water.

"Eden had to go away for a while," said Mac. "She'll be back soon." He took the cup of water and drank it. ". . . Maybe."

Tommy was pretty bewildered.

"Let's go to the office and wait," said Mac.

EDEN let herself into Jeff's apartment. He was still asleep. Eden almost cried when she saw how he looked. She changed the cold towel, made some orange juice, got some ice-cubes. Then she sat down in a big wing-back chair and waited. Jeff began to toss. He began to wake up. He began to mumble things. "Eden . . . Eden . . ." Eden bit her lips. "Eden . . . Peter Day . . . Morley . . . Get Drew . . . Eden . . ."

Eden went over to him and began to stroke his forehead. Jeff's mumblings stopped. She heard Jeff sigh. She took her hand off his forehead. She saw his eyes flutter. He sat up in bed slowly and rubbed his eyes. Then he saw her.

"Jeff. . . ."

Jeff sprang out of bed as if he had been shot. He took her by the shoulders. He saw her—young, lovely, her eyes shining. She saw him—haggard, worn, desperation in his eyes.

"Oh, Jeff."

They were in each other's arms, so close that they could scarcely breathe. Jeff kissed her—on the hair, the eyes, the lips, the cheeks. After a while Eden drew away and said, "Jeff, you dumb peasant. I love you."

Jeff smiled for the first time. "You always had a weakness for peasants."

[Continued on page 52]

THE SAD DWARF

A play in two scenes for children, in which imaginary things turn out to be real, and good St. Nick, with the help of his children friends, turns near tragedy into a happy ending. The play is gay, but simple to produce. Full directions are included. 12 copies $1. Single copies 10c each. Send stamps to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.

NOW GAS MAKES COOKING EASIER FASTER, CLEANER THAN YOU EVER DREAMED

HERE ARE JUST A FEW of the wonderful time and work saving features you'll find on the modern Gas Ranges. Every housewife should have the benefit of these advantages—you're missing something if you haven't got them!

NOW CHECK THE FEATURES YOU HAVE ON YOUR PRESENT RANGE!

- ☐ **CLICK SIMMER BURNER**—Low economy flame with "click" signal for waterless cooking.
- ☐ **AUTOMATIC LIGHTING**—No matches to strike—No waiting—Instant heat.
- ☐ **GIANT BURNER**—For fastest top-stove cooking ever known. Extra wide heat spread for large utensils.
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- ☐ **FAST PRE-HEATING OVEN**—Reaches maximum oven heat in fraction of time required by ordinary ranges.
- ☐ **SLOW-ROASTING OVEN**—Holds minimum heat for "low temperature" cooking. Temperature will not creep up.

ATTENTION—EVERY WOMAN WHO COOKS! Here's a really *modern* way of cooking you'll want to know more about right away!

This advance in cooking routine is made possible by the marvelous new Gas Ranges. You just can't imagine how *different* they are—how much of the cooking job they'll take off *your* hands. Why, to own one of these capable Gas Ranges is just like having ■ helper in the kitchen!

You'll "ah" with delight when you see all their thrilling automatic features and the pull-out smokeless broilers. And when you realize what these up-to-the-minute improvements can mean to you in comfort, money-saving and finer meals, you'll want a modern Gas Range in *your* kitchen without delay.

Do see the stunning new models at your Gas Company showroom or Appliance Dealer's. Go today, or tomorrow. You've got a surprise coming when you see these ranges that *look* as smart as they *act!*

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

THIS SEAL represents the latest developments in cooking equipment. It stands for 22 super-performance standards established by the American Gas Association. Leading gas range manufacturers are now making de luxe ranges that include *all* 22 features. Such ranges are identified by the CP Seal which signifies "Certified Performance." *Every* modern Gas Range meets many of these standards. There is a size and model to fit every home requirement—every pocketbook!

GIANT BURNER for speed and quantity cooking is the fastest "starter" you ever saw. No long waits for water to boil. *All* top burners give *instant, intense* heat, of course—Gas is the "speedy fuel."

CLEANING UP'S A CINCH! "Spill-overs" present no problem on a modern Gas Range. Newly designed top burner grates lift out easily—burners are "non-clog." The gleaming porcelain-enamel finish of the range itself is kept sparkling-clean with a damp cloth. Even oven and broiler compartments are porcelain-enamel lined.

LET GAS DO THE 4 BIG JOBS • COOKING • WATER HEATING • REFRIGERATION • HOUSE HEATING

Pineapple Puddings

WORTHY OF A SECOND LOOK —A SECOND HELPING!

BY ANN CARROLL

Right out of our own kitchen comes this Christmas Pudding! It is your favorite pudding given a new dress, and new *zest*, with Hawaiian Canned Pineapple!

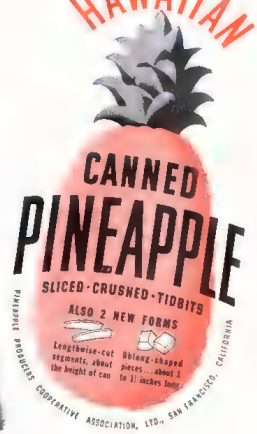
Puddings Hot. With a steamed Carrot Pudding (such as illustrated), our little trick is to line the well-greased mold with Pineapple slices before turning in the pudding mixture. Another idea is to include Crushed Pineapple in the pudding itself—or as a delicious sauce, just as it is.

Puddings Cold. Try adding Pineapple Tidbits to tapioca, bread or rice puddings. Turn out cup custards on chilled slices of Pineapple, or put a spoonful of Crushed Pineapple and currant jelly into the mold before turning in the custard. Add some Crushed or Tidbits to fruit gelatins and frozen desserts, or fold drained Crushed Pineapple into the whipped cream you use as topping. Alternate Pineapple slices with ladyfingers for the sides of icebox cake.

Yes, Hawaiian Canned Pineapple *does* have a way of adding flavor—to puddings as well as to fruit cocktails and salads, as a garnish for holiday meats. And best of all, it's such a *wholesome* fruit: vitamins A, B and C, many important minerals, plus natural sugars for quick energy. It's good, good *for* you—and convenient no end!

PINEAPPLE CARROT PUDDING

Mix together 1 cup each currants, raisins, grated potatoes, grated raw carrots, ground suet, sugar, sifted flour, 1 teaspoon each soda, nutmeg, and allspice, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ teaspoon each ground cloves and salt. Turn mixture into a greased mold lined with slices of Pineapple, filling ¾ full. Cover, and steam 2 hours. Serves 6 to 8. Once and a half the recipe was used in the pudding pictured above. Serve hot with a sauce made by boiling together ½ cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup of the Pineapple syrup. When slightly thickened, add 1 tablespoon each butter and brandy or grated lemon rind. Serve it hot.


HAWAIIAN
CANNED
PINEAPPLE
SLICED-CRUSHED-TIDBITS
ALSO 2 NEW FORMS
Lengthwise-cut segments, about the height of can
Oblong-shaped pieces . . . about 1 to 1½ inches long
PRODUCED BY THE HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COOPERATIVE ASSOCIATION, LTD., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 50]

They sat down. Eden brought him the orange juice.

"How'd I get here and how'd you get here?"

"Mac," she said.

Suddenly Jeff stood up, holding a finger to his mouth. He walked over to the kitchen, signaling Eden to follow. In the kitchen he kissed her. "My phone's tapped and *I think* there may be a dictaphone out there, planted in my radio. Drew and his Dawn Patrol. The elevator boy has probably called Drew's boys already."

"Jeff," said Eden. "You're working for Drew. Why does he spy on you?"

"He doesn't trust me."

"Should he?"

"What do you think?"

Eden began to laugh. She threw her head back and laughed out loud. "I don't think he should, Jeff. I think he hired himself a tiger. Oh, darling. That was a wonderful, idiotic thing you did for Senator Morley. I think you're nutty. I love you."

"Wisdom comes to Eden Fleming," said Jeff.

"Morley's got his back to the wall," said Eden gravely.

"But it's a big wall now. He's as big a name as Shirley Temple."

"I've got to sit down," said Eden. "I'm all mixed up."

Jeff nodded. "So am I."

"You?"

"Yeh, me, Tarzan. I've made Morley a front page fixture. But I've put him in such a spot that if he strikes out, they'll yell for his blood from Tunis to Tuscaloosa."

"He mustn't strike out," said Eden.

JEFF spoke very softly. "When Horatio burned the bridge to get in with Merrill Drew, he had a devilish plan. . . ." He told her the plan. "Well—there you are. No hits, no runs, all errors. I'm as far from Peter Day as I ever was. Drew's still riding high."

"The investigation reopens Monday," said Eden.

Brett poured himself some milk. "Yes. Every newspaper big-shot in the world will be there. But—"

"But what?"

"Peter Day."

Eden wrung her hands. "If I hear that name again I'll drop dead! Peter Day, Peter Day. I see it in my dreams, like letters marching in a parade. P-E-T-E-R D-A-Y. *Big* P, little 'e,' 't,' 'e,' 'r.' *Big* D, little 'a,' little, tiny 'y.'"

Brett jumped up and yelled. "Say that again! The part about Peter Day! Spell it!"

"Spell it?"

"Spell it, in the name of—"

"P-e-t-e-r D-a—"

"That's it! That's it! I've got it!" Brett almost cracked Eden's ribs with his embrace. "D.A.! D.A.! That's what Peter Day means! Peter Day is code! For D.A. The telegram Drew sent to New York. 'Closed deal with Peter Day!' That means 'Closed deal with District Attorney!'"

"Jeff!"

Jeff walked across the room and banged the window shut. "Thanks, honey chile!" He was Jeffrey Brett again. Fire was in him. "We're going places!"

"Jeff! You can't prove this."

"I *will!*"

"It's a guess."

"Sensational guess! Eden, you know what's been wrong? I've been going at this backwards! We all have! I tried to worm my way into Merrill Drew. He's worm-proof! It's the stooge we want. That District Attorney who was on the stand! That D.A. known as Peter Day!"

"Lionel Bennett."

"That's our baby. Where is he?"

"Somewhere near St. Louis."

"Grab a bag, Eden! Pack my things. Put in two pajamas—one for you. We're grabbing a plane for St. Louis!"

"When?"

"Now. We've got three-quarters of an hour."

He dived for the bathroom, snatching clothes. Eden threw things into a bag. They were almost through when there was a knock at the door. Mac and Tommy came in.

"How much money've you got?"

They had seventeen dollars between them.

"Not enough!" Jeff cried. "Mac, get me two hundred. Have it at the airport in half an hour!"

Mac grinned. "Okay. I'll get the two hundred. See you at the barricades." He rushed out.

"Eden!" Jeff cried. "Make that three pajamas! Tommy's coming with us!"

Tommy's face looked like a map of nothing. They took him by the arm, and started for the elevator. "No." said Jeff. "The elevator boy's in the G.P.U."

They ran down five flights of stairs and took a cab. "Down Connecticut," Jeff said.

The cab went down Connecticut Avenue. Tommy said, "I don't like to be personal, but what's all this—"

Jeff said, "Tommy, look out the back window."

Tommy looked.

"Is there a cab behind us?"

"Yes."

Jeff cursed. "Is there a skinny guy in it, gray at the temples?"

"I can't see his temples."

Jeff bit his finger. "Driver! Slow down!"

The cab slowed down. They waited. The cab behind them slowed down.

"Stop at a drugstore, driver," said Jeff. "Tommy, you run in and buy two dozen bottles of milk."

"What?"

"Two dozen bottles anything—milk, fizz water, mineral oil. Big bottles."

THE cab stopped at a drugstore on the corner of Q Street. Tommy dashed into the store. The cab behind pulled up to the curb about fifty feet behind them. Tommy came out, staggering under a load of bottles.

"Go down Eighteenth fast," Jeff told the driver. "Turn right, sharp, at N Street. Slam on your brakes. Keep your motor running. Be ready in reverse."

The cab shot away.

"Tommy, keep your hand on the door. I'll take this door. When he turns the corner, hop out with the bottles. I'll take half."

The cab turned at N Street on two wheels. The brakes screamed. Jeff jumped out. He threw bottles on the street, smashing them. Tommy threw bottles on the street. The cab behind them came around the corner. It swerved sharply to the left to miss hitting them. It ran through the glass, milk and water.

Jeff and Tommy jumped back into the cab. The driver looked scared.

"Back up," Jeff shouted. "Willard Hotel. F Street side."

[*Continued on page 55*]

New idea for cold-weather breakfast

Sweeps the country!

Kellogg's PIPING HOT BREAKFAST

1 HEAT Kellogg's Corn Flakes in the oven

2 Serve with HOT milk or cream, and sugar

Standard size

Buy the big Family size and save!

Family size

You know how good Kellogg's Corn Flakes taste the usual way. Now see how hot milk or cream brings out the rich, malty goodness of their famous flavor! It's different from anything you've ever tasted before!

The news is spreading like wildfire! Kellogg's Corn Flakes—served *piping hot* with *hot* milk or cream—are delicious! A brand new treat. And they're so much easier to prepare than cooked cereals and other hot breakfast dishes.

Everyone knows how good these famous corn flakes taste served the usual way. Kellogg's have always been famous for their marvelous, distinctive flavor. It's the result of a special secret recipe discovered by Kellogg's more than thirty years ago and guarded behind locked doors ever since.

But enjoy them this special cold-weather way, too. M-m-m-m. Hot milk or cream, poured on just before eating, brings out even more the rich, malty goodness of that flavor—a particular delight on cold mornings. But be sure to ask for *Kellogg's* Corn Flakes to make certain that you get this unique flavor.

Get the big family-size package of Kellogg's Corn Flakes tomorrow. Serve them cold or—*piping hot!*—and watch the faces light up around your breakfast table!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, you know, are the largest-selling ready-to-eat cereal in the world—the choice of millions of families every day!

The All-American All-Season Cereal

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Make winter meals gay with fun and flavor

RALLY 'ROUND THE WALNUT BOWL!

Are you elected again to feast the "crowd"? Then to go last year one better—lady, reach for the walnuts! Mix them into your pet poultry dressing (see free recipe book offer) and wrap yourself in glory when the family raves!

Another inspiration—this time in the salad department—*again* with walnuts! Wonderful, the flavor they give your Cranberry Salad—crisp kernels, lightly broken to add a festive flair!

What? Walnuts again? Of course—the perfect treat for tea! Whip together your favorite cake recipe—but don't forget chopped walnuts in the batter—plump kernels on the frosting.

See the many ways that walnuts put gay flavor into mealtime treats and between-meal goodies!

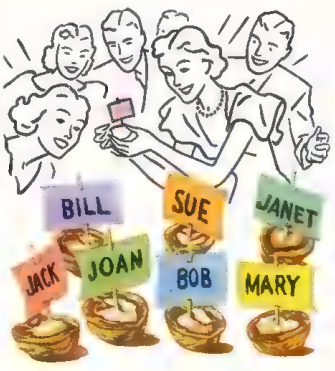
When hearty appetites tell you it's *winter* again—trust walnuts to make meals sparkle with variety! To be kind to your budget—to save you time—to lend added nourishment to 'most any dish!

Just think of their crunchy, crisp goodness in salads—in thrifty main courses—in cakes, candies, cookies.

And what big smiles they bring when found in school lunch boxes! What a treat right from your Walnut Bowl when friends drop in to chat!

You'll get some fine ideas from the dishes illustrated here—all festive, all flavorful—and all better because the walnuts are "Diamonds."

"Diamonds," of course, because they have plump, sweet kernels—crisp and chewy—fresh and flavorful! And still another tip: buy them the thrift way—*in the shell*. You keep 'em fresh that way, and you crack as many as you need—*when* you need them. The Diamond brand on every shell tells you they're hand-selected—crack-tested—the pick of the California crop!



They're party performers, too!—when you use walnuts for nautical place cards. Simply pry the half shells apart, and cut through the kernels with a paring knife. A toothpick stuck into the half kernel holds the paper sail. Just goes to show you how walnuts can put flavor into the "eats"—and novelty into the stunts—holiday or every day! The coupon at the right will bring you dozens of other star performers.

FREE: For other holiday and everyday recipes, write for *free* copy of our new recipe book, "Menu Magic in a Nutshell." Just fill in coupon below and mail it to Dept. R-5, California Walnut Growers Association, Los Angeles, California.

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CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 52]

They heard two loud reports. The cab ahead of them bogged on its tires. They sped down Eighteenth, cut over at K, hit Connecticut, took Pennsylvania past the White House.

"We're not going toward the airport," said Eden.

Jeff whispered, "Old gray at the Temples. He'll nab this driver, slip him a twenty, do a 'where'd they go?'"

The cab pulled up at the F Street entrance of the Willard. Jeff gave the driver a ten. "We'll cut your heart out if you squeal," he growled. They hurried in, walked through the lobby, came out on E Street and took another cab.

When they got to the airport, Mac had everything fixed. They piled into the plane. "Jeff!" Mac cried. "Be careful."

Through the windows he saw Jeff shake his head. Eden waved.

The red light on the tower went on. The plane taxied to the far end of the field behind the big hangars. A siren blew. The red light went out; a green light went on. The big ship raced across the ground and roared up. Mac watched it blot out stars like a passing shadow. It bored into the dark, headed for the clouds.

THE plane ran into a light rain over a mountain range and climbed up. The sky was vast, desolate, bathed in mercury. Far below, through gaps in the clouds, the lights of sleeping cities gleamed.

Jeff, Eden and Tommy didn't see these things. They were talking in low, quick voices. Jeff outlined the strategy in curt phrases. He made Tommy jot down notes. He figured out a central plan and gave them their assignments. They rehearsed each step as if it was a military campaign, and in a way it was.

"It's got surprise and pace," said Jeff. "We feint, we fake, then smash through."

"Do you think—will Bennett fall for it?" Tommy asked.

"We'll have him punch-drunk. He won't be able to think."

Then Jeff had the stewardess bring him some telegraph forms. He wrote three long telegrams to Avery Norton, publisher of the St. Louis "Express." The telegrams were exactly alike, but he addressed one to the "Express" office, one to Norton's home, one to Norton's club.

> Have chauffeur drive own car and meet me at airport with one thousand dollars. Don't come yourself. Tell no one I'm in town. Will get in touch with you. Secrecy most important. Find Lionel Bennett's present address and home telephone number. Have it waiting for ▬ at Hotel St. Francis, in sealed envelope addressed Theodore J. Nolan. Send recording dictaphone with long lead-in wire and spare cylinders in a trunk to me, same name and address. Put phone number of reliable tough boy in envelope. Have someone tell tough boy to wait until he gets call from Theodore J. Nolan. Working on terrific story. Don't fail me.

Jeff read the telegram over. Then he read it to them. He signed it "Tommy Norton." He wrote two telegrams to the St. Francis. One was a reservation for a de-luxe suite, the other for a room. He told the stewardess to dispatch the five messages at the next stop. The three of them relaxed a little after that.

"Get some sleep," said Jeff.

Eden wrinkled her nose. "Funny thing. Never *can* doze off just before an earthquake. We're heading for an earthquake."

"Maybe."

"You'll make it quake, darling," Eden said fondly.

"Sure. Get some sleep."

The plane plunged into the sweeping stretch of space, toward St. Louis.

THE old man's chauffeur was waiting for them at the airport when they landed. He gave Tommy ten one-hundred dollar bills. Jeff took two of them and gave one to Eden, He let Tommy keep seven. They got into the chauffeur's car and drove into the city. They stopped two blocks from the St. Francis. Eden got out with the bag and flagged a taxi. Jeff and Tommy sat in the car.

Jeff said, "Let's hear you talk tough, Tommy."

Tommy talked tough.

Jeff said, "Too fast. Never raise your voice either."

Tommy tried it again. His voice was hard and even. It was better.

"You'll pass," said Jeff.

Eden walked up to the desk of the St. Francis. "I have a suite reserved. By wire. The rest of my luggage will arrive tomorrow."

She signed the register "Mrs. Peter Day."

Five minutes after she was in the suite, the phone rang.

It was Jeff, calling from a cigar store.

"I'm in 920-921," said Eden.

"Okay."

Jeff hung up and went out. "Let's go," he said to Tommy.

They drove to the St. Francis. Jeff got out, alone. "Give me ten minutes."

Jeff went up to the desk. "I reserved a room last night from the plane." He signed the register "Theodore J. Nolan."

The clerk wet his lips and said. "Your baggage, sir?"

"My trunk should have been here this morning."

The clerk called the baggage room and smiled. "It's here, sir."

"What's my number?"

"510, sir."

"I want one higher up."

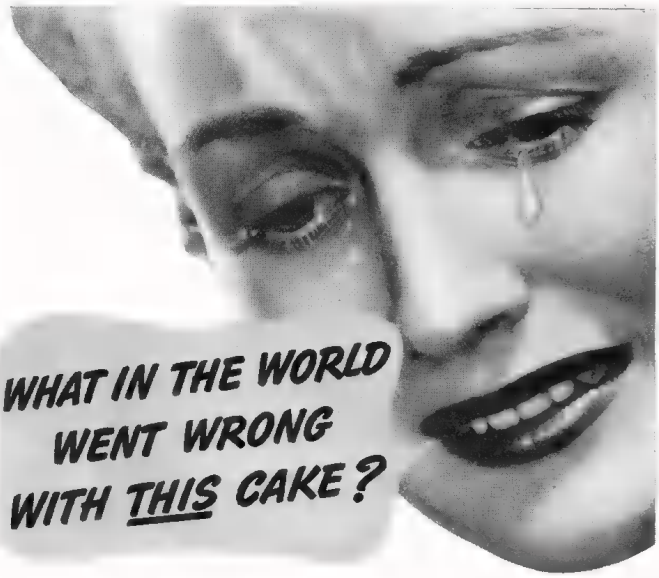
"How about the eleventh floor?"

"I'll settle for ten."

[*Continued on page 58*]

TO MAKE AND TO GIVE

A set of four whimsical little angels, each with ■ tiny candle and garments of shiny oilcloth. One trails ■ star, another holds ■ bouquet. Full directions for this and five other novelties are in "Christmas Gift Decorations." Send 5c to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.



Anne was having one of her "hard luck" days. An all-too-frequent time when her cake turned out coarse . . . dry . . . flavorless.

Poor Anne just *couldn't* understand it! Why did she bake a good cake one week, and have a failure the next? She was so discouraged—she began to think she'd *never* get the knack of being a dependable baker!

Then a friend came to her rescue. Gave her an important baking "tip" cooking experts know. That any woman who bakes can be more certain of success every time—if she uses *Royal Baking Powder*.

Royal, made with Cream of Tartar, has a *steady baking powder action* that assures a close, even texture. Your cake will be fine-grained . . . stay fresh longer . . . keep its goodness and flavor to the last delectable crumb. *Uneven baking powder action* often breaks down the tiny cell walls. This broken texture allows moisture and flavor to escape. Cake gets stale and tasteless quickly.

Royal is cheap "baking insurance"

The greater assurance that Royal gives costs only about 1c per baking. The rest of your ingredients cost 30 to 40 times that much. Pure Cream of Tartar makes Royal cost more per can—but the difference *per baking* between Royal and ordinary baking powders is only a *fraction of a cent!*

Wouldn't you spend part of ■ penny to be more certain of getting a light, fluffy cake that you will be proud of?

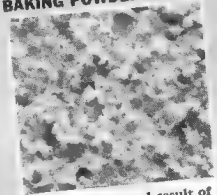
Cream of Tartar is the secret

Royal is the *only* nationally distributed baking powder made with wholesome Cream of Tartar—a product of fresh, luscious grapes. Cream of Tartar leaves no acrid "baking powder" taste. Your cake, biscuits, muffins—everything you bake—will be delicious.

So ask your grocer for ROYAL. Use it whenever you bake. You'll agree it's well worth the difference in price.

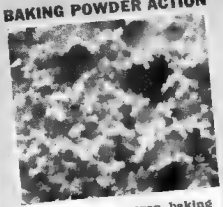
These photographs of cake, magnified, show why your choice of baking powder is so important ■ success in baking.

STEADY BAKING POWDER ACTION



This is the normal result of *steady* baking powder action. Note the delicate but firm grain and fluffy texture of this cake. It will retain its moisture ■ ■ delicious flavor —stay fresh longer.

UNEVEN BAKING POWDER ACTION

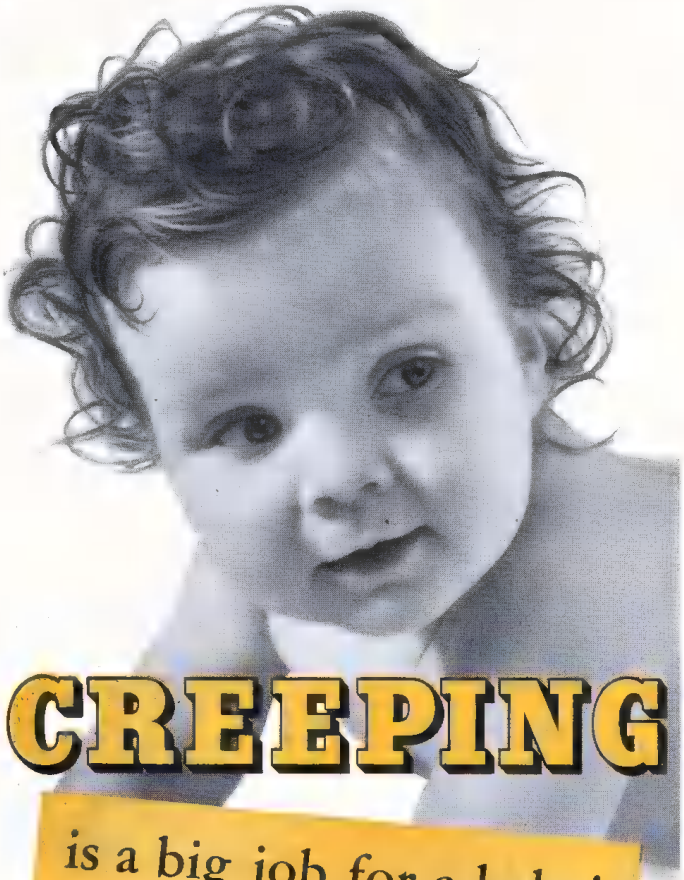


See how an uneven baking powder action may ruin texture by breaking down the tiny cell walls . . . make it coarse . . . crumbly. This cake will dry out—lose its flavor—get stale quickly.

FREE COOK BOOK

If you bake at home, you should have ■ copy ■ the Royal Cook Book which tells you how to make delicious cakes, biscuits, muffins and pies. Send your name and address to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York City. Dept. 412.

COPYRIGHT, 1936, BY STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED



CREEPING

is a big job for a baby!

STOP thinking how cute baby looks when it creeps!

START thinking about where all that strength and energy comes from!

If you pick your baby's cereal by "eenie, meenie, miney, mo," you might miss Wheatena. But if you say, "I want good brown wheat in my baby's diet; I want the strength and energy my baby's doctor tells me are in brown wheat; I want my baby to get the things that keep it growing"—you *will* pick Wheatena.

And baby's smile as it eats this delicious toasted wheat cereal, its vigor as it creeps and plays, tell you that you have picked right well.

For a breakfast that is economical, easy to prepare, a body-builder for the whole family —serve Wheatena.

Wheatena

The *sunbrowned* wheat cereal

Transparent Bowl Covers

Every housewife needs these Pliofilm covers, with elastic bands that slip over bowls of food. They keep food fresh, keep flavor in, keep refrigerator odorless. Nationally advertised; Good Housekeeping Institute Seal of Approval. Set of 3 is yours for one Wheatena box top and 10¢.
Address Wheatena, Dept. M-9, Rahway, New Jersey.
This offer good only in U. S. and expires March 31, 1939

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Copr., 1938, by The Wheatena Corporation, Rahway, New Jersey.

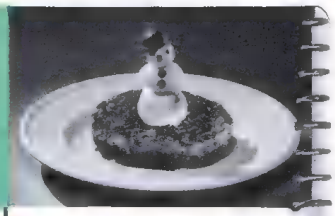
"NOW LET'S PLAN

SAYS Elizabeth Woody

A WEEK'S MENUS

	Breakfast	Luncheon or Supper	Dinner
SUNDAY	Tomato Juice Cooked Cereal Soft-Cooked Eggs Hot Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Mushroom Soup *Golden Winter Salad Potato Chips Hot Biscuits Tea Malt-Cocoa	Roast Loin of Pork Pan-Roasted Potatoes Spiced Apple Sauce Glazed Carrots Cole Slaw Deep-Dish Cherry Pie Coffee Milk
MONDAY	Grapefruit Halves Oatmeal Bacon Strips Toasted Muffins Blackberry Jam Coffee Milk	Kidney Beans with Frizzled Ham Lettuce Salad Fruit Cocktail Kris Kringle Cookies (p. 43) Coffee Cocoa	*Beef Stew Barbecue Asparagus Salad Vinaigrette Dressing Currant Jelly Hard Rolls Quick Layer Cake (p. 43) Tea Milk
TUESDAY	Tangerines Mixed Ready-to-Serve Cereals Scrambled Eggs Coffee Cake Coffee Malt-Cocoa	Chicken-Noodle Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Crisp Celery Hearts Chocolate Rennet Dessert Tea Milk	Grapes in Ginger Ale Cold Roast Pork Hashed Brown Potatoes *Danish Red Cabbage Orange Sponge Cake (p. 43) Coffee Cocoa
WEDNESDAY	Pineapple Juice Cooked Cereal Grilled Sausages Hot Cornbread Coffee Milk	Cream of Tomato Soup Peanut Butter and Bacon Sandwiches Canned Pears Coffee Cocoa	*Southern Hash Chutney Glazed Beets Tossed Lettuce and Celery Salad Grilled Grapefruit Oatmeal Cookies (p. 43) Tea Milk
THURSDAY	Orange Juice Ready-to-Serve Cereal Grilled Ham Slices Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	Broiled Frankfurters Relish Rolls Stewed Tomatoes Tapioca Pudding Tea Milk	Veal Birds with Mushroom Sauce Boiled Noodles *Cauliflower Rachel Crisp Carrot Strips Honey Pumpkin Pie (p. 43) Coffee Malt-Cocoa
FRIDAY	Baked Apples Ready-to-Serve Cereal Cinnamon Toast Coffee Milk	Creamed Eggs Toasted English Muffins Stewed Prunes and Apricots Sugar Plum Cookies (p. 43) Coffee Cocoa	*Manhattan Fish Chowder Avocado and Orange Salad Hot Rolls Cranberry Roly-Poly Foamy Sauce Tea Milk
SATURDAY	Grapefruit Juice Bacon Waffles Maple Sirup Coffee Malt-Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Mixed Vegetable Salad Raisin Spice Cup Cakes (p. 43) Tea Milk	Hamburger Patties Mashed Potatoes Broccoli Tossed Lettuce Salad Roquefort Dressing *Tangerine Blanc Mange Coffee Cocoa

MEALS"



Recipes for Starred Dishes

GOLDEN WINTER SALAD

Dissolve 1 package orange gelatin as directed on package. Chill until sirupy. Cube 1 apple, sprinkle with 2 tablespoons lemon juice and few grains salt. Add 1½ cups diced canned grapefruit segments with ¼ cup chopped walnut meats. Add to gelatin. Pour into 4-6 molds rinsed in cold water. Chill.

BEEF STEW BARBECUE

Melt ¼ cup butter or margarine; blend in ⅓ cup flour, ¾ cup ketchup, 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper. Gradually add 4 cups boiling water, stirring constantly. Add juice 1 lemon. Cube 2 pounds bottom round; pare and halve 4 small potatoes; peel 6 small onions. Add to first mixture. Cover; simmer 2½ hours. Serves 4-6.

DANISH RED CABBAGE

1 medium-sized red cabbage
3 tablespoons minced onion
2 cups thinly sliced apple
½ cup water
3 tablespoons vinegar
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1¼ teaspoons salt
¾ cup grape jelly

Shred cabbage; combine with remaining ingredients. Cover; simmer until tender—about 1 hour. Serves 6.

SOUTHERN HASH

Slice 2 large onions; cook in 3 tablespoons fat or salad oil until browned. Add 1 pound ground veal; cook until brown. Add 1 No. 2 can (2½ cups) tomatoes, ½ cup uncooked rice, 1 teaspoon each chili powder and salt, few grains pepper. Cover; cook slowly until rice is tender (about 30 minutes), stirring occasionally. Serves 4.

CAULIFLOWER RACHEL

1 medium cauliflower
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup dry bread crumbs

Separate cauliflower into flowerets. Cook in boiling salted water 20 minutes or until tender. Drain. Melt butter or margarine; add bread crumbs; brown lightly. Sprinkle over cauliflower. Serves 4.

MANHATTAN FISH CHOWDER

Mince 1 onion. Cook in 2 tablespoons fat or salad oil until delicate brown. Cube 1 potato; add with 1 cup diced celery, 1 No. 1 can (1½ cups) tomatoes, salt, dash pepper; cook 15 minutes. Add 1 12-ounce can (1½ cups) whole kernel corn, 1 7½-ounce can (1 cup) fish flakes; heat thoroughly. Garnish with toasted slices of French rolls sprinkled with grated Parmesan-style cheese. Serves 4.

TANGERINE BLANC MANGE

1 package prepared vanilla pudding
½ cup toasted shredded coconut
⅔ cup cubed tangerine sections
1 teaspoon grated tangerine rind

Prepare pudding as directed on package. When thickened remove from heat; add coconut, tangerine cubes, rind. Mix well. Pour into sherbet glasses. Chill. Serves 4.

MEET MR. HARD SAUCE SNOWMAN!

He'S a jolly good fellow to invite to your Christmas dinner party. The children will fall in love with him at first sight, and everybody, right down to your grimmest great-aunt, will get a smile when they [illegible] a whole parade of him, each on his slice of plum pudding, lined up around the holiday dinner table.

Miss Eileen R. Gilley of New Westminster, British Columbia, introduced Mr. Hard Sauce Snowman to us. "Use the usual recipe for hard sauce," she advises, "but make it a little harder." That's a simple matter of adding extra sugar.

He's almost three inches tall. His body and head are little balls of hard sauce...his arms are rolls of the same...currants make his features and the buttons on his coat...and his derby hat began life as a licorice drop. You can make him long before dinner and leave him in the refrigerator until dessert time comes. If your family enjoys getting into the kitchen around Christmas time, there's nothing they'd like better than helping to make this genial gentleman.

A RECIPE INDEX

This month McCall's brings you all these:

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Quality You Can Trust—In HEINZ STRAINED FOODS!

GET THIS HELPFUL NEW BABY BOOK!

Every mother will want Heinz new baby book with its weight tables, vitamin and mineral charts, and facts on infant feeding! Mail 10c in cash or 3 strained food labels to H. J. Heinz Co., Dept. 134 Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
This offer good in U.S.A. only.

57 ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

LOOK FOR THESE TWO SEALS. THEY MEAN PROTECTION FOR BABY.

YOU CAN be absolutely sure you're giving baby the quality meals he needs when you serve him strained foods labeled *Heinz*. No name in the food industry inspires greater confidence. For three generations now the famous Heinz 57 seal has stood for purity, uniformity and *flavor!*

Scientifically Prepared

Heinz preserves the delicious flavors and natural colors of choicest meats, vegetables, fruits and cereals by cooking them with dry steam—packing under vacuum. And priceless vitamins and minerals are retained in high degree. Choose from 12 kinds of Heinz Strained Foods—and rest assured that baby's getting the *best!*

12 KINDS—1. Vegetable Soup. 2. Peas. 3. Cereal. 4. Tomatoes. 5. Spinach. 6. Green Beans. 7. Beef and Liver Soup. 8. Mixed Greens. 9. Apricots and Apple Sauce. 10. Prunes. 11. Beets. 12. Carrots.

HEINZ STRAINED FOODS

SAYS BRER RABBIT

BRER RABBIT COOKIE DOLLS

Mix ⅔ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses with ½ cup brown sugar, 1 egg and ½ cup melted shortening. Sift together 2¾ cups flour, 3 tsps. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt, 1 tsp. ginger, 1 tsp. cinnamon and ¼ tsp. cloves. Add to first mixture to make a soft dough. Chill 1 hour. Roll on floured board and cut with floured cutters. For eyes, nose, mouth and buttons, ▬ small raisins. Bake on greased cookie sheet in moderately hot oven (375° F.) about 12 minutes. Makes ■ dolls 4 inches high.

If ▬ cutters are available, flour hands well and shape dough into balls for heads and bodies, and little rolls for arms and legs. Then flatten the balls and rolls and join by pressing edges of dough together.

TEMPTING Christmas gifts come from the kitchen. These spicy, fragrant Cookie Dolls are inexpensive, too. But remember—for the real, old-plantation flavor everybody loves, you need Brer Rabbit Molasses. It's made from freshly crushed Louisiana sugar cane. Buy a can from your grocer today.

FREE! Brer Rabbit's famous book of 100 recipes for delicious gingerbreads, cookies, cakes, puddings, breads, muffins, candies. Clever menu ideas. Address: Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. M-2.

Name_____

Address_____
(Print name and address)

Don't let that "OVER-40" look settle down on You too soon

Many people just past 40 look and act far older than their years.

This early aging may come from two common after-40 troubles.

1. **Your body may not be getting enough vitamins. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.**
2. **Poorer digestion—that often sets in around 40—may pull down your vitality. It also may keep the vitamins you eat from doing you all the good they should.**

Both these troubles can be helped by Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It gives you 4 important vitamins. The yeast itself acts like ■ "booster" for these vitamins. By helping to stimulate and strengthen digestion, it helps your system to take up the vitamins you eat *faster* and *get more good* out of them. And this improved digestion should make you feel better, more energetic.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast ½ *hour before* meals, plain or dissolved in ■ little water. Do this every day to help you feel *40 years young!*

Fleischmann's Yeast helps many "After 40's" Feel Younger

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WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 55]

The clerk nodded. "1016, sir?"

"Fine."

Jeff started to walk away, then turned back. "Oh. Any mail or messages come in? Nolan, Theodore J."

"Yes, sir." The clerk picked a letter out of a slot. "Just came, sir."

Jeff took the letter. It had no stamp on it. "Thanks."

THE bell hop took him up to 1016, opened the windows. Jeff gave him a quarter. When the boy left he opened the letter. It contained all the information, the key to the trunk, and bawled Tommy out for leaving his Washington post. Bennett was living out of town, about twenty miles. The tough boy was called Martin. The Old Man told Tommy to call him "Molly" and to say Chicago sent him. A porter brought the trunk in. Jeff tipped him. When the porter was gone, Jeff opened the trunk: the recording dictaphone was in it with plenty of wire, clips, tape, and rolls.

The phone rang. It was Tommy.

"All right, son. Here's the dope. Write it down." Jeff gave him the tough boy's name and phone number. "Call him Molly and say Chicago told you about him. Don't miss, Tommy. He's got to come through."

"I'll land Molly," said Tommy.

"Go up to six hundred. And Tommy, don't forget what I told you about handling those monkeys."

Tommy laughed. "Slow voice, and even. I've been practicing."

"Call our girl friend's place afterwards. 920. I'll be there."

Jeff hung up and went down to 920. Eden let him in. They talked for a few minutes. Jeff said, "It'll take me about ten or fifteen minutes. He may call before I'm back. Stay tight and give him the works like we went over it. I'll rush back here." He wrote Lionel Bennett's number on a card, gave Eden the letter, walked up to the tenth floor again, took the elevator down and went into the drugstore. He entered a phone booth and called Bennett. . . .

Lionel Bennett lived in a rambling, comfortable house on the outer fringes of the suburbs of St. Louis. His wife was dead; he had no children. He lived alone, with a butler and handy man, and a Negro cook. Retired from active political life for several years, ex-District Attorney Bennett lived well—by the grace of Merrill Drew—and quietly, by preference. For several years he had been devoting himself to hunting, fishing and pursuits of an equally intellectual character. He was having breakfast when the phone rang. His man came in and said, "A stranger's voice, sir. He says it's important."

"What's his name?"

"He wouldn't give his name, sir."

"Hang up."

The butler hung up. A minute later the phone rang again. The butler answered it and came in. "Sorry, sir—but—the man is *very* insistent. He says he's a detective, sir. He says if you are—er—'wise to yourself,' you'll answer. He told me to deliver those exact words, sir."

Bennett glared at his butler. "Haven't you been with me long enough to recognize cranks? Hang up on him. Don't bother with him."

But the butler didn't hang up. He came back into the room and his voice trembled as he said: "Excuse me, sir. I started to hang up—but he wouldn't let me. He told me to mention a name to you."

Bennett put his coffee cup down impatiently. "Will you *please* not—"

"He said it's with reference to a Peter Day, sir."

Bennett had stood up, frowning. He rubbed his chin. "Run along. I'll—well. . . . Run along."

Bennett went into the library and picked up the phone. "This is Lionel Bennett."

OVER the wire Jeffrey Brett's voice was harsh and throaty. "Glad you answered, Mr. Bennett. Thought you'd be interested. This morning—"

"Who is this talking?"

"Joe Gorman. I run a detective bureau here. I do some work for the boss in Washington."

"I never heard of you."

"That's why I didn't give my name." Jeff's voice dropped to a husky whisper. "Can I talk freely? If there's an extension on your end, you might not want anyone to hear—"

"Talk up." Bennett said.

The voice hesitated. "A woman just registered at the St. Francis as Mrs. Peter Day."

Bennett hesitated, but he was smooth as ice. "I don't know any woman by that name."

"Mrs. Peter Day," said the voice. "I'm not interested."

"She got off the plane from Washington."

Bennett's forehead went into a knot. "Well?"

"That's all. . . . She gave her name as Mrs. Peter Day."

Bennett said, "You're crazy."

"Maybe, but I'm taking no chances." The voice rasped now. "I just wired Drew. Something funny's up. Thought you ought to know. It's your funeral. She's at the St. Francis. Someone ought to find out what that dame's up to."

Bennett kept saying, "Hello—hello—" There was no answer.

He got up and went into the living room. He sat in a chair for about five minutes, then went back to the phone. He called the St. Francis.

"Is there a Mrs. Peter Day there?"

"Room 920." said the operator.

Bennett hung up before he could be connected. He took a handkerchief and wiped his palms. Then he called the St. Francis again. "Mrs. Peter Day," he said.

When the phone rang the first time, Eden sprang up. "Yes?" She heard a click, then the operator's apologetic, "Sor-ry, ma-dame. Your par-ty has hung u-up." Eden put the receiver back. Jeff came in.

"Someone called and hung up."

[*Continued on page 90*]

TO MAKE AND TO GIVE

A crèche very much in the modern manner, but simple to execute. Materials ▬ cork, sheet cork, rubber and wood. Full directions and patterns for this and five other novelties are in "Christmas Gift Decorations." Send 5c to The Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, O.

Jack and Jill
"I'M TAKING ORDERS FOR THESE!"
12" × 15½" Full-Color Copy of this Vernon Grant painting. Free of Advertising Matter. With frame and glass. For only four Kellogg's Rice Krispies package-tops and 25c.

● Here's a happy gift for *anyone!* As beautiful as this picture looks, here, it is *even more beautiful* and striking in its full size! Send for it today—or any of the other pictures in the set of six. You'll receive it in time for Christmas—to delight the heart of someone; to make every day, for many years to come, as merry as Christmas Day!

Start *now* to collect package-tops of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. You'll enjoy eating this *real-rice* cereal . . . made with an exclusive, secret Kellogg flavor . . . oven-toasted to crunchy, golden-crispness . . . so crisp it actually *crackles* in milk or cream! Your grocer sells Kellogg's Rice Krispies. Order your packages from him *today!*

SO CRISP they crackle in milk or cream!

Other pictures in this series are: Humpty Dumpty; Little Jack Horner; Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater; Jack Be Nimble; and Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star. For *each* picture, *with frame and glass,* send four package-tops and 25c. For all six pictures, *with frames and glass,* send twenty package-tops and $1.40. For *each unframed* picture, send two Kellogg's Rice Krispies package-tops and a 3c stamp.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. 40, Battle Creek, Mich.
Send me the following pictures *with frames and glass:*

☐ Humpty Dumpty ☐ Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater
☐ Little Jack Horner ☐ Jack Be Nimble
☐ Jack and Jill ☐ Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

☐ For *each,* I am enclosing four Kellogg's Rice Krispies package-tops and 25c. ☐ I want all six pictures *with frames and glass.* I am enclosing twenty package-tops and $1.40. ☐ I want the pictures *unframed.* For *each* picture checked I am enclosing two package-tops and a 3c stamp.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

Kellogg's **RICE KRISPIES**

"Pie crust used to be my bogey-man . . . but not any more!"

SHE LEARNED . . .

—how to mix in shortening for a flaky crust
—how to add water for tender pastry
—how to handle pastry to keep it tender
—how to bake pastry to keep it well-shaped
—how to buy flour for better results in all baking

Look in your Pillsbury's Best bag for new, improved methods for bread, biscuits, pie crust, and cakes—with these methods and this fine flour you can get "party quality" into simple foods!

By Mary Ellis Ames Director, Pillsbury's Cooking Service

I suppose it's natural for some women to think: "For fancy baking I need fine flour . . . but for simple baking I need not be so careful." Actually this is exactly wrong.

In bread, biscuits, pie crust, and simple cakes, the flavor and goodness come almost entirely *from the flour we use*. There are no fancy flavors and colorings to cover up the unsatisfactory results of poor flour. For instance, in pie crust there's simply nothing we can do to avoid the poor color, toughness, and flat flavor which come from cheap flour—except to use better flour. It costs only about ½c more per recipe to use Pillsbury's Best. When you see what tender, crisp, beautiful pastry it makes—the way it puts "party quality" into even the simplest baked foods—you'll realize that spending that ½c is true economy.

New, Proved Methods For Improving Simple Baking

In the last few years, simpler and surer methods have been developed for making bread, biscuits, pastry, and cakes. You'll find these methods printed in a recipe folder packed in your Pillsbury's Best bag. If you use these methods with the fine flour in that bag, you'll find your everyday baking turning out like the kind that wins prizes at the fairs. Ask your grocer for Pillsbury's Best—and look for the recipe folder in the bag.

SHOULD WE TRY TO REDUCE THE COST OF PILLSBURY'S BEST?

It costs us extra money for the fine wheats used in Pillsbury's Best Flour . . . for crop experts to search the country for these choice wheats . . . for milling tests *every hour*.

Yet millions of women refuse cheaper flours, and insist on Pillsbury's Best. We don't believe they want us to reduce the quality in order to reduce the price.

You pay only about ½c more per recipe to use Pillsbury's Best. Isn't that a small price for perfect baking?

HOW TO MAKE APPLEDORE DUMPLINGS

A PASTRY VARIATION

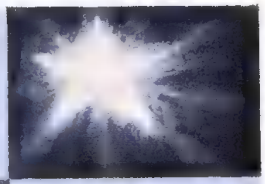
Use Mary Ellis Ames' new plain pastry method (packed in every bag of Pillsbury's Best). Use 1½ recipes. Roll out pastry ⅛ inch thick; cut into 6 large squares. Place a medium cooking apple, pared and cored, in center of each. Combine ½ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ⅛ teaspoon salt; place equal amount in center of each apple; dot each with ½ teaspoon butter. Cut pastry diagonally from 4 corners toward center. Pick up every other corner of pastry and fold to center of apple, overlapping the points. Moisten points, press together gently. Leave alternate points loose to resemble petals. Place in baking dish or pan. Bake at 450° F. until delicately browned, and apples are tender, about 25 minutes. Just before serving add hot Apricot Glaze, made by cooking together, until thickened, 1½ cups strained, stewed apricots, ½ to 1 cup apricot juice, 1 to 1½ cups sugar, 6 tablespoons white corn syrup.

LOOK IN THESE BAGS FOR FOLDER GIVING NEWEST PROVED BAKING METHODS FOR BISCUITS, BREAD, PIES, AND CAKES . . . PLUS OTHER RECIPES

Made of a blend of wheats, "balanced" for ALL baking—bread, biscuits, cakes, pastry

PILLSBURY'S BEST FLOUR

HIS STAR



A CHRISTMAS PAGEANT FOR YOUR CHURCH

The story of that Blessed Mother and her Baby Son is old, but every Christmas we long to tell it again—in song and word and color. This year's play is written about that miraculous Star of legend and song—the bright Star that led Kings and Shepherds to the Manger. Use is made of many of the well-known carols as well as some less familiar ones. A large or small group of players may take part. Costumes are easy and inexpensive to make, the scenery is simple, and the play itself will take little rehearsing. So that each main character may have a book, order 12 copies for $1. Single copies are 10c. Send stamps for "His Star" to Modern Homemaker, McCall's, Dayton, Ohio.

• • •

LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

[Beginning on page 24]

people, too, and if you're fond of them, you don't have much margin for emotional experiments. They're a kind of balance wheel, children. They steady you a little, until you act wiser than you really are." Edwin turned toward the window, his shoulders hunched, rejecting the overtone of insistence in her words. (See, Edwin, we must work this out, we can't let them down!)

"I wonder," said Steve, "whether they don't furnish a motive for keeping at it, after you begin to suspect there is no real motive. When you're young, your own ego pushes you. Then you reach a point—"

Marcella made a movement, jarring the coffee table; the brandy decanter rocked, and she caught it, her fingers closing about the slender glass neck. Steve looked at her.

"Doesn't he sound disillusioned and disappointed?" Her voice was shrill. "And flattering to me, oh, very!"

"It's such a pity—" Phyllis spoke quickly—"that the children you tried turned out so badly. That last little boy looked nice."

"I warned Steve, when he first had this brain storm, that I never heard of an adopted child turning out well, I certainly won't have my life ruined by a gutter-snipe, especially—" she glanced at the Major—"especially when he is already a thief."

The Major had his hands deep in his coat pockets, his mouth hardened as he met Marcella's glance.

"I wanted to keep that last chap," Steve said, "give him another chance. I'd grown fond of him. He had a funny little cowlick, right here." Steve laid a finger against his own temple. "If he hadn't been so stubborn. I couldn't get him to admit a thing. Perhaps he was scared. But there was the ring, hidden in a rolled up sock. And the money, two or three places in his room. I thought if I could get him to talk about it—we'd been hitting it off pretty well."

"He thought he could brazen it out, he knew you were soft," Marcella said.

The Major made a queer sound, almost a snort. Marcella did not look at him, but her head lifted a trifle, as if she heard danger crackle in underbrush near a dark path where she walked.

"And you did give him another chance." Did Marcella's eyes flick toward the Major? "When you sent him back to the Home, you didn't tell them why. So, if he's learned his lesson, he has a chance. If only you'd learn *your* lesson! Imagine!" She appealed to Phyllis, to Eden. "Imagine, after all these failures—Steve wants to try it again. Isn't it incredible?"

"You mean you've found another child?" The Major's head was up, his nostrils wide. "You've got someone located?"

"I've been corresponding, seen some pictures. He's at a home in Augusta, good old Maine stock."

"So!" The Major thrust his hand out, forefinger pointing, for a shaking instant, at Marcella. "So!"

[*Continued on page 66*]

He knows what time it is . . . *it's* *Libby-time!*

. . . time for **LIBBY'S** easier-to-digest **BABY FOODS**

"Doctor recommended Libby's *specially homogenized* vegetables for me so I can get the precious minerals and vitamins in these protective foods!

"I can feel myself getting stronger since Mother started me on the vegetables that Libby prepares so carefully for us babies. I'm a husky twelve-pounder already!"

Vegetables for Earlier Feeding

Yes, Libby's Baby Foods are *different* from the finest strained foods. Libby starts with choice vegetables—then strains these solid foods with extreme care—and then by a special process of homogenization* makes them extra easy to digest. And this same process is also used by Libby in preparing baby's fruits and cereal.

Libby's process breaks up food cells and fibers into tinier particles so baby's digestive juices can get the nutriment more easily. Nothing is taken away from the natural foods.

Ask your doctor when *your* baby can start on Libby's easier-to-digest Baby Foods.

Nine Different Kinds

Because little babies need variety, Libby offers them six different combinations of baby foods . . .

No. 1—Peas, beets, asparagus. No. 2—Tomatoes, pumpkin, string beans. No. 3—Carrots, spinach, peas. No. 4 (Cereal)—Whole milk, whole wheat, soy bean meal. No. 5—Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice. No. 6 (Soup)—Vegetables, chicken livers, barley

and three single vegetables . . .
Carrots—Spinach—Peas.

Your grocer carries Libby's Baby Foods—or will be glad to order them for you.

Libby's

* An exclusive Libby process that completely breaks up cells, fibers and starch particles, and releases nutriment for easier digestion. U. S. Pat. No. 2037029. COPR. 1938, LIBBY, MCNEILL & LIBBY

FREE! New Baby Booklet . . .

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. MC128, Chicago
Please send me, without charge, my copy of the new booklet, *Your Baby's First Vegetables and Fruits.*

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____
Grocer's Name_____

● We don't promise you'll feel like swimming the English Channel, BUT—if constipation's stolen your energy, put pep and sunshine back into your life with FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. You simply *chew* FEEN-A-MINT to get all its splendid benefits. That's why folks say: "It seems like magic!" Millions use FEEN-A-MINT. Try it yourself.

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

BABY COMING?

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

DON'T POINT, DEAR—— IT'S THAT LOVELY NEW . . .

Toast 'n Jam Set

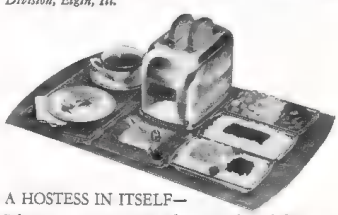
NOW, why didn't somebody think of that before? Here is the gorgeous Toastmaster toaster on its own personal, private tray, with two colorful peasant-pottery dishes for jam and marmalade, all ready to preside in state at your breakfast table.

Or—you may let the children use it for after-school snacks—and what could be better for them? Or your Toast 'n Jam Set, with its lovely tray of satiny primavera wood, may occupy the place of honor at Sunday night supper, when the chafing dish is brought forth and piping-hot toast is made at the table for welsh rabbit or chicken a la king.

And what toast you'll have! The Toastmaster* automatic pop-up type toaster makes perfect toast every time. The Flexible Timer regulates the speed—fast when the toaster is cold, still faster when it's hot. Then up pop the crisp, tender, golden slices, just as you want them, and off goes the current, automatically. No watching, no turning, no burning!

Think of this! The Toast 'n Jam Set, Toastmaster's latest inspiration, costs scarcely more than the toaster alone. You'll want one for yourself the minute you see it—and, if you're looking for a perfectly grand *gift*, this is it! You'll find it wherever fine appliances are sold.

* "TOASTMASTER" *is a registered trademark of McGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY, Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill.*



A HOSTESS IN ITSELF—
This De Luxe Set is one of two newly styled Toastmaster Hospitality Sets, luxuriously complete for informal entertaining.

TOASTMASTER *Toast 'n Jam Set*
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TOASTMASTER PRODUCTS—2-slice automatic pop-up type toaster, $16.00; 1-slice, $10.50; Hospitality Sets, $19.95, $23.95; folding stand, $5.95; Toast 'n Jam Set, $17.95; Junior non-automatic type toaster, $7.50; automatic waffle-baker, $12.50

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AT ABOUT A DOLLAR, A

1 As welcome as the pot of gold at the rainbow's end is this crock of made-in-America cheese to top the feast.

2 Flattery for a gourmet is a French pepper mill, or a salt mill. Freshly ground seasonings accent flavor.

5 Pantry towels for special glassware—fastidious hostesses love these absorbent, tulip-decorated linens.

6 Streamlined whisk broom with palmetto whisks and top finished in English bronze earns a man's cheers.

9 A droll dog or a spotted cat of terry cloth. Both thrive on tubbing and are guaranteed to win love.

10 Buttons (a story of a cat), Benjie's Hat or The Great Story are highly recommended for the younger fry.

13 Creature comforts for His Infant Highness; powder and cream, oil and soap packaged together, ready for use.

14 Fireplace broom and toasting fork made by Southern craftsmen who follow traditions of practical work.

AT ABOUT TWO DOLLARS, A

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LITTLE MORE OR A LITTLE LESS

3 To remember you by, a kitchen memorandum pad with red, ivory or green base, and ■ big spare roll.

4 A woman originated these canapé spreads. Other women, clever too, match them up with cracker boards.

7 Fat little choral singers in colored plaster. One for a small gift or set and tree for a more expensive one.

8 To give ■ dog ■ dog's life—a weighted dish, a chocolate flavored jingle bone or a rubber ball on a thong.

11 An assortment of spices packed into ■ chubby basket. "Seasoning's greetings" for ■■ imaginative cook.

12 To learn which way the wind blows, this shiny brass weather vane to perch on garage or garden house.

15 It isn't Christmas without walnuts! A big bag, a nutcracker and a novel nutmeat chopper join forces.

16 For a good child, Henny Penny, Chicken Little and brothers and sisters parade around this cereal set.

LITTLE MORE OR A LITTLE LESS

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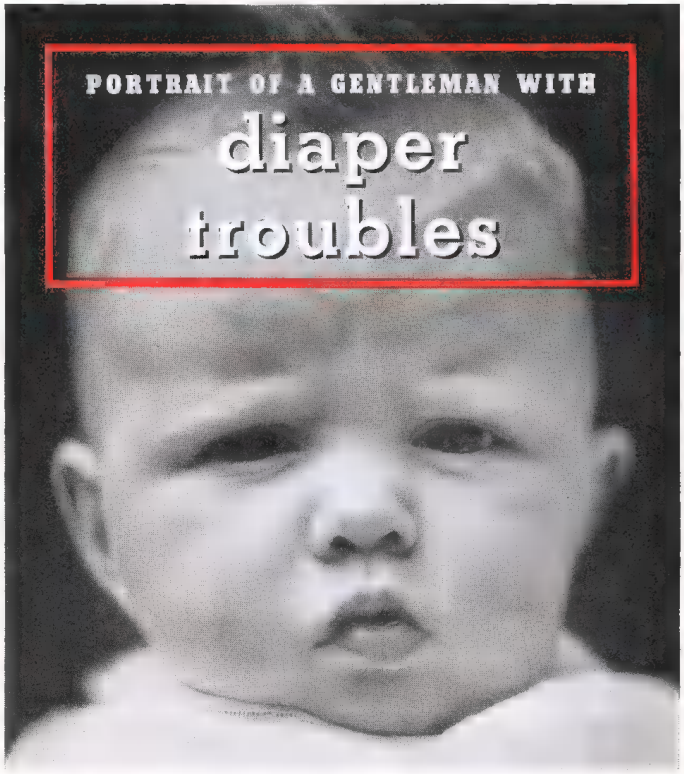
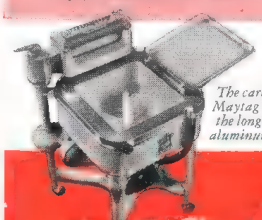


"I'M MAD...PLENTY MAD! Diapers can be a source of great comfort . . . or a big embarrassment. With me it's the latter. And it's all because my mother doesn't know that improper washing makes diapers rough and lumpy . . . or that they chafe and scratch when all the soap is not removed. Yelling doesn't seem to do any good . . . she just thinks I'm unreasonable. Why doesn't someone *tell* mothers these things!"

YOU'RE RIGHT, YOUNG MAN—AND MOTHERS, HERE'S YOUR ANSWER..

MAYTAG ORIGINATED the *Gyrafoam Water Action* that washes diapers, blankets and other baby things with greatest care. It forces sudsy water through the delicate clothes, not the clothes through the water. This gentle washing action keeps them soft and fresh much longer. Maytag's exclusive *Sediment Zone* traps loosened dirt and holds it away from the clothes being washed.

MAYTAG'S EXCLUSIVE *Roller Water Remover* is a special safe-guard of baby's diapers. It flushes out soap and loosened dirt particles that might remain to irritate baby's tender skin. Its flexible upper roll protects buttons and snaps, too, so they can't be broken or bent. It's the most sanitary, most careful *damp-dryer* ■ mother could want.



The careful Maytag with the long-life aluminum tub

FREE DEMONSTRATION . . . EASY TERMS — Your Maytag dealer will show you how the Maytag saves time, clothes and money every wash day. He'll arrange ■ *free demonstration*— and terms that are right for *you*.

Low-priced Maytag round tub washers are big values. See them before you buy!

YOU'RE MONEY AHEAD WITH A **Maytag!**

DIRT CAN'T GET A FOOTHOLD . . .

If you WAX your kitchen AND EVERYTHING IN IT!

Johnson's Wax polish gives a shield of bright protection to WINDOW SILLS, CABINETS, REFRIGERATOR, SINKS, PANTRY SHELVES, WALLS and FLOORS.

This **GENUINE** wax shuts out dirt and germs. Cuts your cleaning work in half. Gives your kitchen and every other room in your home a shining, well-cared for appearance. There are actually 100 household uses for this wonderful wax polish besides its main use for **FLOORS, FURNITURE** and **WOODWORK.**

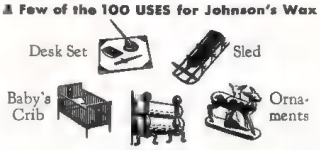
Be sure to wax the **PAINTED FURNITURE** in your breakfast nook. Johnson's Wax preserves the paint. Keeps the colors bright and fresh. Wards off stains and scratches. You'll get many compliments on your housekeeping ability if your **LAMP SHADES** and **PICTURE FRAMES,** your **OILCLOTH COVERS,** and dozens of other articles in your home are wearing a gleaming wax polish.

Put a little Johnson's Wax on your **DOORS** and on the **DOOR FRAMES** too, so dirty finger marks will wipe right off.

BANNISTERS are easy to dust when they are Johnson-waxed. Smudges can't stick to the beautiful wax lustre.

IMPORTANT! Do not confuse Johnson's genuine Wax with any so-called no-rubbing wax. Because it is a blend of pure waxes only, Johnson's Wax *wears longer*, gives greater beauty and protection, and is more economical to use.

A Few of the 100 USES for Johnson's Wax



Buy it in either paste or liquid form

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S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., RACINE, WIS.

LAVORIS

Beware of flu and sore throat—cleanse mouth and throat daily

Children like to gargle Lavoris

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AT ABOUT THREE

17 For a Man with a Purpose—big leather-covered ash tray, or a set of letter opener and editorial scissors.

18 This heat-proof glass teakettle to make the brew. Fortune-telling cups show Sea Trips and Tall Dark Men.

21 Billfold of light, silvery metal that stows bills by magic. A combination clock, paper weight and calendar.

22 In one's or two's, hurricane globed candles are perennially popular. With blond maple or walnut wood bases.

25 Simply designed, and finished in gold to tone with any color, this electric clock is suitable for every room.

26 Elegance for bathrooms with no space to spare comes with a painted tin basket and clothes hamper.

29 Of stainless steel with stunning wooden racks, sizzling platter or baking dish speeds from range to table.

30 Topped by pots of ivy or small figurines these tassel shaped wooden wall brackets would be new and very smart.

FROM ABOUT FOUR DOLLARS

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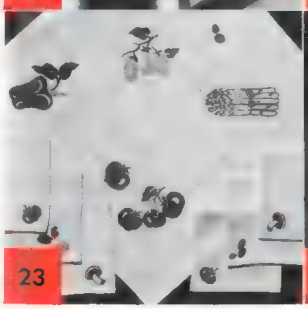

OR FOUR DOLLARS

19 For that French touch, serve drawn butter or wine sauce in a gleaming cup with pouring lip and wooden handle.

20 For a motorist: Three-letter monogrammed gear-shift knob, or airplane-type compass for happy landings.

23 If you want to "say it with vegetables," give a linen lunch cloth and napkins disporting all known varieties.

24 First aid for a hostess—spun-aluminum serving plate, with cover to keep sandwiches or canapés fresh.

27 This comfortable soul amply houses cookies, popcorn or potato chips—for the buffet table or pantry shelf.

28 For budding young Leonardo's, this easel with paper pad and blackboard offers subtle encouragement.

31 A white wire basket holds oranges now. When gardening days come it will help the busy flower gatherer.

32 "Turkey and fixin's"—strictly 1938! Canned cranberry sauce and a 12-lb. quick-frosted bird.

TO ABOUT EIGHT DOLLARS

These Holmes & Edwards designs are the only ones in all the world marked INLAID!

We answer shoppers' questions right here...

WHAT'S STERLING INLAID?

Something better! First cousin to sterling silver. Two blocks of sterling are inlaid at points of wear on the most used pieces here and here.

WHAT'S THE COST?

Each piece just a few pennies more than you'd pay for any good plate! A service for 8 only $49.95. Saves you $21.90 over open stock price! And you can plan your payments.

WHERE CAN I BUY IT?

At an Authorized Dealer anywhere. See him soon to get special offer—a jelly server in the smart new Danish Princess design. Now *only 25¢*—will be $1.75.

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ALL APPETITES AT-TEN-SHUN!

Says Kernel Nut of Brazil

BRAZIL NUT Spice Cake

RECIPE: Mix ½ cup shortening with 1 cup sugar; 2 well beaten eggs; ¾ cup finely chopped Brazil Nuts. Sift together: 1½ cups sifted cake-flour, ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ tsp. cloves, ¼ tsp. [illegible] and 2½ tsp. baking powder. Add, alternately, with ½ cup strong coffee. Bake in [illegible] layers in moderate oven (375°F.) about 35 minutes. Decorate frosting with sliced Brazil Nuts.

Brazil Nuts strike a festive note for the Holidays—so different and interesting-looking. Everyone enjoys their delicate flavor, too, and crisp tender texture. Watch folks nibble them after meals and at parties . . . raw or toasted; plain or salted. And they add so much goodness to cakes, desserts, salads, appetizers, etc. Chop, slice or grind them—then mix them with your favorite batters before baking. Order several pounds of Brazil Nuts today.

★ EAT AT WILL ★

It's smart to keep a bowl of Brazil Nuts in your dining [illegible] Everybody reaches for them. And the Amazon nut cracker—25¢ at leading 5 and 10 cent stores—shells them in a jiffy.

Mail coupon or 1¢ post card for [illegible] recipe book containing dozens of delicious Brazil Nut recipes.

FREE "A Parade of Brazil [illegible] Recipes" 32 pages—illustrated

Brazil Nut Association
Room M-1, 60 Hudson Street, New York City

Please send free 32-page *Parade of Brazil Nut Recipes.*

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

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Silvylocks... FAR OUTLASTS ORDINARY POT CLEANERS!

Here's the answer to a housewife's prayer. "Silvylocks" is a metal sponge pot cleaner that doesn't go to pieces in a short time. It's made of MONEL, one of the strongest, toughest metals known to man. Does not rust, shred or splinter. Does not get frayed or ragged because it is woven from a continuous ribbon of silvery MONEL and then lockstitched (by a process patented by Metal Textile Corp., Orange, N. J.) for even longer wear. "Silvylocks" stays bright and shiny—will not corrode or turn rusty brown because MONEL is eternally rust proof.

SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER. "Silvylocks" sells regularly for twenty-five cents. For a limited time, however, we are giving readers of this magazine an opportunity to try this Monel sponge at less than half price. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin to Dept. F, The International Nickel Co. Inc., 73 Wall St., New York, N.Y.

ALL THIS FOR YOUR DOG-FREE

MILLER'S "PACKAGE of JOY"

Give your dog a real treat with delicious Miller's Dog Foods. Five varieties and a new helpful dog book are in this "Package of Joy." Write for it today.

BATTLE CREEK DOG FOOD CO.
1263 State St., Battle Creek, Mich.

MILLER'S BIO-TESTED DOG FOODS

"BATTLE CREEK HEALTH FOODS for DOGS"

CASH'S NAMES FOR THE THINGS YOU VALUE...

Xmas Gift Special!

We will give an extra dozen Cash's *Woven Names* FREE with every order received before December 15. Known for generations as the superior method of marking linen and all belongings. Be sure you get Cash's *Woven Names*—look for "Cash's" in the cutting space. Sold in leading stores everywhere. [illegible] write us. *Trial offer:* Send 15c for 1 dozen of your own first and sample tube of NO-SO Cement.

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CASH'S NAMES 3 doz 9 — 6 doz $2. 12 — NO-SO Cement 25¢ a tube

YARN HAND KNITTING-LOWEST PRICES FREE

For Sport Suits—Coats—Dresses
Satisfaction or Money Refunded
J. C. Y[illegible] CO., (Dept. S-12), 111 Spring St., N. Y.

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FROM ABOUT EIGHT DOLLARS

33 A pleasant contribution to uninteresting walls are hanging shelves, all ready for books and bibelots.

34 Aristocrat in crystal is this graceful swan, for mantel or centerpiece, in modern or traditional setting.

37 Sophisticated answers to something special for Christmas—Swedish vase in blue glass or decanter in crystal.

38 Reminiscent of lush tropical forests are these Waikiki carved canapé and sandwich trays of Koa wood.

GIFTS GIFTS

LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

[Continued from page 61]

"So what?" Steve leaned back in his chair. "So you may have a grandson Trent yet."

"I'm tired," said the Major. "I'm going to lie down." He went out of the room with stiff haste. Phyllis moved quickly after him, but he was climbing, hand on the rail, pulling himself up step after step, he did not look down at her.

Behind her in the living room she heard Steve. "Father seems nervous today, jumpy. What'd he mean by *so*, Marcella? I thought he approved of our finding some children."

"Don't ask me what he means! It always makes you furious when I remind you that senility isn't rational. But ask Edwin if he doesn't think your father has failed a great deal since spring. Did Edwin tell you he had another stroke just yesterday?" Marcella spoke with light insolence. "The maid gave it away."

(She's hurrying, thought Phyllis. She means to accomplish something while I'm out of the room, she thinks I've gone upstairs with Father.)

"It wasn't a stroke." Edwin was saying. "Only a slight heart attack."

"Now, Edwin, be frank! Surely you can see his deterioration or perhaps it takes five months away from him *to* see it."

"I've been away from him five months, too," Steve said coldly, "and I don't see anything."

"You didn't see the way he glared and shook his fist at me? It frightens me. You could see, couldn't you, Edwin, the way he's turned against me? They say, old people get delusions. Tell Steve, he won't listen to me."

(I oughtn't to stand here eavesdropping, thought Phyllis, but it's her fault, she didn't make sure I was out of ear-shot.)

"Tell him what?" Edwin must have come forward in the room, his voice was drily at a different angle. "I haven't seen any delusions. His heart trouble hasn't affected his mind. He can still beat me at chess. But you understand, that except for the matter of climate, there's no reason why the Major shouldn't stay on here. Perhaps it's too much for Marcella, if you're trying another child."

"But there *is* the matter of climate. Nor is my father a burden."

"My darling Steve, are you at home all day? You fill my house with old men and children, you go peacefully away, and then—"

WHAT I don't understand is why you're taking this stand now," said Steve, "when you didn't say a word before we started."

"Ah, but you didn't tell me about this child, this boy from Maine, until last night!" (*So!* The Major had said it. *So!*) "And then when I saw your father, I knew at once that he was much, much worse, although Phyllis meant to hide it from me—"

"Phyllis didn't intend to hide anything." Edwin spoke out firmly, and

[*Continued on page 67*]

GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS

TO ABOUT EIGHTEEN DOLLARS

35 For ■ Coffee-Crank, a vacuum coffee-maker that brews a divine cup, automatically timed and kept hot.

36 A gift both decorative and practical is this lamp with pottery base of delicate hydrangeas in pink and blue.

39 For ■ good house—chromium waffle set with glass bowl and pitcher. Heat indicator for good baking.

40 They'll all like this set—sturdy automatic toaster with adaptable blond-wood tray and gay pottery jam dishes.

GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS GIFTS

LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

[Continued from page 66]

Phyllis caught her breath. Never, never would Edwin relax the vigilant loyalty he had for her. He might withdraw it completely, but she alone would know it. "She wasn't even here when you came. I think you're exaggerating things, also I think whatever happens is up to Steve and Phyllis, he's their father."

"Was Phyllis at all in earnest, do you think, about that cruise?" Steve sounded suddenly tired. What, now, would Edwin say? He did not answer at once. And in the delay Phyllis felt her body tremble to the hard beat of her heart.

"I don't know," said Edwin. "She's never gone away like that. She might consider it, now." And then, "If you'll excuse me, I have to do something about my tooth, the dentist gave me something to use—"

There was no time to run. Phyllis extended one foot, as if she had just come down the stairs, but she knew her face gave her away. Edwin saw her, he ran his fingers through his hair (that gesture Jack had, too) and before either of them spoke they heard Steve's low voice, "Just what has the Major got on you, Marcella? You might as well tell me."

For ■ moment they stood close, Phyllis on the step above Edwin, so that her eyes were level with his, and he made ■ face of distasteful rejection. Help me out, he meant, I can't stand this any longer. Phyllis tingled to her fingertips, she leaned a hair's breadth nearer to kiss him. But he jerked away, climbed past her, and from several steps above, said, "Steve was asking if you were serious about that trip with Father. Were you?"

"I don't know."

"It might be—a way—"

"You mean you'd like me to go?"

HE DIDN'T answer. She heard the slow pad of his feet above her. She couldn't scream after him, with those two in the living room. She had to put it away, her private torment. That was something for the rest of her life, and this about Father and Marcella and Steve was immediate.

"I thought I heard you." Marcella came into the hall, a cigarette in a long jade holder in one hand. Her face was quiet, almost amused, but under her gold lashes her eyes had an extraordinary effect of reflected light, like an animal's at night. "We're going outdoors for a bit, you don't mind, do you? My head's dull, after that enormous dinner." Steve followed her; he did not look at Phyllis.

"You can't go far in those shoes," said Phyllis. "Can't I lend you a pair of brogues?"

"Horrors, no! We aren't going in for ■ cross country run. But Steve, lamb, I do need ■ wrap, please."

Steve marched up the stairs, Marcella turned the jade holder slowly in her fingers, looking at Phyllis.

"You heard our little family conclave, did you?"

[*Continued on page 68*]

THE MOUNTAIN BOYS by PAUL WEBB

WHAT'S GOT INTO GRAN'PAPPY—TAKIN' TO WATER AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?
HE'S SPRY AS A TWO-YEAR-OLD.
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AH HEAR IT'S FER CONSTIPATION DUE TO INSUFFICIENT BULK.
YOU TRY SOME—LUKE—IT CAN'T DO YOU NO HARM.
UMM-M-M IT AIN'T BAD. LET'S ALL TRY SOME.
SOME TIME LATER.
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AIN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN SINCE MAW SHOT THE TAX COLLECTOR.
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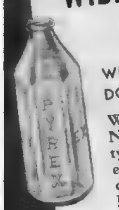

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LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

[Continued from page 67]

"How could I help but?" (I've never liked her, thought Phyllis, never once all these years. We're alien to each other, but it would be hard for Steve if we should now lay aside the thin shield of our manners.)

"Well?"

"My father ought not to go home with Steve and you," said Phyllis, slowly. "But I can not tell him so."

"Take him South with you, then. Edwin doesn't mind."

(Dear God, had Marcella picked up some clue? She had no awareness of other people, just a lazy curiosity, and Edwin had always piqued her by indifference to her beauty.)

"Poor Edwin," she said, lightly, "he doesn't know what he wants today, with that toothache."

"It's the perfect solution. No more argument."

"And Steve will not have to know why you do not wish his father."

Marcella stared an instant, in her eyes that flicker of cold calculation. In the hall above them a door opened, and the Major spoke, "Ah, Steve, I hoped it was you. Come in a moment, I have something—"

Marcella brushed past Phyllis to the foot of the stairs, her voice was a noose, sinuous and coiling. "Oh, Ste-eve! Are you never coming?"

"Later, Father?" Steve must have waved at him the wrap he carried as he descended the stairs, coppery velvet with bands of sable. Marcella turned into his arms as he laid it over her shoulders, her hair brushed his cheek, her eyes mocked at Phyllis. (See, they said! I can manage Steve!)

SHE means not to allow Steve a moment with any of us, thought Phyllis, if she can prevent it. Always she has wanted him completely, she hasn't known how to endure the fringes of affection which belong to us. But she would never attack openly, she would pretend to agree with Steve. She must have done that about the business of adoption, these boys Steve had tried. Of course, Steve, darling, anything you wish! And then— Poor Steve, wanting children as a camouflage for emptiness! He had seen through Marcella, and yet there was still fire between them. The two were climbing the path which led into the wood, and Phyllis closed the door.

She stood there, her hands together, one thumb rubbing against the other in an aimless movement. If there were only something she had to do, some small job, instead of hanging here in space, in time, with thought going on and on. Not a sound from above, either from Edwin's room or the Major's. Ah, there was supper! The maids might have forgotten to leave the salad ready, the bread cut. She shook herself, and went quickly off to the kitchen.

But everything was in order, trays, plates, silver laid out. She opened the heavy door of the refrigerator. The cold air touched her eyelids, under waxed paper the scarlet lobsters lay neatly ranged, their tails curled. Funeral baked meats, she thought, and slammed the door shut. There was nothing to do, the maids had been properly efficient. Phyllis stood uncertainly in the middle of the kitchen. The sudden fall twilight had come, was already dark beyond the windows, the crisp curtains white arcs against blackness.

The door of the butler's pantry swung slowly inward as Steve came in, closing the door softly.

"I saw you through the window," he said, "as we came back. Marcella's changing her dress." He looked warm, a little rueful. "She tore it, caught it on something. Smack in the front."

He looked about the room. "What you doing out here?"

"Just seeing about supper." Phyllis pulled the folding step-ladder from under a table, motioned to a chair. "Sit down, Steve." His constraint was contagious.

"I thought it was a chance for a word with you." Steve sat down, he swung one leg over the other knee. "By ourselves. About Father."

Phyllis thought: go on, say it, Marcella doesn't want him, you don't know what to do! "Steve," she said, casually, "don't you think he'd better stay here? After that attack—the trip might be too strenuous."

Steve lifted his eyes, bleak relief in them. "If you really think—"

Phyllis smiled at him. (Dear Steve, here's a loophole!) "You know I miss him tremendously, and we may have another mild winter, like last year."

"I shouldn't like him to think I didn't want him."

"He won't think that."

"Marcella is unduly anxious about his heart. Things worry her. I thought she realized I was considering this new boy. I don't like to impose too much upon her. You see?"

(Marcella had bargained with him, Phyllis could see. Your father or the child, I can't do both.)

"The Major's a grand person. Later, Phyllis, after the child—when we're used to having him around. It's harder, in a way, than starting with a baby. You really suddenly have a third person in your house." He was silent a moment. "But I'm stubborn enough to try it once more. Stubborn, selfish, what am I?" He stared at Phyllis then rocked back in the chair, balancing it somewhat perilously on the smooth tiles, and said, "Edwin looks a bit seedy, I suppose it's the tooth, he's been well?"

"Yes, very well." Phyllis laid her hands against the edges of the flat seat on her stool, bracing herself. This turn was too abrupt, away from Steve, back to Edwin, to herself.

"I'd like to see more of him. I get more kick out of five minutes talk with him than any other man I know. Always did. He's a gifted man, he's come a long way. He wasn't quite human to start with, you know."

TEARS swelled in her throat, burned behind her eyelids, she mustn't cry. A hesitant knock at the door halted her, and in came the Major, sidewise, shutting the door stealthily.

"I thought you must be out here." He was petulant, agitated, confronting them. "I followed you downstairs, you weren't anywhere around." He pointed at Steve, his hand unsteady. "I wanted to see you."

"Did you want to see Steve alone?" Phyllis slid forward on her stool, but Steve's quick glance said, No, don't leave it all to me, and the Major shook his head.

"Well," he said, heavily, "what have you decided to do with the old man?"

Phyllis sat up straight, her tone brisk, business-like. "Why don't you stay on here for a while, at least?"

Her father looked at Steve.

[Continued on page 70]

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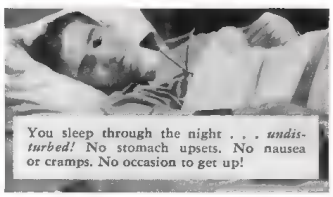

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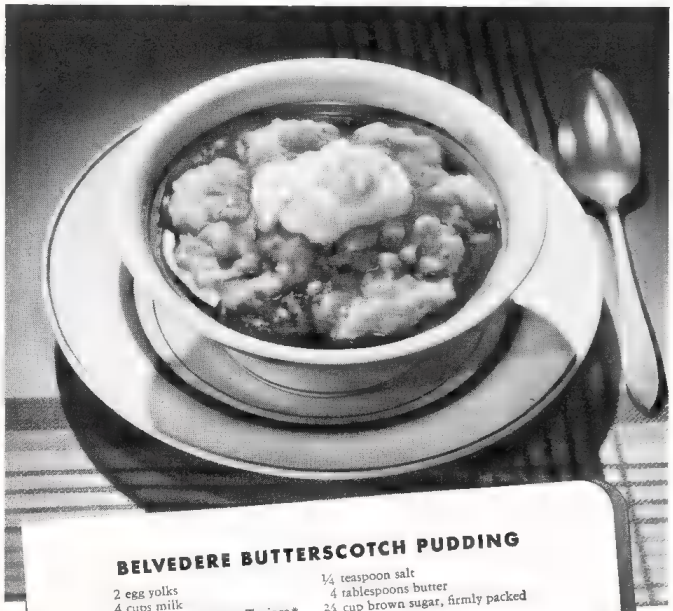

BELVEDERE BUTTERSCOTCH PUDDING

2 egg yolks
4 cups milk
4 tablespoons Minute Tapioca*
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons butter
⅔ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 egg whites

Mix egg yolks with small amount of milk in top of double boiler. Add remaining milk, Minute Tapioca, and salt. Place over rapidly boiling water and cook 10 to 12 minutes after water boils again, stirring frequently. Remove from boiling water. Melt butter in saucepan; add sugar and cook until sugar is completely dissolved and mixture bubbles. Add to tapioca mixture and mix well. Beat egg whites until just stiff enough to hold shape. Fold small amount hot tapioca mixture into egg whites; add to remaining tapioca. Chill —mixture thickens as it cools. Serve with butterscotch sauce or cream. Serves 8. All measurements are level. *IMPORTANT: Use genuine Minute Tapioca in this recipe for perfect results.

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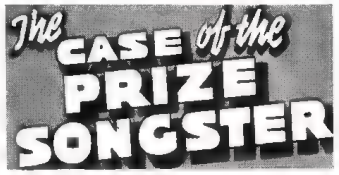

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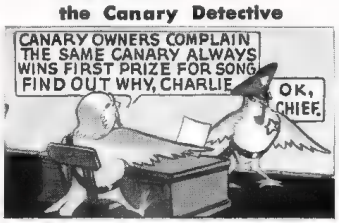

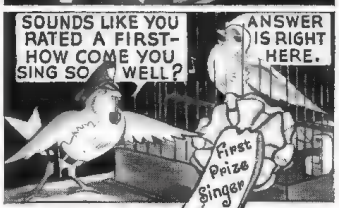

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LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

[Continued from page 68]

"It's quite a trip for you, especially—" Steve hesitated—"especially if your heart's been cutting up so recently." He leaned forward, striking his fist against his knee. "My God, Major, you know I want you!"

"You are my son. But even affection becomes a burden at times." The Major thrust his hands in his pockets. "I've got to do something most distasteful to me." He glanced toward the door. "You can name it senility if you want to. *She* does."

Steve got slowly to his feet and stepped back, a hand shut over the top bar of the chair, his face quiet, cautious, and Phyllis thought: don't say it, Father! Once it's said!

"As long as it was only something past, over with, I had no right to speak. But if it is to happen again, I can't be too damned noble."

"What are you driving at?" Steve spoke quietly enough, but Phyllis heard the grinding creak of the chair under the pressure of his hand.

"It's about the child. This new boy. I thought at first I needn't say a word, I'd just watch and act as a sort of brake. But she—Marcella—suspects me. She doesn't know how much I know, but she prefers me off the scene. She's made that clear to all of us, hasn't she?"

Steve stood stiffly, and a dreadful kind of embarrassment burned under his skin. "It's hard for me to discuss my wife," he said. "She's—not too strong. Things worry her. . . ."

THE Major's eyes were suddenly brilliant with a fiery tenderness. "You have to know, Steve, what you're up against. She doesn't want a child, and she means to see that no child stays under your roof. She has no scruples, I regret to say, about the means she uses for her end."

Steve's face was a mask. Phyllis could not look at him, after one glance.

"Don't you see I can't allow another child to be so—so injured?"

"If you knew, if this is true, why didn't you tell me earlier?"

"I didn't know at the time it happened. Only later. Too late. You had sent away the boy."

(Oh, Steve! The little boy with a cowlick! How must this feel to Steve, who had known the child, who had grown fond of him, his mind now going back to bits of scenes with the boy, *come, tell me, be honest, if you'll be honest, we can make another start, why did you do it?).*

"I respect you enough," said Steve, and his voice was tense, "to believe you usually have evidence before you make such an accusation. Would you mind giving me that evidence?"

Phyllis heard the quick intake of breath, she saw the queer color in the Major's face, this was too hard for him, he saw his son moving away from him, forced into enmity.

"I don't know what happened with the first and second child. I wasn't with you. This last one—"

"Go on," said Steve's voice. "You can't stop now."

"The day you took him back, the maid was cleaning the room he'd used. I was roaming about, nothing to do, I saw Marcella go in, I came along to the door, meaning to ask her something, I've forgotten what. She was back to me, at the wall, she didn't see me. You'd tacked up some of your college pennants for him, you remember. She was running her fingers, under the edge of one of them. (Marcella's hand, white, supple!) She turned about with something in her fingers, a bill, folded, and saw me. She said, 'Here's another we hadn't found, the little thief.' And she hated me in her eyes right then."

Steve pushed aside the chair. "We'd found things hidden everywhere, she had cause to look."

"She knew *where* to look." The Major reached a hand behind him, felt for the table, leaned against it. "Besides that maid she discharged, you remember?"

Steve stared, he moved his tongue along his dry lips. "She knew, too?"

PHYLLIS slid from the stool, she stood between the two, the Major and Steve.

"He had to tell you, Steve."

"You won't say anything to Marcella," Steve said. "You must not blame her too much. I have known she did not wish a child. I have gone ahead—" Then he lifted his head, listening to sounds that came muffled through closed doors. "I'd like to get out of here, it would be better if no one knew we've been here, talking. I'll slip outdoors." His glance enjoined them to secrecy, he opened the door, then turned. "My God, Father, did the boy know? Did Dixon *know* that she—"

"No!" The Major roared, he banged his hand down on the table. "How could he? Don't begin making up more trouble for yourself!"

"I ought to write to him." Steve went out and Phyllis closed the door. Behind her the Major said, heatedly, "If I had a place to go, I'd go! I shouldn't have spoken."

"You couldn't do anything else," Phyllis said. "Don't worry about Steve. He wasn't angry, he just has to get used to—to your knowing—about Marcella."

"Perhaps I could just have warned him, put him on his guard."

(Poor tired Major!)

"Nothing less than the fact would have done any good. Let's go," she said, "maybe the children have come."

The Major straightened his shoulders. "I'll sneak up the back stairs, pull myself together a bit, nobody'll know what I've been up to." He went with an attempt at a jaunty pace to the rear hall.

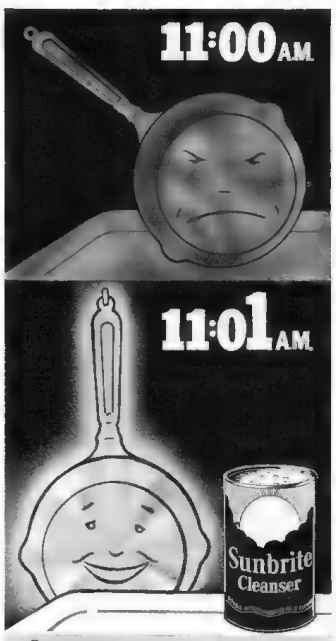
Phyllis pushed open the swinging door into the dining room. She thought, for the first time, perhaps the Major may be no happier here with what may happen. She would tell Edwin what Marcella had done, see, that's what some women are like, as cruel and treacherous as that, and still you condemn me!

Her eyebrows went up, as a tenor voice blared from the library. Jack must be at home, no one else turned the radio so high. Through the doorway swooped Marcella, folds of black velvet fluttering in animated indignation.

"Where is everyone in this house hiding? No one is anywhere, except those children—" She laid her hands over her ears. "How can you stand that terrible racket? Where's Steve? Has his father—"

"I think Father's in his room, isn't he?" Phyllis bent over the small cabinet, lifting out decanters, setting them in a row on top. "Steve—I guess he went outdoors again."

Marcella's long ear-rings of jade swung, rage-rocked against the smooth strong column of her throat. "He's not in his room, if he's been getting



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at Steve, I tell you I won't have it, a vindictive old man!"

"He is upstairs," Phyllis said, her words icy with rage. "Perhaps he was in the bathroom, did you look there?" She walked away from Marcella, her mouth hard with anger.

"Hi, Murr!" Jack was lounging beside the radio cabinet. Abby looked up from the pile of records she was restacking on the floor, her hair wind-flattened, her face colorless. She looked like a mechanical doll wound too tight.

"How about giving me a hand?" Phyllis asked. "It's time to start supper."

"I can't find that record." Abby let a disk click down on the pile. "You probably smashed it."

"I did not!" Jack snapped off the radio. "Never mind the ole record, let's rustle grub." He seized Abby's wrist with his good hand, tugged her up to her feet.

"Easy there." Phyllis dodged ahead of him, she didn't mind the supercilious smile with which Marcella watched them, turning a moment from the open front door. Waiting for Steve, was she, to see whether he really had gone outdoors?

PHYLLIS left the two children in the kitchen while she went into the dining room for a final inspection. She needed more silver, in case Edwina appeared with Parky and Skeets and that other boy, as she might. (If she only would, she's been gone hours, where!) As Phyllis reëntered the kitchen, Jack was saying, "Go ahead, tell her! Honest, she'd find a way. Well, then, I'm gonna tell her."

"Listen, Mother." He stood in front of Abby, he spoke very rapidly. "I had an idea, only I don't know how to work it out." He drew a long breath, he cradled the bandaged arm in the right elbow. "Abby doesn't want to go to Paris, to that ghastly convent, who'd want to go there? 'Nanyway, who'd want to tag along if their mother got married again? My gosh, I should think anybody'd see that. An' I said, well, there's your father, what about him, and Abby really doesn't mind him, I mean he seemed all right when she knew him." Phyllis could hear them, the young two of them, their voices running on and on in the mild and lovely afternoon, saying these bleak and dismal things. "No, you pipe down, Abby. I'm gonna tell her the whole thing. Abby thought mebbe we might get married." His face was crimson, ears, forehead, throat. "We talked that over quite a bit, but it didn't sound—well, anyway, I didn't know what to do to get married."

"He said a girl couldn't run away alone, and I just said why didn't he come along too, then, if he was my friend." Abby made tight balls of her hands, she held them under her chin.

"It wasn't very practical," said Phyllis. "I'm glad Jack saw that." (She must be calm, not move a muscle to frighten them.) "Abby's father seems a better scheme."

"He never said he wanted me." Abby's voice was the thinnest thread.

(Howard Eldrich, in the pulp business, somewhere near New Orleans, did he want a daughter, Abby?) "What was your idea, Jack?"

"There isn't much time, see? Not even for letters. But if he knew Abby would rather stay here—Oh, gee, Murr, can't you think of something?"

"What about a wire?" asked Phyllis. "We could send a long night letter. Tonight." (Jack has worked this out from his own security, she thought, from Edwin and me. He figured that if one parent failed Abby, perhaps the other wouldn't.) "There must be schools down there in the South."

Abby looked at her. "I suppose," she said, "he could just say no, couldn't he? It couldn't really do any harm, sending him a wire, could it? He wouldn't have to do anything he didn't want to."

"No, of course not." Phyllis went suddenly cold at the proud, almost fatuously pleased expression on Jack's face. "Come along, it's time for supper. Later you can write out the telegram, you can send it right here."

THEY went ahead of Phyllis, Jack seized Abby's hand, gave it a squeeze, she said, "Ouch!" and laughed, sanguine excitement in her quick step. Phyllis suddenly stood clear of the nervous fatigue of the day, thinking at first that she only shared the mood she had induced for Jack and Abby. No, her excitement was more than theirs, it was an access of courage, a whipping up of energy. I will not be afraid, she thought. I will not lose that pride Jack has in me, I will not lose Edwin. *I will not be defeated.*

She glanced about the dining room, there from a hook hung the Chinese gong, three inverted bowls of bronze, the Major had brought it from China. It had hung in the dining room at home, she had not heard it for years. She seized the carved mallet which dangled beside it, she struck the bronze, the three notes sang in the room, she struck again, a third time, until the whole house had three repeated notes contending with their own vibrations.

She had waked the quiet house into life, she heard Edwin's door open sharply in the hall above, she heard the Major chuckle as he started down the stairs, he had always liked that gong! Marcella swung around from her post at the hall door, eyebrows lifted. "What on earth, Phyl?" Behind her Steve entered slowly, he had been standing outside in the dark. "That was our old gong, wasn't it?" He looked curiously at Phyllis. "I haven't heard that since we were all at home."

"Supper's served, I'm tired of waiting for all of you!" Edwin was peering down the stairs at her, a kind of consternation in his face, as if she had danced at a funeral.

"You must help yourselves," Phyllis said. "There's the bar, here's the buffet, each take your own tray." Food and drink were good things, there was something amusing in the concentration with which everyone, even Marcella, walked about, making deliberate selection, but Phyllis was glad when the meal was over.

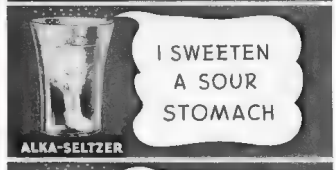
Jack and Abby waited when the others left, their eyes intent on Phyllis. Would she help them, now? "You go and draft the message," she said. "There's paper in the desk."

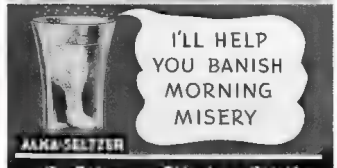
Phyllis stood a moment beside the table. She was free, for a moment, to test the quality of that excitement, that energy she had found. She began, methodically, to clear the table, carrying tray after tray into the kitchen, kicking at the door with her foot, pushing through it. She would leave everything else. Edwina might still come, she had no sense of time. She should come, I won't be anxious.

As she set the bowl of roses on the cleared table, petals loosened and fell, and she remembered Andy, laying petals on the palm of her hand. Was there nothing human which came to a swift, clean end? She had said to Andy, this is the end, and for twenty years she had believed it had been. Instead it had grown, in Andy, in her;

[*Continued on page 72*]

Why Suffer?





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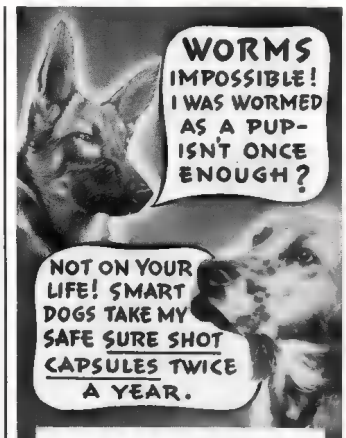
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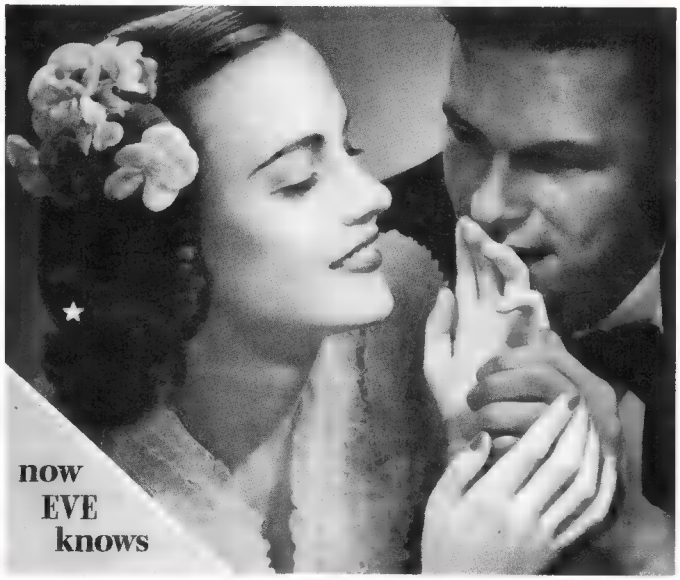

Adorable Soft Hands are a man's ideal

"I *knew your hands would feel soft . . .*"

Romance is a rainbow bubble, fostered by soft little feminine hands—shattered forever, maybe, if ■ girl's hands feel the least bit scratchy and rough.

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LOVE WITHOUT LAUGHTER

[Continued from page 71]

and now in Elise, in Edwin, even the Major was involved, knowing it. There was never any end to any human action, it engendered forces which never exhausted themselves. If you knew this fully you would be paralyzed, not daring to lift a finger, you wouldn't even dare to die!

PHYLLIS walked slowly through the hall. Steve came to the living room entrance. "We're going for a drive," he said. "You want to come?"

"I better not," said Phyllis. "If Edwina should come—" She brushed her fingers against Steve's sleeve.

"Come along, Major, Edwin, too! The air will do you good." They were irresolute, not knowing what they wanted. Steve was insistent. (He wants a body-guard, thought Phyllis; he doesn't want Marcella to get at him yet.) Marcella came first, her earrings oscillating.

"You haven't asked me," she said. "Did you mean me to stay here?"

"No." Steve's face was inscrutable. "No, I expected you would come."

Phyllis went into the library where Jack and Abby sat hunched over the opened desk, contemplating numerous scrawled over sheets of paper.

"It's no use," said Abby, huskily, as Phyllis came in. "Mother doesn't want me, but you needn't think she'd ever let my father have me. And my grandmother and grandfather hate me, they've written my father—they're so damned prissy they think I'm terrible. I prob-ly am—and he won't want me. For ■ minute—" the tendons of her throat were taut, "when Jack got this idea, I thought it might work. But it's no good."

"How do you know it isn't?" roared Jack. "Your old man may be all right."

"Let me see your wire," Phyllis said. Abby handed her one of the less wrinkled sheets and Phyllis read the penciled message, pert, flip, revealing nothing. "Dear Father, could you rescue me from barging in on a honeymoon—"

"Suppose I write it," she said. "If I send it, he can answer me, your grandparents won't know about it. If he consents, perhaps I could talk with your grandfather." She wrote it out with swiftness, then lay back in the chair, while Jack's voice, young, throaty, important, filled the hall telephoning the wire.

"How soon could an answer come, Mrs. Collings?" whispered Abby.

"You can't possibly hear much before noon tomorrow," she said.

Abby got up.

"I ought to go. I guess you must be sick of having me parked here all day. Only—" she pointed at Jack's bandage. "How am I going?"

"You better wait till someone comes, Edwina, or Steve." Phyllis said. "Or, I'll go along." She rose. "Really, I'd like to get out."

"Aw, Murr, let's take the roadster!" Jack had her elbow, he dragged her past the family sedan. "Lookit, it's a swell night."

Abby drove, Jack next her, and Phyllis sat in her corner, her head back. The mist had cleared, it would be colder tomorrow.

The Eldrich house was dark, except for the hall light, and Abby said, "Maybe they haven't come home."

"We'll wait and see." Jack got out, and Phyllis moved under the wheel. "If they see my mother's along, it'll be okay."

Abby clung to the edge of the car door. "Good night," she said. "I—you—"

"Good night, my dear," said Phyllis. "It's all right."

Jack stood at the bottom of the steps while Abby climbed and pressed the button. The door opened, Abby said, quickly, "Oh, you're back! I've been at the Collings, Mrs. Collings drove me home."

The door opened wider, and Dr. Eldrich looked out, his ministerial investiture a dark shadow.

"Good evening," called Phyllis. "I hope we didn't keep Abby too long."

"Ah, good evening. No, certainly not."

The door of the house closed, and as Jack thumped down beside Phyllis, he chuckled. "That was a good line, Murr. She specially didn't want 'em down on her tonight."

THE driveway in front of the house was empty and Phyllis went with a skitter of gravel around to the garage. "See what's inside," she said, and Jack scrambled out.

"Jammed to the gills." he called. "Steve's beauty, and the bus, who put her away?"

"Edwina," said Phyllis. (Do let it be Edwina, I'll begin to worry about her any minute now!)

In the living room the Major had lighted the fire, the clear quick flames illuminated his profile, where he sat in the winged chair. "Hello," said Phyllis, "where's everyone else?"

The Major made a negligent gesture with one hand. "Edwin had some work, Marcella was exhausted, she dragged Steve with her."

"Edwina hasn't come yet?"

"Haven't seen her."

Phyllis turned back to the hall and saw Steve coming down the stairs.

"I want to put through a call," he said. "No, don't go. Listen."

Phyllis leaned against the wall while Steve called information, asked the number of a children's home at Augusta, Maine. Finally, "This is Stephen Trent speaking. You—is this Miss Wallace? That boy, Charley Staples, you were starting tomorrow for me? I find I cannot take him. My plans have changed, unavoidably." He listened a moment. "No, the boy's docket was satisfactory, it's not that. It's rather ■ reverse that I have suffered myself. I'll write you. But I can't take the boy. I'm sending you a check. Only be sure he doesn't start!"

"You had it all arranged?" Phyllis saw Steve fumble as he set the instrument in its cradle.

"I shouldn't have, of course."

"It saves argument, sometimes, just going ahead." Phyllis thought, I mustn't say too much, he does not wish to discuss it—or Marcella.

"I had their letter only yesterday. The boy can't have known it long enough to be disappointed, do you think? Or if he is, that's not so bad as—" Steve looked up at Phyllis, for a moment his eyes exposed his humiliation. "I've learned my lesson."

"You will not try again?"

"Never."

There could have been no sound in the hall, but something pervasive as scent, told Phyllis that Marcella stood at the foot of the stairs, and when she saw her, an arm stretched back over the newel, lifting her breasts in a lovely arch under the flowing green velvet, Phyllis knew that she had followed Steve, that she had come to listen.

[*Concluded in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

McCALL'S
Style and Beauty
Merry Christmas to a Lady

Chesterfields

...they double your smoking pleasure

Good things are good because of their ingredients. Chesterfields are made from the best ingredients a cigarette can have . . . mild, ripe home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos, cut into long even shreds, rolled in pure cigarette paper, and made just right for smoking.

Millions of smokers say, "Chesterfield's milder, better taste gives me more pleasure."

They Satisfy
..millions

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HAIR UP WITH HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

New hair-do for Christmas? Here are three new ones, upswinging, of course—in formal and informal versions. They were done for us by a coiffure artist who is a sculptor, first of all. He has his own hair design institute in New York where American hairdressers come to learn how to duplicate his designs. In your vicinity there may be a hairdresser trained by this institute who can do your hair in a style similar to one of these shown here.

We call the informal hair-do's on this side, "holly coiffures," because they are smooth and shining, but comfortable and easy to wear. Right, a soft updressed coiffure with roll over the forehead. Note the slight dip-in wave over the ears. At the back the hair is dressed in big, round curls that cling softly to the contour. Good for low foreheads.

For evening wear, we've chosen the coiffures in this right-hand column and called them "mistletoe" versions, because they're meant for glamorous moments. The smooth forehead roll is separated into small ringlets back of the forehead wave. At the back large curls are made more frivolous by being separated into smaller ones, pushed higher up.

Another "holly" hair-do, right: gentle up-drawn waves brushed back from the ears with big interlocking curls at the back. Easy to manage under a hat. The front is a 1900 puff—good with a high forehead and slender neck. This is a style which can be worn with longish hair or with rather short hair. Note how skillfully the end ringlets are concealed.

For its "mistletoe" version—or formal style—the same arrangement is brought up higher at the back, and over the forehead. The side wave is curled into an interesting long coil. Note that the curls at the temple go in opposite directions—another adaptation of the so-called interlocking curl. At the back the hair is held up in loose curls with a sparkling comb.

With her lovely, triangular face, this "holly" hair-do is perfect and not hard to keep in place. A big loose curl is put in at the back, ending below the ears. The front curls fall above the cheek line and are brought rather high over the forehead. Again, it's a grand coiffure for the girl who does not want to have her hair cut so short at the back that it's unmanageable.

For its "mistletoe" version, for wear with evening gowns, the back hair is brushed higher and held by combs, and the curls are brought up nearer the crown of the head. Note that the forehead line has been softened a bit, and the line above the ears heightened, to show off the ear drops. Of course, it is at its loveliest with curls that are well shaped.

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

FACIAL POWDER
FACIAL SOAP
Hildegarde Fillmore selects a group
Houbigant
DUSTING POWDER

# of gifts she knows you will like

THEY ALL LIKE SETS

LOOKING for a gift for a young business woman who budgets her beauty expenditures? Or a homemaker whose household allowance won't stretch to include luxuries? Or a girl at school whose purse never holds enough money for extra lipsticks? Find out what brand of beauty aids she likes and give her a set of them: basic creams and lotions, perfumed bath accessories, or make-up items. For the holidays they're all done up in gay boxes, worthy of a beauty-conscious Santa Claus! Up in the top far left corner I've shown part of a large, but inexpensive set that includes soothing almond lotion, a smooth face powder, a jar of face cream, and a cake of facial soap. Its handsome blue-and-pink cover, alas, doesn't show. Beside this I've set a box holding a so-called "all-purpose cream," a smart lipstick, and a well-liked face powder—all nestling in a soft satiny cushion. Both sets are moderately priced.

For her hands a manicure set, of course. This is the season when what might be a utilitarian gift is turned into a glamorous presentation. At the top, right, a wooden kit in gay white and red lacquer, filled with all necessary things for a home manicure, including a finger rest, to assure a smooth application of liquid polish. After it's emptied, the box will be handy as a trinket or a cigarette container. At the far left, in the next row, a triangular box, lined with a creamy, satiny lining and having a leather-like covering. The bottles stand in clips; the set holds two shades of nail polish, bottle of remover, and a jar of nail cream. To the right of it, centered, is a smart leather kit with a slide fastener, like a little suitcase. The bottles hold a shade of ■ famous polish, polish remover, cuticle remover, cuticle oil and stand upright in the case during the manicure. Also included are emery boards, file, orange stick, nail white pencil, and two little pull-out containers of cotton. All very compact and smart, in pigskin finish, black or brown—a grand gift value.

For her feet Yes, we said *feet*. Nowadays every fastidious female cares for her feet as meticulously as she cares for her hands. In summer she wants to be proud of her toes on the beach. And the rest of the year she wants sandals to show only smoothly manicured nails through sheer hose. In fact, the mark of a lady today is when her feet are as well-groomed as her hands! The green case at the right of the photograph is a complete pedicure kit in a rawhide finish material. It's washable and comes in natural and brown shades. It holds everything one needs to keep feet good looking and comfortable: ■ creamy white foot lotion, mentholated for coolness, creamy cuticle oil, liquid nail polish in a conservative shade, polish remover and cuticle remover. There are cotton rolls to put between toes for easy polish application, a long file, and ■ nail nipper. If you can't afford to give a whole pedicure kit, consider giving her a good nipper. With a well-constructed nipper she will find that the foot-grooming job is much smoother and easier than with nail scissors.

For sheer glamour turn to the Style and Beauty cover, where I've shown a few luxurious gifts, to set the stage for Christmas. On the star point at the front is ■ super-elegant lipstick, set in simulated sapphires. There's daytime lipstick tucked in one end, a bright evening shade in the other. When you open the lipstick a tiny lip mirror pops up between the two. On the star point at the right, a smart bouquet perfume from a Fifth Avenue salon line. To carry out the idea of the scent, there's ■ pert nosegay atop the new bottle. Just in front of the lovely lady, a delightfully packaged floral fragrance, the inspiration of a Parisian couturier, famed for his smart and sophisticated costume designs. Its transparent cover is spattered with vari-colored garden flowers. On the star point to the left, an amusing set of satiny sachet bags scented with ■ famous perfume that has the true feminine allure of the heart of Paris. Just in front of the sachets, an evening compact from a distinguished toiletry house, long famous for compacts. It's a double one, holding rouge and powder, and its top is set with a circle of glittering stones.

Sets, sets and sets Whether you're giving ■ present to a very young girl or a mature, luxury-loving lady, you can find a set exactly suited to your desires. For young girls I recommend manicure sets which hold dry polish rather than liquid polish. (And men like these, too, when they're tailored and simple in design.) All the men's sets this year seem to hit a new high in masculine appeal. You'll find interesting sets containing pottery bottles, similar to terra cotta. One new set holds a replica of grandfather's shaving soap mug—just the thing for young blades fresh out of college. In this same line is a woman's jolly beauty kit made like a sewing box with a red velvet pincushion on top! Don't forget introductory sets of beauty aids. There's a new one called a "beauty caddy" that's the answer to a maiden's prayer—for a dollar!

SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED

DON'T you get a thrill when someone says, with feeling, "Now, that's something I've always wanted. I'd never think of buying it for myself and I've never thought of asking for it." In gathering together the gifts on the lower half of the opposite page I've picked things which will evoke that remark.

After-bath powder may not seem so original as a gift, but try giving it to ■ man and see the hit you make! Even the big, strong he-man will confess to a weakness for it after his shower. The one I've chosen, shown at the left-hand corner of the lower picture, has a not-too-sweet scent. It's in a smartly tailored flower box with a puff inside that has ■ red-lined pocket for your fingers! And it's very modestly priced! Just below this is a luxury set of two giant cakes of a fine bath soap. Between them stands a shaker-top box of elegant smelling dusting powder. I don't advise this for the man of the family—but the chiffon bow is just the touch to catch the feminine contingent.

Eye shadow for glamour I'm betting right now that a gift of three varied shades of eye shadows will enchant the young thing just learning to shade her upper lids. These are three new shades shown: gray blue, blue and green. The clever girl uses two shades together for ■ big date! Below the eye shadows are three kinds of beauty brushes. Few women have all three, and a set of them would put you at the top of the class. There's a powder brush, a little eyelash curling brush, and a stiff finger tip brush for nail grooming.

Crystalline atomizers are a perennial Christmas gift, but have you seen the new ones for eau de Cologne? I've shown one in an interestingly patterned glass; another is a separate attachment for a floral dilute perfume—the first cousin to eau de Cologne which has become so popular of late. Below the atomizers, beside the eye shadows, is a snappy compact with lipstick to match. Compacts are not news as gifts, but this year you'll see more lipstick and compact combinations. The one shown in its dashing chrome and blue case has a matching lipstick sprinkled with blue stars. Just above the lipstick is a real novelty in make-up. It's a pancake make-up: foundation and a lovely, soft new cream rouge to go with it. These two come from a famous Hollywood make-up studio and were first brought East by some beautiful New York models who went out to the movies. They were so keen about it that the maker literally had to produce it for the public. You merely dampen a piece of cotton, rub it on the "pancake" and apply sparingly as a powder base. It's the answer to shiny noses and uneven complexions of all ages. The foundation comes in six shades, the rouge in four—an unusual, but sure-fire gift idea.

Gay peasant designs will be found on many novelty items this Christmas, but our favorite of the moment is the bleached maple toilet set with Swiss figures in bright colors. It's perfect for a young girl's room, whether it happens to be Colonial or modern in its décor. Though not high-priced, the set is made by a nationally famous brush maker—which means something in toilet sets these days. Just above these I've put a perfume which was picked because of its feminine, ladylike 1900 feeling. If you are looking for a haunting, light scent for someone who likes hoopskirt fashions and feathered hats, this is it! The fragrance is called "organdy" which expresses its ethereal quality.

Thoughtful givers look for the unusual. In the right-hand corner of the page is a round, gay-printed box which holds a gift that truly illustrates the "something-I've-always-wanted" idea. In it are some lavender sachets to hang on your closet hangers. And below, in the lower corner, is ■ de luxe bottle of a popular hand lotion—very smooth and sophisticated. Not high priced, but, again, something which she might not buy for herself.

Don't be afraid to be original! You'll find many amusing, as well as practical, gifts on toiletry counters—at all prices.

THIS YEAR'S FASHION
—that faint Romantic Blush

AVOID pasty look in bright lights

Pond's "Glare-Proof" Rose Shades reflect softer rays . . . add rosy flattery

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NOT FOR JUST AN HOUR

[Beginning on page 12]

all I want," he said, "or have you? That's what I'd like to find out. Anyhow . . . you've a sufficiently disturbing lot." He put an arm around her, drew her head down against his shoulder and kissed her on the mouth. "I could let myself go with you," he said. "Like a galloping horse."

Kit felt her eyes begin to burn. "Then why don't you?" she whispered.

"Maybe because I've got just sense enough not to," said Greg. He kissed her again lingeringly. She was still in his arms when a middle-aged man and woman came down the path across the bridge, went slowly by with looks divided between disgust and envy.

"Now you see!" said Kit. She smoothed back her hair with a shameless smile.

"The hell with 'em!" said Greg. But he stood up and put down a hand to her. "Come along, Aphrodite . . . let's start back."

SHADOWS were already lengthening across the Park. The sky was a pale and cloudless lilac, almost crystalline in its clearness.

Kit said—on impulse purely. "Let's go by and say hello to Lydie. She might give us a drink." She was walking with her hand through Greg's arm. Somehow she hated to let their moment of passionate nearness go. "Ah—come on, Greg!" she insisted softly when he hesitated. "Lydie's not so bad . . . if you keep her in her place." At the studio he'd go straight back to work. Kit didn't want that—yet.

Greg himself was reluctant to lose evanescent and exquisite touch. He said: "All right . . . only don't stay too long."

They walked swiftly across the Park. When they came out at Fifth Avenue they were glowing with the pace they had set each other.

There was a new doorman at Lydie's apartment house in the East Sixties, Kit had seen him only once or twice before. He looked a little confused when she asked for her mother.

"Mrs. Norman's not at home to anybody this afternoon."

"I'm Mrs. Norman's daughter," said Kit curtly. "Telephone up and say that my husband and I are here." She cocked an eye at Greg, amused at having to wait in the lobby in a place where she had once come and gone as she pleased.

The man at the switchboard seemed unnecessarily long over the call, Kit thought. She murmured to Greg: "Bet Lydie's in the bath."

"The perfect time to call," said Greg.

But as the elevator door to her apartment slid open Lydie fluttered toward them in her newest, most seductive house-gown, a long coat of black lace opening over flounces and frills of rosy softness. Her darkened lashes shaded eyes bright with pleasurable excitement.

"Come in, darlings . . . come in!" she trilled with a hand for each of them. "This is just too marvelous . . ." She flung an arch look back over her shoulder to where a tall rangy middle-aged man with darkly grizzled hair and a lean weathered face stood grinning. "Kit . . ." she cried, "look who's here!"

Kit stood still for an unbelieving instant, then she said: "Hello, Father, how are you?" and went into the room, Greg following her.

Lydie was all pretty charm and eager hospitality. "I've been trying for hours to get you on the phone, Kit. . . . Nobody answered . . . which makes me out an awful little liar because I've been swearing all afternoon that Greg practically sleeps chained to his easel. . . ."

"Drawing-board, Mother," Kit interrupted calmly.

"Well, anyhow," said Lydie—"I have been simply caroling as to how he is the world's hardest working genius, haven't I, Kit? And then when I try to call him he's out!"

Greg noticed that when Lydie said Kit now she was speaking to the man. To call two people by the same name at the same time was doubtless Lydie's idea of whimsical originality.

"Well, young lady." Greenwood was saying to Kit, "been sometime since I've seen you, hasn't it?" He seemed about to put an arm around her, but Kit moved somehow aside making room for Greg and Greenwood merely patted her shoulder.

Lydie waved her still pretty hands helplessly. "I never saw such icicles! Aren't you two going to kiss each other?"

"Which two?" said Greg dryly, shaking hands with his father-in-law.

Greenwood laughed. He had an abrupt hearty guffaw. "Glad to meet you," he said to Greg . . . "very glad indeed. Better late than never, eh?"

"No, but really . . ." said Lydie. "Isn't she a heart of stone, Kit?"

"Don't be sappy, Mother," said Kit. She dropped into a chair and opening her bag pulled out a package of cigarettes.

Lydie sighed: "Well . . . I suppose I am romantic, but . . ."

Greenwood chuckled: "Romantic but . . . exactly describes you." He watched her out of slightly bloodshot knowledgeable dark eyes with a curious admixture of amusement, understanding and something warmer, some old thing momentarily reawakened.

Kit thought: "Oh—so this is one of the more nostalgic meetings—with my honorable parents making passes at each other." She had not seen them together in several years, but she remembered only too well the unstaled and unwithering variety of their reactions. Sometimes they quarreled bitterly. Sometimes, as now, they clearly attracted each other. She thought: "If they like each other so much as all that why couldn't they have stayed married in the first place?"

AS IF she felt Kit watching her, Lydie turned uneasily. "Sit here, Greg . . ." she indicated a corner of the couch and sank down herself in the opposite one. "Kit . . . how about a cocktail for these bright young things?"

Greenwood picked up a shaker which stood on a small table near him and shook it experimentally. "Still plenty here, I guess. Need a couple more glasses though."

"Darling . . you know where they are," said Lydie to her daughter.

Returning with two fresh glasses Kit guessed that her father had had a good many cocktails already. Lydie too? Probably not. Drink was not Lydie's weakness. Too much regard for her looks.

[*Continued on page 80*]

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NOT FOR JUST AN HOUR

[Continued from page 78]

"Now do tell me how the friezes are coming on," said Lydie to Greg with perfervid show of interest.

Kit said quickly, "Frescoes, Mother." She knew Lydie's unconscious talent for rubbing Greg on the raw.

"Oh, frescoes, of course!" Lydie picked it up at once. "He's doing the most marvelous frescoes, Kit . . . for some library somewhere."

"Sounds interesting," said Greenwood. Having handed his daughter a drink he now offered Greg one, then stood by the mantel-shelf with his glass lifted. "Here's happy days, Mr. and Mrs. Jones . . . to you and any little Joneses, eh, Lydie?"

"Must you be vulgar, Christopher?" Lydie primmed a scarlet mouth and rolled an eye outrageously demure.

"Well, just because *you* never wanted a family is no sign *they* won't," said Greenwood with his sudden laugh. Kit thought: "Greg will be wild."

GREG said nothing at all. He finished his drink. Greenwood promptly refilled that and his own as well. "Just what the devil *are* frescoes, anyhow?" he asked. He was trying to be friendly with Greg, sitting there poker-faced and silent.

"Why, Kit, you stupid thing!" said Lydie before Greg could answer . . . "it's something on a wall."

"Oh, then we were all artists together in grammar school days," said Greenwood. He gave Greg a ribald wink. Greg's mouth twitched.

"I think you're horrid," said Lydie. She went over to Greenwood and patted him caressingly on the sleeve. "Don't you take any interest at all in what your daughter's brilliant husband is achieving in the world of art?"

"Mother—for heaven's sake!" said Kit. She hardly dared look at Greg.

"You might not be a father at all," said Lydie. She gave Greenwood's sleeve a little shake. As if, Kit thought, she could not keep her hands off him.

"I've taken your word for it all these years," said Greenwood with a wicked gleam in his amused black eyes.

There was a sudden stir and a soft thump on top of the piano. "Well, holy jumping Jehosophat!" said Greenwood. "When did that get in?" Uncurling a plumy tail, arching a furry silvery back, Lydie's Persian cat was slowly leaving the big jade-green glass platter in which it had been lying.

"Now . . . !" said Lydie . . . "You've waked up Gogo."

"Thank heaven you see her too," said Greenwood. "First I thought it might be the gin. What did you say her name was?"

"*His* name," said Lydie, "is Go-go."

"Gogo . . ." said Greenwood. "Gogo . ." He cocked his head on one side, looking at the cat in a meditative way. "Isn't that what you used to call Norman?" asked Greenwood suddenly. "George Norman, Lydie's second husband," he explained casually to Greg who received the fact without comment. Greenwood turned back to Lydie with a grin. "Gogo . . . that's it! Well, I'll be damned!" He laughed till his face grew red. "What a bucket of fish worms!"

Lydie tossed her head and pouted. "Don't be silly, Kit . . . I know you never liked him."

"Women!" said Greenwood to the room at large . . . "I give 'em up! I'm going back to my home on the range before Circe here names a goat after me."

He embarked upon another drink. Greg got up and walked over to the fireplace. "You're from Nevada, aren't you?" he said—not that he cared but he was too impatient to sit still any longer. "Like it there?"

"Finest state in the Union," said Greenwood, rising at once to any show of interest on Greg's part. "I've got a dude ranch near the California state line. You and Kit ought to run out sometime. She's got a few acres of her own . . . remember, Kit? I put 'em in your name on your eighteenth birthday."

Kit had completely forgotten. She said so.

"Fix you up with a shack and horses . . ." Greenwood was saying to Greg. "China boy . . . anything you want . . . even a divorce in case you ever need one." He laughed, clapping Greg on the shoulder.

Kit rose swiftly. She couldn't stand it any longer. She said: "We've got to be running along. Shall we see you again, Father?"

Greenwood sobered, saying goodbye. "Sorry, my dear, I'm leaving shortly . . ."

"Maybe I can persuade him to stay," said Lydie with a tinkle of laughter. She was standing between Kit and Greenwood. She slipped a hand through the arm of each. "Hasn't this been lovely?" she said. "The whole family together again."

"Lovely," said Kit. She felt as if she couldn't breathe. The warm lamp-lit, rose-fragrant room with its faint over-scents of tobacco and cocktails . . . she and her father and mother . . . so physically close . . . "Well . . . goodbye," she said.

She did not speak to Greg nor he to her till they were half a block down the street, when with her first word she invited disaster. "Messy, wasn't it?"

"A bucket of fishworms," said Greg tensely. "Your father said it."

Because there is that in the human animal which will attack its own yet will by no means suffer its own to be attacked by another, Kit said furiously: "You're talking about my family, please remember."

Greg said: "I'm talking about the whole cockeyed set-up."

She fought to keep tears from her eyes. "I didn't know you had such lofty views on marriage. I suppose your mother . . ."

"My mother's got nothing to do with this—you are not to bring her into it."

Kit said between her teeth: "Oh, shut up!"

"You asked for it," said Greg coldly.

Only an hour or so before she had been in his arms in the Park. Now they were walking down the street together . . . miles apart. Apart they were going home.

IT WAS several days after Greg had his first look at Kit's parents in the revelatory process of reëncounter before Kit dared bring up again the matter of inviting Mrs. Dulany to the studio. She knew that at the mere suggestion of it Greg would probably become enraged, yet it was becoming increasingly embarrassing for her to continue to accept Mrs. Dulany's hospitality—as she did—and to refuse to return it.

Mrs. Dulany had been fairly pointed the last time she had seen her. "That husband of yours . . . still up to his neck, I suppose . . . still can't have anyone around? Seems somewhat superhuman, doesn't it?"

"I knew it . . . I knew it!" he broke out, savagely impatient when Kit finally took her courage in her hands and told him that Mrs. Dulany's visit could not be postponed any longer. "I knew you were letting me in for something like that."

"But Greg . . . even you ought to understand . . ."

"I understand all right. I've seen plenty of her kind." He was dark with fury. "She's had everything on earth to play with so the idea of looking in on the way the other half lives amuses her . . . She's curious, that's all. To hell with her!"

Kit tried still to placate him. "She's not like that. You've no right to say so—till you've seen her."

"Who says I'm going to see her? Just because you let her make a fool of *you* . . ."

She cut him short. "All right. I knew you'd be like this. I just had the thinnest sort of hope you might consider *me* . . . for once." She turned away from him. "I'll get dressed and go out. I'll try to stay as long as I can. Have a nice day all by yourself. . . ." She was doing her best to go with grace but she was not accomplished in long-suffering. Suddenly anger leapt out of her: "You're nothing but a damned egoist . . . a selfish, self-centered, self-indulgent, self-worshiping egoist! And on top of that you're a cheap snob." Pale with violence she had her hand on the grayish bathroom door when he spoke—very quietly as if storm in her somehow appeased and stilled storm in him.

"Don't be sore, Kit. I guess I can stand it if she can. How about day after tomorrow . . . sometime around five? I've got to have today and tomorrow absolutely clear."

Kit turned back, shamed and incredulous. "You mean it?" When he only nodded she went over to him and kissed him. "Thanks, Greg. Just Mrs. Dulany. Not another soul—I promise you."

"What—no Todd?" said Greg dryly.

"I haven't seen Todd for days," said Kit abstractedly. She was casting ahead in her mind as to the possibility of Mrs. Dulany's being free at the time Greg had appointed. Mrs. Dulany was accustomed to set her own time, not to have it set for her.

QUITE as Kit feared, things were not too easily arranged.

"Sorry . . . day after tomorrow's full up already. Make it the first of next week."

Sooner than take that disturbing suggestion back to Greg, Kit pleaded. "Couldn't you stop in on your way to whatever you're doing?"

"I suppose I could . . . it's not very convenient . . . however. . . ." Perhaps Mrs. Dulany saw the anxiety behind Kit's smile . . . perhaps as Greg had divined she was a trifle curious. She spoke briskly. "Very well—day after tomorrow then, but it'll have to be for a few minutes only. I trust your very difficult young man will understand."

On the morning of the day Mrs. Dulany was expected Kit started to clean up the studio. That gave rise to a brief but decidedly unpleasant argument because Greg objected to having broom and dust-rag going while he was trying to work. "I said she was to come in at five. I didn't say I was going to have my whole day disrupted by her."

It was a bad day. Greg worked on in dogged silence and about noon Kit went out for luncheon at a cafeteria and a long walk. Greg said he wasn't hungry . . . that he'd make himself some coffee when he was. When Kit came back to get a bath and to dress he was still lost to the world.

She asked him: "Aren't you going to change?"

He looked at her with annoyance sharpened by weariness. "That's a fact. I'd forgotten . . . the White Queen's coming. Or is it the Red?"

Kit said: "You might put on a clean shirt, anyhow."

"And a tie and a coat," he grumbled . . . but he did it. When at five he was ready, and Mrs. Dulany did not arrive, he swore angrily. "I might have had another half hour of light." He was standing at his drawing-board messing about with charcoal when the downstairs bell rang.

"There she is!" said Kit triumphantly, "and only ten past."

"Take a good fifteen minutes on the stairs," said Greg. "Better telephone for a pulmotor."

MRS. DULANY, however, walked in as fresh as paint. She was in dark tweeds with a black felt hat on her mahogany-colored hair and a dark silk scarf about her throat and said she had just come in from the country. "Good of you to let me come up," she said to Greg. "I understand you're a hard-working man." She shook hands with him and patted Kit on the shoulder, then not waiting to be asked she sat down upon the couch and looked around her. "Mind if I have a cigarette?" Greg lit it for her. "So this . . ." she said to Kit, "is the seventh heaven he kicks you out of." Greg looked at Kit. Kit looked guilty.

"For her own good only," said Greg. "You observe there's not fresh air enough for two." His smile was sardonic but his tone was perfectly pleasant. Kit thought maybe things would go off well enough after all. Only . . . when Mrs. Dulany got around, as she certainly would, to wanting to look at Greg's stuff, Kit didn't know what might happen then. Nothing to do but wait for the lightning to strike.

"Won't you make us a drink, Greg?" she said, being the polite hostess.

"I think I won't have any if you don't mind," said Mrs. Dulany before Greg could answer. "I'm going on to cocktails and dinner—eventually."

"Tea, then?" said Kit.

"Nothing at all, Kit," said Mrs. Dulany. "Don't bother. I'm perfectly satisfied as I am." She said to Greg: "I suppose you paint your wife a lot. She's got good coloring."

"Isn't there something somewhere about gilding the lily?" said Greg, still being just coolly amiable.

"You don't enjoy doing portraits then?" asked Mrs. Dulany. Kit's relaxing muscles tightened. What on earth would he say?

He said just what she might have expected. "Not unless I have to."

Mrs. Dulany laughed. "Thank heaven for that. Just so you don't think I'm a prospect. I've been painted so many times I could almost do a self-portrait. And not a decent likeness in the lot. Wait . . ." she put up an imperative hand. "I know all the patter. A portrait is not supposed to be a likeness. Well, it's not supposed to be a likeness of the artist's cock-eyed subconscious either."

Then it was Greg who laughed. He said: "I can see you've been had." [*Continued on page 82*]

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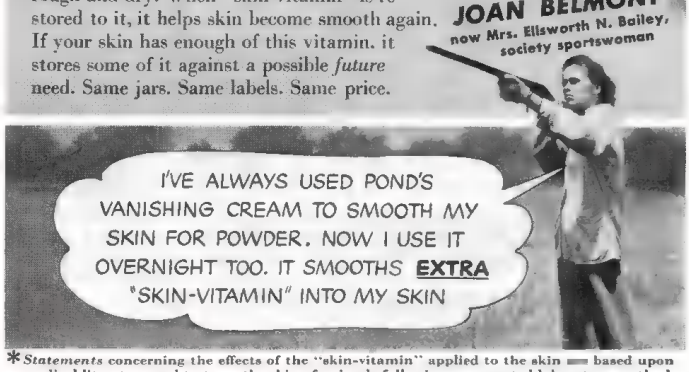
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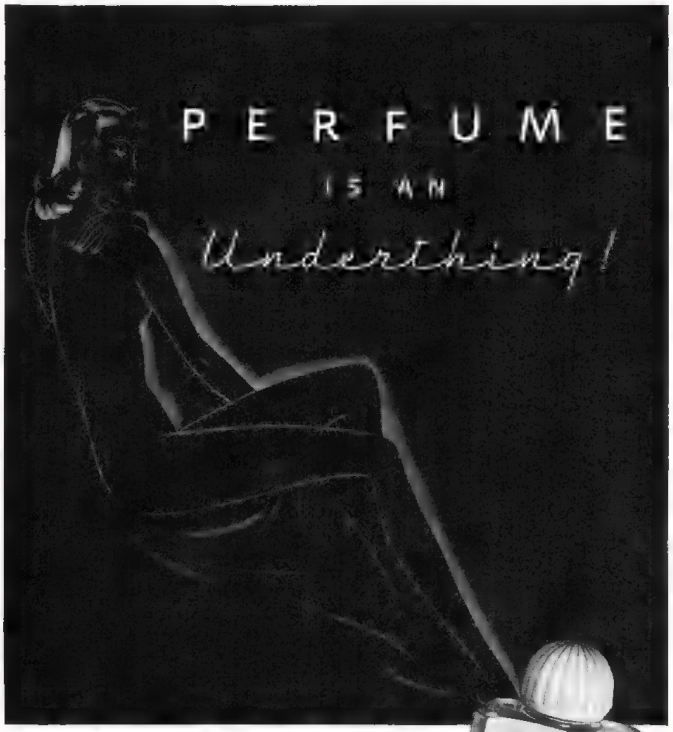

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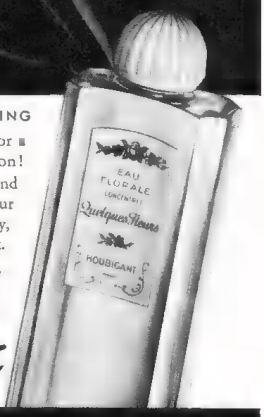

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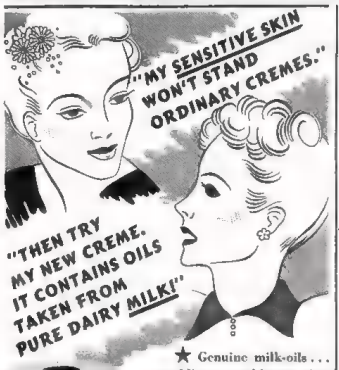

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NOT FOR JUST AN HOUR

[Continued from page 81]

"Only when I chose," said Mrs. Dulany obviously enjoying herself. The whole business was going off much better than Kit had dared hope.

"I hear you're doing some murals," said Mrs. Dulany.

"Yes—frescoes," said Greg. "Know anything about 'em?"

"Oh, well . . ." Mrs. Dulany crossed her legs and smiled to herself. "I've been pretty well all over the shop, you know. I expect I've seen most of the best stuff in Europe."

Kit thought: "The best is all she ever bothers with." She smiled, too, thinking Greg didn't know that. Anyhow he was being so amenable. He was saying: "In that case, mine might serve as a counter-irritant."

"You mean you'd like to show them to me," said Mrs. Dulany.

Greg said: "On the contrary, I thought you might like to see them." He grinned at Mrs. Dulany in a friendly way. She got up at once. She said to Kit: "He's not bad—not bad at all you know," and followed Greg over to the drawing-board.

KIT sat by herself on the couch feeling extraordinarily relieved. She had been so afraid Greg would be contemptuous of his unwanted visitor; even that he might go into one of his deliberate silences. Instead of which, he was dragging out one thing after another, setting them up for Mrs. Dulany's inspection. She was leaning close to the board, squinting absorbedly, then standing back a little with her head on one side.

"A bit—plastic—aren't they . . . for fresco?" That was the first thing she said. "Of course I know nothing of the technique . . . but oughtn't they to be flatter? More in the way of, well—just decorative?"

"Maybe in the course of passing on most of the best stuff in Europe," said Greg, "you overlooked Michael Angelo. Call his Sistine Chapel paintings flat?"

At his tone Mrs. Dulany stiffened, then suddenly laughed, a surprisingly rich and unconsidered sound. "You and Michael Angelo, eh?"

"No, but seriously," said Greg . . . "some paint 'em flat, some don't. I'm one of the do-nots. Some think you ought to stop at the wall. Not let the eye look beyond. Ever read Robert Frost?"

"Never heard of him," said Mrs. Dulany briefly.

"He's pretty well known, nevertheless," said Greg. "Well . . . he says: 'Something there is that doesn't love a wall . . . that wants it down.'"

Her comment was curiously oblique. "You're a New Englander, are you?"

"I am," said Greg. "And I want it down, as well."

"I see," said Mrs. Dulany. "Show me some more. What's in that portfolio there?"

Greg opened the portfolio on the board before her. Kit couldn't believe her eyes. Greg . . . ordinarily more secretive than any miser about his stuff, now with absolute eagerness setting it up for a strange woman to knock it down.

Kit was glad to have him hitting it off with Mrs. Dulany, but presently she began to be a trifle bored with sitting there, forgotten.

She stood up. "I think I'll get myself a drink," she said.

"What's that? . . . oh, yes . . . why don't you?" said Greg without turning around.

"Sure you won't have anything, Mrs. Dulany?" said Kit.

"Quite certain," said Mrs. Dulany crisply. She liked Kit but she disliked being interrupted. Kit went behind the screen and made herself a highball. "Just the artist's dumb wife—" she said to the cold-water faucet, turning it off with a sharp twist, "tending to her knitting while the artist and the duchess get together in a big way." She went back and sat down on the couch.

"Let's look at that French stuff," Mrs. Dulany was saying. So they were going to go into Greg's Parisian past. Maybe he'd tell Mrs. Dulany more about it than he had told Kit. Kit sipped and stared moodily.

"That's an amusing nude," said Mrs. Dulany.

Greg slapped the board lightly and laughed. "She was a mean little thing from Bordeaux. Eyes like saucers. Snaky mouth."

"Posed for you a lot, didn't she?"

"Quite a lot." He didn't go into that any further.

"How long ago did you do these?" said Mrs. Dulany.

Greg said: "About ten years. They're pretty awful, of course. I went through a sticky French stage; even managed to sell a few before I realized just how awful. . . ."

"I wonder what stage you're going through now," Kit said to herself and set her glass down with a sharp click on the floor beside her. Nobody turned. Apparently nobody heard it. She might have been a disembodied spirit for all the notice Greg and Mrs. Dulany took of her. Her anger grew.

"I've had enough of this," she thought. "If I have to smash my glass to remind them I'm here. . . ." This was not the Greg she was married to, the sometimes cold, sometimes abstracted, often irascible but usually withdrawn-into-himself Greg that she knew. This was a keen, excited, eager Greg. Mrs. Dulany had done it to him . . . with her brusque, arrogant understanding and interest. With her he came startlingly alive. "But that's no reason for forgetting that I exist," thought Kit bitterly. She lifted her glass. She could let it slip from her fingers, supposedly in accident . . . but as it happened she had no need to go so far because at that instant the doorbell rang.

THEN Greg turned. He looked at Kit—almost accusingly. "Who on earth is that?"

Kit said: "I'll see." She went over to the door and released the downstairs lock, turned back into the room.

Mrs. Dulany looked at her wrist watch. "Good heavens. I've got to be running along." She said to Kit: "I'm having a few people in for cocktails next Tuesday. Come in if you can." Nothing about having overlooked Kit completely for the last hour or so. She said to Greg: "I won't ask you. You wouldn't come."

"Thanks. That's right," said Greg. He and Mrs. Dulany laughed. Kit was still too angry to laugh.

There was a knock at the door. Greg said: "I'll go, Kit." She knew he meant that he would let whoever it was see they weren't wanted.

He went over to the door and opened it, let out a deep sound of surprise and delight: "Why, Mother!" He put his arms around the

woman who stood there waiting and gave her a hug.

"I just thought as I hadn't heard in so long, I'd come up and see if you were all right," said Mrs. Jones. She was gaunt and grayish . . . like her portrait . . . with a smile something like Greg's. When Greg smiled. She came in with her son's arm around her shoulders. He had pushed her plain black and gray hat a little one side when he kissed her. She straightened it as she walked.

"Mother," said Greg, "this is Kit."

"How are you, Katherine?" said Mrs. Jones. She shook hands with Kit and kissed her on the cheek, simply, without demonstration.

Katherine? Kit's eyes met Greg's in a startled and flashing demand for explanation. Greg shook his head at her slightly.

He said: "And Mrs. Dulany, this is my mother. I'm delighted to have you two meet. You're a good deal alike in some ways."

Mrs. Dulany and Mrs. Jones shook hands. Mrs. Dulany said: "I take that for a compliment, Mrs. Jones."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Jones. "I hope he meant it that way."

Mrs. Dulany looked amused and pleased. She said goodbye to Kit. "Why didn't you tell me the sort of man you were married to?"

"Maybe she doesn't know herself yet," said Mrs. Jones. She had Greg's way of offering ideas with detachment.

Kit was silent. She managed to smile.

Mrs. Dulany said goodbye to Mrs. Jones and to Greg. At the door to which he walked with her she said: "'Something there is that doesn't love a wall,' eh?" Her eyes rested for a moment significantly upon Kit.

GREG'S mother stayed in New York for only two days. She said that she had just run down to meet her daughter-in-law and to see how Gregory was getting along. That was what she said, but it was not hard to guess which of these two objectives came first. Not that Mrs. Jones was anything but pleasant to Kit, or that she didn't know how to mind her own business, or that she made any open demands upon Greg. It was just that she seemed to consider Greg's marriage a minor incident in his life. Kit could not know that Mrs. Jones was apt to begrudge emotional energy except when directed to material accomplishment.

Greg was anxious for his mother's opinion of the sketches. He had never asked Kit's. When his mother told him what she thought he listened attentively. They understood each other. They talked for hours —while Kit sat and listened. Like Mrs. Dulany they seemed to forget that she was there.

To Kit herself Mrs. Jones talked chiefly of domestic matters, such as: "Greg likes my orange and grapefruit marmalade. I'll have to send you up some."

"That would be wonderful," said Kit. She was quiet and deferential with Mrs. Jones. "He shan't be able to say that anything at all is my fault. So long as she's here I'll be a plaster angel—if it kills me."

Mrs. Jones looked at Kit from time to time with a certain amount of speculation in the eyes that were so like Greg's, deep-set, far-seeing. But she too preserved a surface friendly beyond criticism. She stopped at a small midtown hotel, and on the third day she went back to Massachusetts. Greg took her to the train that afternoon. He told Kit just before he left: "Jim's in town. I forgot to tell you. He telephoned while you were out this morning. Said he'd be up around five."

After that Kit felt better than she had in several days. When Greg had gone—it was close to five then—she looked after ash-trays and glasses with a sense of expectation. She had grown very fond of Jim. She didn't see him often but when she did they always picked up just where they had left off. He didn't give her that horrid feeling of being not quite good enough for Greg. On the contrary he usually managed to convey the impression that he thought Greg was lucky to get her.

She wished Jim were there now. At once. She had not often been alone in the studio. It chilled her somehow. As if hostile forces lurked unseen there to surround her. When the telephone cut the uneasy silence of the place, she went to it with a nervous sense of relief.

It was Mrs. Dulany. She said: "I'm going to Nassau for a week or ten days. Have to call it off for cocktails on Tuesday. Sorry."

Kit said she was sorry too. She really was. Mrs. Dulany added considerable color to what Kit was beginning to regard as perhaps a drabber and more difficult way of living than she had counted on when she had persuaded Greg to marry her.

"Wouldn't like to come along, would you?" said Mrs. Dulany offhandedly. She laughed. "My secretary is getting married next month . . . damn her!" Her secretary, of course. Kit had thought at first Mrs. Dulany was about to offer to take her along as a guest.

"Could I qualify?" she said lightly.

"How's that husband of yours?" inquired Mrs. Dulany, dismissing Kit's question as obviously rhetorical.

"He's fine," said Kit.

"I liked him. I liked his work. How's his mother?"

Kit said: "She went back today."

"Smart woman. Knows enough to make herself scarce."

"She's been here almost three days," said Kit.

Mrs. Dulany chuckled. "You sound low. Did you two do battle over him?"

"No . . . honestly not. We never got near enough to each other."

"Well . . . tell him I enjoyed talking," said Mrs. Dulany. "I'll see you when I get back?"

KIT felt lonelier than ever after Mrs. Dulany's call. She walked restlessly about considering what a strange woman Mrs. Dulany was . . powerful in some way or other. You felt it in her. You felt that people were a hobby with her—almost. She liked shoving them about. Look at Todd. When Kit first met Mrs. Dulany, she had really seemed interested in him. Now she had practically passed him over. Well . . . the thing to do with people like that . . . Mrs. Dulany, not Todd . . . was to take their friendship for what it was worth, get what you could out of it . . . not expect too much. Kit thought herself pretty well proof against expecting too much of anything. Any way you looked at it though, Mrs. Dulany's friendship was an ace in the hole. Kit walked up and down . . . up and down . . . fighting—what was it? Fear for herself or— *of* herself? Premonition or just nerves?

When Jim came at last she met him with both hands out. "Jim . . . you don't know how terribly glad I am to see you. . . ." Her voice was unsteady. Still holding her hands, Jim looked at her closely.

[*Continued on page 84*]

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NOT FOR JUST AN HOUR

[Continued from page 83]

"What's up? Nothing wrong, is there? Greg didn't say. . . ."

"Greg doesn't know everything. Anyhow—there's nothing." She took back her hands and tried to laugh.

Jim followed her over to the couch. They sat down together. His eyes were worried. "You don't look like yourself somehow . . . did I interrupt . . . just a few hot tears or something of the sort?"

"No, you darling idiot! Give me a cigarette. I've been brooding a little, that's all." When the cigarette was lit and he was still watching her apprehensively, she said: "My mother-in-law has been here—did you know?"

"Greg said something of the sort about it over the telephone. Nice visit?"

"Oh, very indeed!"

"Meaning not so hot for Kit."

"Meaning nothing of the sort. She was polite as a basket of chips the whole time . . . and so was I."

"The kind of politeness that makes your teeth ache . . . to meet and to give back," said Jim. "I know." He did. That was the subtly endearing thing about him. He made no pretense of being sophisticated or experienced or wise. He just knew, by virtue of simple human kindliness, what other people were apt to be feeling. Because he felt things simply himself.

"Jim . . ." said Kit . . . she stopped, she put her clenched fist against her lips, she dropped it back into her lap and told him the truth: "I hated her. She made me seem like a stray cur Greg had taken into the house. I don't know how she did it, because she never said one unpleasant word or gave me one dirty look . . . but that's how it was."

JIM stood up. He asked casually: "Got anything to drink in the house?"

"About half a bottle of Grade Z gin," said Kit. "We haven't been doing much drinking lately or much smoking even, because she coughed once or twice . . . and practically no demonstrations of affection. Somehow it just didn't seem decent with her looking on. If you see what I mean."

"I see what you mean," said Jim. "Maybe that was just as hard for Greg as for you."

"Oh, no it wasn't," said Kit. "When he felt an emotion coming on he just slapped me on the shoulder . . . some nice hearty wholesome gesture like that. Will you have ginger ale or orange juice with your poison?"

"Never saw you like this before," said Jim. "Ginger ale's all right for me."

"Never been like this before," said Kit. "You should have seen me when I was a virgin. All sweetness and light." When he looked embarrassed she laughed a trifle wildly. "Oh, no little garments under construction, darling . . . what I mean to say, marriage is making another woman of me. I used to be comparatively a decent sort."

"Come back and sit down," said Jim. He put his hand on her arm for a moment, a thin, long-fingered bronzed hand.

"How do you get that swell tan of yours?" said Kit curiously.

"I play a lot of tennis . . . when I'm anywhere near a public court."

She said slowly: "I haven't played since last summer. I haven't ridden. I've forgotten what golf-links look like. All I do is walk, walk, walk . . . up one street and down another . . . doesn't make any difference where I go so long as I keep out of here. Because it seems, Jim. . . ."

"Come along," said Jim gently. He turned her back toward the couch.

"Sit back against the wall," he said. "You're all tied up in bowknots, aren't you?"

She let him make her comfortable but she kept doggedly on with what she was saying. "It seems . . . that art . . . must do its stuff alone."

"I guess that's right, Kit," said Jim unhappily.

"Maybe it's right," said Kit . . . "but it's just too bad I didn't find it out sooner."

JIM set his glass down and reached for a cigarette. Shadows were spreading across the walls. The great dusty oblong of the north window was almost imperceptibly deepening. "Your drink all right?" said Jim.

"Fine," said Kit. "Don't mind my letting go like this, do you . . .?"

"Why not?" he told her . . . "if it's any good to you." He put a hand over hers suddenly and as suddenly withdrew it. "You were all right, weren't you . . . you and Greg . . . until Mrs. Jones blew in."

Kit said: "We were not all right. We have never been all right . . . from the first moment we began to live together we have been all wrong. And we both know it." It wasn't the drink. It was something in her, deep down in her, giving away. Something that wasn't equal to the strain she and Greg between them had been putting on it. "Jim," she said . . . "you knew it too. You must have. All along." She got up and set her glass down on the table, stood there with her hands gripping the wooden edge of it.

"So help me," said Jim . . . "I did not. Anybody could see you're two different kinds of people but . . ." he came and stood beside her, his eyes desperately troubled. "I thought because you were so much in love . . ." he said, haltingly.

"Love!" said Kit. She threw back her head . . . he could not help seeing how long and white her throat was . . . she shook with laughter. "That was the one thing we never pretended to have," she said.

"Kit—hush . . . you don't know what you're saying. You'll be sorry tomorrow." He had put both hands deep in his trouser pockets. Detached feminine instinct marked that and told her why. He was afraid to let himself touch her. She had always known in her soul the attraction she had for him, but in a saner moment she would not have allowed either herself or him to acknowledge it. Now she was past caring what weapons she seized upon with which to fight despair and loneliness. Hysteria gripped her.

"Tomorrow?" she cried. "I was sorry *yesterday!* Oh, Jim . . . you don't know what it's like! I'm nobody now. I'm not Kit Greenwood any more. I'm not even Kit Jones . . . oh, what a name! I must have been crazy. . . ."

Greg had said that to her once, she remembered. Well . . . he had tried to stand her off, but after all he had let her crowd him into it. Marriage. The sort of marriage they had. They must both have been crazy. She dropped her face in her hands, trying to control herself.

Jim put his arms around her. "Hush, poor darling . . . hush! I can't bear you to go on this way . . ." He put his cheek down on her hair, holding her close. She had swept him at last from his moorings.

"I *won't* be unhappy forever." She clung to him. "Why should I? I've got a right to live too. This isn't living . . . and I've had enough of it."

"Don't say that! Give it a chance . . ." even with her in his arms, trying to do his best for Greg.

"I will say it. I've given it plenty of chance . . . and it doesn't work . . . it will never work."

Her face was strained against his shoulder. She was deaf and blind to anything except her own fierce misery, but Jim heard something, even through the sound of her sobbing . . . a step outside the door, a key turning in the lock. He tried gently to loosen her hold but at that, feeling only her last refuge failing her, she clung the closer. She lifted her tear-stained face to his. She said brokenly but with agonized distinctness: "Jim . . . I'm going to leave him."

Greg shut the door behind him. Color drained out of his face. His face became in that instant a mask of appalling amazement and bitterness. He looked long and contemptuously at Jim who looked back, stunned into silence. Greg looked at Kit. Then he laughed, a brief harsh sound.

He said: "Maybe you are, at that."

KIT had never seen an avalanche but from that moment she was to learn how avalanches began and how they gathered way.

Had she really meant that she was going to leave Greg? She had had no time to decide. Greg's icy fury had swept down upon her like a wind from the frozen North. In less than no time his scorn . . . her pride . . . had made explanation, further endurance even, impossible.

Greg had said to Jim: "I think you'd better go now." His tone had been casual but his mouth and his eyes might have been cut in stone.

"All right—if that's the way you feel about it." Jim's tortured grin had wrung Kit's heart. She had got him into the mess, but something secret and cruel in her refused to let her say so, refused to let her spare Greg a single pang. Let him think Jim was against him too.

"That's the way I feel about it." Coolly and quietly he had opened the door for Jim to go . . . and Jim, leaving the next day on a trip South would be gone for months. Both Greg and Kit knew it. Jim would have no other chance than this to explain. Nevertheless Greg had simply asked Jim out. After Jim had gone, white to his wide sensitive mouth, Greg and Kit had had their showdown. It had been adequate.

Kit woke next morning in her mother's apartment, in her old room. Coming in about dinner time, with one suitcase, her hat-brim slanted low

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over reddened and stormy eyes, Kit had declined dinner and had locked the door on Lydie's eventually tearful request for enlightenment.

Waking after hours of nervous struggling with the inquisitors of the night mind, Kit hoisted herself on her pillows, and mustered her forces in the dogged endeavor to decide what and what not to tell Lydie. Greg had said, looking at Kit as if she had been something which had crawled up from the drain-pipe: "You're not the only one that's through." She wasn't going to tell Lydie that, but she would have to tell her something. Might be well to get up and brush her teeth before the impending discussion.

LYDIE knocked on the door as Kit was slashing a comb through her hair for the last time. She unlocked the door at once.

"I've brought your tray myself, darling," cooed Lydie.

"Swell . . . thanks," said Kit. She got back into bed. "Mind if I get outside some of this at once?"

"You poor angel," sighed Lydie. Behind eyes filled with gentleness she watched Kit like a hawk.

Kit ate ravenously. She had thought the night before she never wanted to look at food again, but her healthy body now asserted itself. 'You always did have grand coffee," she said at length, wiping her lips on one of Lydie's monogrammed breakfast napkins.

"Shall I take the tray, sweet?" said Lydie. "I'll put it just outside the door. I thought you wouldn't want to be bothered with Belle this morning." Belle was Lydie's maid.

When Lydie came back and sat down again Kit was sitting straight upright, her long legs crossed beneath her, the sheets smoothly tucked about her slender middle, her hands linked in her lap.

Kit said: "How are you fixed for room these days?"

Lydie stirred uneasily. "What do you mean?"

"I'm looking for somewhere to stay for a while," said Kit.

Lydie's gray eyes widened a trifle. "Now, Kit . . . you needn't try to tell me . . ."

Kit said: "I *am* telling you. I've got to find a place . . ."

"For a day or two? . . of course. But surely," Lydie went on, "you don't really mean that you and Greg . . . ?"

"Washed up," Kit told her briefly —adding after a moment: "No flowers please!"

"Why . . . I . . . well, for heaven's sake!" murmured Lydie . . . almost a whimper of dismay. "It can't be as bad as all that, Kit." She had been afraid the night before when Kit walked in upon her looking like a woman in a bad dream that something had gone temporarily wrong . . . but why must it be final? Things had been going along so comfortably since Kit's marriage—for Lydie. "Just give him time . . ." begged Lydie. She had so often found that formula successful.

"I'd give him time in hell, if I could," Kit told her savagely. She controlled herself. "It's no good, Mother. Not after last night."

"Well, tell me . . . what happened last night?" asked Lydie in the midst of disapproval and apprehension, greedy for emotional particulars.

"Enough," said Kit succinctly.

"Now darling—don't be like that! When you've both cooled off you'll go back . . ."

"That's what *you* think."

"It's been done before," said Lydie wisely. "I remember when I . . ."

Kit set her teeth. "Suppose we skip the back-stairs memoirs," she said. "Have you room for me now or haven't you?"

"How can you be so hard?" mourned Lydie.

"I see," said Kit. "Well, that's that." She hadn't really expected Lydie to be pleased at the thought of having her daughter back on her hands again.

Lydie was pleating a fold of her laces with slightly nervous fingers. "I really think, Kit," she said, "you might remember . . . I've got nothing on earth but my alimony . . ."

"I seem to have heard that before," said Kit immobile.

"You used to have your allowance from your father . . ." said Lydie, "but when you got married that stopped. So now if Greg doesn't support you . . ."

"Who will, eh?" said Kit.

"Well, you certainly can't support yourself," said Lydia. "Oh, darling, do be sensible. . . ."

"And go back like a wise woman to where my bed and board are paid for," said Kit. "Thanks for the motherly advice." She threw back the covers and got out of bed. As she did so there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Lydie impatiently.

It was Belle at the door, soft-voiced and brown-skinned, a florist's box in her hands. Kit had an instant's mad idea . . . Greg was sorry . . . he had sent . . . he was trying to tell her . . . Well, let him try!

"For you, Mrs. Norman," said Belle. She gave the box to Lydie and discreetly left the room.

Kit didn't know if she were more relieved or disappointed. She picked up her dressing gown, put it on and tied it around her. She walked over to the window and stood there staring across the street. The day was grayly dark. Unremitting rain fell thinly. She heard Lydie rattling tissue paper. "Do come and look, lamb!"

Kit had been thinking: "It's true. Who've I got now?" With her family out, who was left? Jim . . . already on his way South . . . anyhow she'd done him harm enough. Todd . . . Todd had thrown her down once. Why give him a second chance?

"Now don't stand there and sulk," cried Lydie gayly. "Come here and smell these. They're too delicious."

KIT went back to the bed. Lydie sat embracing a box of pink roses and gardenias. She showed Kit a card. It read below an engraved name, Seymour Cowles, through which a pencil line had been drawn: "Just to remind you that you are having tea with me tomorrow."

"Tea!" said Lydie with a girlish twitter of laughter . . . "not cocktails . . . really . . . he means it." There was an overtone of excitement in her voice. "You'd be crazy about him, Kit. He's from Kentucky and he writes poetry."

Kit thought: "Lydie has somebody new. She's like a cat after catnip." Kit didn't much care except that it was suddenly clear why Lydie didn't want her back home just now.

The flowers weren't bad. The roses, a peculiarly vivid shade, were like some Kit had seen at the Flower Show. The power of association woke a thought in her mind. Mrs. Dulany. There was someone . . . a long shot.

Kit went over to the door and called clearly: "Belle . . . come here a minute, will you?"

"What on earth do you want with Belle?" asked Lydie, happily cuddling her flowers.

"I want her to press my frock for me," said Kit. "I'm going out."

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

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FOURTH ACT

[Beginning on page 10]

"Oh, heavens," I thought, "I'll go back and start on the second nine!"

But it was too late. "Hello, Ann," you said. "I'm glad to see you! You know Marjorie, don't you?"

"I certainly do. So nice to meet you again, Miss Hamilton."

You asked me to join you and I wanted to say, "The heck I will!" Only the words wouldn't come.

Your drive was a beauty and she watched you with large, shining eyes. Then she put one almost beside yours. Mine went all of seventy yards and landed in a particularly vicious tuft of marsh grass by the pond.

On the twelfth, she drove two hundred yards straight out, and you looked as if you could have hugged her. You went off down the path—so very much together. I was in the woods beyond the tee. You were nice and waited for me. When I came up you said, "How goes it?"

I had to be busy with my shoe for quite a while. Tears don't show much on grass.

On the fifteenth tee, Marjorie sat on the bench with her face tilted up.

"Sunset and evening star, and one clear call—"

I turned around quickly. You always loathed Tennyson. But you were *smiling* at her. "I'm two up on you—what are you going to do about that, Youngster?"

I used to like it when you called *me* "Youngster." I began to think very hard about the clothes I'd take abroad. By the time I had mentally packed two suitcases, a hatbox, and a trunk, I was able to say goodbye in the proper carefree manner.

THE next week-end you took me to the Club dance. It was a lovely evening. We didn't dance—we sat in front of the fireplace and played chess, very seriously. We could, of course, have played in peace at your house or mine, but it was much more amusing to look down on the frivoling masses from the serene heights of the queen's gambit. You took me home very late and we stood for a while under the stars. You didn't say anything, but I read what I wanted to into your silence, and went to bed comforted.

The next Saturday Marjorie came down again.

Fortunately Aunt Grace decided to sail two weeks earlier than we'd planned, so I didn't have much time to think. And finally it was the night before I started. And do you remember the going away party? And oh, do you remember after everyone left, you took me in your arms?

When we were on board the boat, I wrote a long letter to Sally and told her the plan showed signs of working.

It was fun traveling with Aunt Grace. She's an Edna May Oliver sort of person, and the situations we got ourselves into didn't encourage vaporings.

Every time I went to the bank for mail, I'd take the letters casually and try not to look through them too fast. But yours was never there. Aunt Grace knew about you, of course, but she never said anything. She'd take me out to have a port flip at the nearest sidewalk café, and I'd be all right till the next time.

After we sailed for home, I used to sit on the boat deck and try to figure things out. I knew you weren't ill. I'd had postcards from your mother, and Father wrote that he'd played golf with you once.

Neither my friends nor my family said anything about Marjorie. Were they being tactful, or hadn't she visited you again? Remembering the reason for the last time you stopped writing, I was very much afraid they were being tactful. I made up my mind to look at the problem squarely. It was a depressing sight. There couldn't be much doubt that you were in love with Marjorie. The plan of going away from you—that ancient, proverbial plan—hadn't worked. Oh, it was probably all for the best. Mother and Father and Sally were right and I ought to keep away from you. Unquestionably.

Absurd, unreasonable moths to go fluttering around candleflames.

I went right on fluttering. Two years ago, engaged to me, apparently entirely contented—even delighted—to be tied down for life, you met Sheila. She fascinated you, but you found you didn't want her permanently. So you came back to me, and my little act of having fun together but no strings worked almost to the point of matrimony. Until Marjorie came along—large-eyed, naïve.

Good old Ann, *she'll* understand! Well, I didn't and wouldn't understand. I was so sure that I was the one you ought to have. And I was coming back to see that you got me!

We came up the Bay late in the afternoon, a million windows in Brooklyn and Manhattan kindling in the smoky fire of the sunset. When the boat was finally tied to the pier, I had a queer emptiness in my middle and my knees were rubber. Somewhat to my surprise, I found myself walking down the gangplank without help.

Dickie Andrews greeted me vociferously. "Paris to the ears! Get a load of that bonnet, folks!"

"Let go, Dick, you oaf! Call off your son, Aunt Grace!" I was trying to look beyond him. Mother was there; Father was there; Uncle Peter was there; but not you.

We arranged ourselves under the large black A. Dickie leaned on my trunk and grinned down at me.

"Well, what do you think of the news?"

"News?" I said. "What news?"

"Why, Van Norton getting himself married!"

Something inside me was suddenly small and cold and very, very lonely.

"Married?" I said. "But when—?"

"Oh, he sort of eloped with that Hamilton dame about a week ago. Gosh, I thought *you'd* know all about it!" said Dickie, rubbing in salt.

"Well, I was away and he must have been busy. He might have written, though—the hound!" It didn't sound like my voice with that high, too bright note in it. "Look, I had eight pieces of baggage and I can only count six. Aunt Grace, have you got them?"

"No, my lamb, I haven't. I'd go look for them if I were you." Suddenly I realized that she was watching me. They all were.

I DIDN'T scream, though. I hurried away and found the bags with a desperate efficiency. I took them back to A followed by a customs man.

"—two evening dresses, five pairs of shoes, perfume—What's this?"

I could see the blue package the inspector held out. "Victrola records," I said. "They're a present—"

("A present," the small cold thing whispered. "His favorite symphony! You were going to—you'll have to listen to me!"

"I know, I *know!*" I told it savagely. "But not here—not now.")

Dickie was saying, "Aunt Elizabeth, I think this night calls for celebration. Mind if Ann and I go on a tear?"

She looked at me anxiously. "You're sure you aren't too tired?"

"Oh, no," I said, "I'm just *fine!*"

I don't remember much about the evening after that. We had dinner at a Swedish place on Third Avenue and I think we went to a couple of places on Fifty-Second Street. I do remember coming back to the hotel quite late and being thankful Mother and Father were asleep. I crawled into bed, turned out the light and faced the thing that was small and cold and very, very lonely.

I went back to Rochester with the family, but I couldn't stay there. I came down to New York, Sally got me a job in the bookstore where she worked, and we took this apartment.

I paid entirely too much for the chess set I sent you and Marjorie for a wedding present. But I was pretty sure she didn't play chess. Your adding "Thank you, Youngster," to her note gave me a very queer feeling. So did your telephone call that Saturday in May. You were in town with Marjorie on a holiday, and could you see me?

I hope you noticed how cheerful I was. All the time I was telling you to come for cocktails the next day, I was thinking, "—new glasses—the cocktail shaker's broken—Oh, it's been so long!—how can I—have we any vermouth—?" I put the phone back and turned to Sally. "Now look what I've done!" I said, helplessly. "I had all the pieces of my life pretty well picked up and now I'll see him and have to start all over again."

Sally was very firm with me. "Pull yourself together, Ann Allen. We'll make it a party and ask Whit and Dickie and the Bryces. I'm very curious to see the great Van Norton and the poor goon who married him. You just be thankful it wasn't you."

"Well, I should be," I admitted, "but that doesn't seem to keep my innards from doing somersaults when I hear his voice."

BY FIVE the next afternoon, I was dressed and the canapes were made. I sat in the big chair and looked at the living room. Apple blossoms in the pottery vase; built-in bookcases—well-filled—opposite the fireplace; Sally's mahogany table with the cocktail shaker and glasses (borrowed) on my silver tray. Rather nice, I thought, and not a broken heart anywhere in sight.

The doorbell rang violently. Sally's young man and several other people were with you on the landing. I didn't think it was fair of you to kiss me after Marjorie and the rest had gone inside. It was very confusing. I retreated to the bedroom where Marjorie was powdering. She turned on the charm and said, "It was terribly nice of you to ask us. Van thinks *such* a lot of you, and I do like him to see his old friends as much as he can."

"I'm sure you do!" I thought.

I said, "I hope you'll come down often. But I suppose you're pretty well wrapped up in the new home."

"Oh, no, I'm still teaching. Van didn't want me to give up my work—he thinks housekeeping would be very dull for me. And of course it would be," she added hastily. But not before I caught the wistful note in her voice. She looked a little worn out and she had a run in her stocking. I knew I was looking my very best and my stockings were whole and the sheerest I owned.

After a cocktail and a lot of introductions, I was suddenly tired of all the faces. I went through the door to the balcony. In a few minutes you followed me, and we stood looking into the empty, breathless street.

You said, "I haven't forgotten—anything. I remember Gull Pond, and the Florentine box, and the second movement of the Seventh."

Our most private pass words.

I couldn't speak, and presently I heard you, "I imagine you know why I came down. I wanted to find out about you. Is everything all right?"

What did you expect me to say? Naturally I told you that I was having fun, that I liked my job.

But you kept on, "Don't you ever look at the buildings and wish they were the Tyrolean Alps? Don't you remember the other side of the mast on the *Sea Dog?*" You looked at me. "I might find it necessary to come down quite often on business."

There was only a very slight pause while I found my answer. "Really? Well, if you're here over a week-end, do come see us. Sally and I almost always have a crowd here Sunday afternoons." I gave you my nicest smile and went inside.

The room was blue with smoke by that time and Marjorie was getting restless. "Don't you think we'd better be on our way, Van darling?"

Possessive. And it annoyed you. You set your jaw. "All right my dear."

I watched you go. Then I went into the kitchen to mix more cocktails. Sally was there, opening a jar of olives. "I heard what he said about coming down on business. *Business!* Are you going to get yourself involved again with him! If you are, I wash my hands of you. With soap!"

"Don't worry," I said, "I'm not."

Anyway there haven't been any business trips, so far. That curious little scene on the balcony may have been the result of an extra cocktail, or the run in Marjorie's stocking. But it unsettled me, and started the "if's" and the "might have been's" keeping me awake nights.

Last week Sally and I went to the movies. It wasn't a very good show, but there was one thing: the girl's mother says to a thoroughly ineligible young man, "Go away. We have a good man interested in us!"

Sally dug her elbow into me. Because Greg Marshall is interested. Definitely. And he is a very good man. He likes all the right things—ferry rides, Donald Duck, the Philharmonic, books and the seals in the Central Park zoo. So, please go away?

I have read over what I've written and I can see—oh, clearly!—what a complete fool I am. Of course the end of our little drama came when I left you standing on the balcony. And yet here I am, still staying awake, still watching the mailbox, still listening for your voice on the telephone. It's perfectly apparent that I'm the one Shaw was talking about when he said a woman can never accept a third act curtain as final. She'll always want a fourth act.

THE letter ended there. Ann sat staring at the last page, thinking of what had not been written.

"Aren't you ready?" asked her husband, coming into the living room. "Don't forget we're due at Diana Bradford's for cocktails."

Ann put the letter carefully away and closed the drawer. "I'm ready now, Van. I'll get my coat."

"I've been wanting you to meet Diana," he said, as they went out. "She's quite a person. You'll be amused."

• • •

She smiled faintly. "I really wish you wouldn't make such an effort. I'm not paying you to work this hard."

Jay managed to keep on dancing automatically, but his eyes stared over her head with blind bewilderment. Finally he said, "Would you mind telling me whose party this is?"

Her eyebrows arched in surprise. "It's *my* party, and, if you must know, I find it exceedingly dull."

"Oh, so it's your party, and you're stuck with it!"

She stiffened in his arms, and her face flushed. "Yes," she replied. "That's rather obvious, isn't it?"

NUMBER III bore down upon them, and Jay returned to the Stag Line. It was about time, he decided, to solve this mystery. He approached one of the remaining five of the S.S. "Could I have a word with you?" They moved off from the others. "Say, what *is* this, anyway?" asked Jay, "I'm completely in the dark! I walked into the Sapphire Bar, was told to sit down, drink a champagne cocktail and then come up here. I don't get it at all!"

The boy looked at him uncertainly. "Aren't you a friend of Miss Stuart?"

"Who's Miss Stuart—Jonquil?"

"Yes. Look here, maybe you'd better clear out. She probably thought you were with us!"

"Who are you guys, anyway?"

"We're—friends of Miss Stuart."

"Such close friends that she doesn't know a stranger with you *is* a stranger? There's something fishy about this, and if you don't tell me, I'm going to ask Miss Stuart herself!"

"Don't ask *her,*" said the young man. "It might embarrass her." He pulled out his wallet, opened it and

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FULL MANY A ROSE

[Beginning on page 23]

not to be too obvious about the cutting—and remember, I don't want to dance with anyone else more than three steps!"

They advanced upon the Jade Room. "You certainly have them well trained!" said Jay.

She looked at him in surprise. "You don't take this very seriously, do you?"

"Nope," replied Jay as they began to dance, "but I *can* be serious. Why, back home they call me Ole Sober-Puss. What does one call *you?*"

"My name is Jonquil."

"Jonquil! Is it really?"

"Of course it is! Why?"

"Because it's perfect! That golden head above the green of your dress—"

"I can return at least *part* of the compliment. I think you're *fresh.*"

JAY looked at her reproachfully. "Why, Jonquil—!" he began, but then one of the Silent Six appeared and cut in. Jay drifted to the sidelines looking over the crowd. There were some very alluring girls floating by, but none, Jay decided, as lovely as Jonquil. His eyes swept over the floor searching for her. He discovered her at the moment another of the Silent Six was cutting in. Jay waited a second then started forward purposefully.

"Hello, Jonquil!" he beamed at her as he took her in his arms again.

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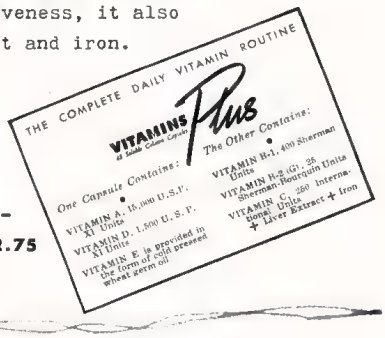
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FULL MANY A ROSE

[Continued from page 87]

held it before Jay's eyes. "Does that explain it?" Jay peered at the identification card. It said, BOBBY DAWSON ESCORT SERVICE, and down in a corner in small letters, William Squires.

Jay stared a moment. "Oh," he said, and then in a moment, "But, I don't get it—is this sort of thing customary at big parties like this?"

The other smiled meaningly. "I guess it isn't always necessary. Miss Stuart just ordered us—herself."

"I see," said Jay which was an exaggeration. "Thanks very much."

"Not at all!" replied the other politely, and, since it seemed to be his turn on the floor, he walked away and disappeared in the crowd. Jay frowned. Why in heaven's name should a girl as beautiful as Jonquil Stuart hire men to dance with her? He wandered over to a group of stags and said casually, "Oh, by the way, which one is Jonquil Stuart? I'm not sure that I know her. What's she like?"

"Very cold," replied one. "She's a frozen waste."

"Too high hat," said another.

"And she has what is fondly called 'a fine mind!'" added another. "Heaven deliver me from all brainy women!"

"Brainy?" asked still another in surprise. "I thought she was dumb. Didn't open her mouth once when I danced with her."

Jay said calmly, "Funny. I heard she was a knockout!"

"There she is—in the green dress," said the third one. "Why don't you go see for yourself?"

Jay grinned at him and set out in pursuit of Jonquil and her partner.

They danced silently for a minute or so, then Jay leaned down to her ear. "I'm afraid that you misunderstood that crack about your party."

"Oh, that's all right," she said, smiling up at him. "After all, it's true. It *is* my party, and I *am* stuck with it!"

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't *think;* I *know* it! Boys just don't like me; they cut-in once, but never twice. And if you aren't cut-in on every six steps, that means you're a failure. Mother would die of disappointment if I weren't stormed by troops of stags—and I hated to ruin the evening for her."

"I think you're being modest."

"No. I have absolutely no box-office. And besides, I hate parties!"

THE music stopped and as they walked off the floor Jay asked, "Then why are you having this shindig?"

Jonquil sighed. "Didn't you ever hear of a Coming-out party?"

"Naturally. It's my specialty."

"Of course. Well, Mother insisted that I 'Come-Out,' so I'm coming out, that's all! I had to do it to please Mother."

"And is she pleased?"

"I think she is now since I imported some popularity. Actually I'm—just a misfit with all these boys. I'm just a flop, that's all."

"I wouldn't say that," said Jay. "You know the old saying—'Full Many a Rose is born to blush unseen.'"

"That's the trouble! Mother wants me to *be* a rose, and I'm not!"

"Is this a meeting of the Botanical Society! Can I play too?" They both looked up, startled, at the genial young man who stood before them.

"Oh—hello, Waddy," said Jonquil.

"How's everything?" he grinned at Jay. "Do I know you?"

"Oh, excuse me," said Jonquil. "Mr. Wadsworth, Mr.—?"

"—Pennington," replied Jay. "Jay Pennington."

"Howr'ya?" Waddy stuck out his hand. "I thought you might like to waddle out this waltz with Wadsworth," he said to Jonquil.

"I'm sorry," said Jonquil. "It's taken." Her frigid manner hardly expressed regret.

"Okay," said Waddy cheerfully. "I'll be around later then. Glad to have met you, Pennington!"

JAY looked after him thoughtfully. "Something tells me you don't care much for Waddy."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, Waddy's all right only he's going to be an ex-football captain all his life."

"And you think he should be worrying about the masses or something?"

"Well, I'd like him better if he thought about *something* besides parties. I like people who *do* things!"

"Are there any shining examples here tonight?"

"Of course not!" he said. "They're all social parasites. They're dissipated with money."

Jay cocked a quizzical eyebrow at her. "You wouldn't be a little *parlor-pink* rose, would you?"

"I don't know—exactly. But it does seem to me that all the wrong people get the breaks. Look at you! Forced to be a—gigolo when you have twice as much brains as Waddy! What would you really like to do?"

Jay tried to look wistful. "Well, there isn't much choice for work these days. I couldn't be a lawyer, because I haven't had any education. I *won't* drape myself over a shovel and contemplate ditches all day. So I guess I'll just go on being a lily of the field. I like champagne and caviar, and occasionally there's a beautiful blonde."

"Would you like some champagne?" asked Jonquil hastily.

"Since you insist, yes. It was *such* a hard day! I had no lunch."

"No lunch?"

"I was out with a lady on a diet."

"And she wouldn't let *you* eat? Why, how awful!" said Jonquil sympathetically. She asked the waiter to bring a chicken sandwich.

At this point another young blood whom Jonquil introduced as Blackford Wells appeared. She turned down his offer with the same frigidity of manner which she had bestowed upon Waddy, and young Wells moved away with a look in his eyes which said he would *not* return. "Don't know as I blame him!" said Jay to himself. "And will *I* be thrown out on *my* ear when she discovers I'm from Good Ole Yale, and have a Good Ole Maryland family!" He took the chicken sandwich and began to wolf it down.

Jonquil touched his elbow. "Sh! Here comes Mother!"

Mother alighted upon them. She was one of those rare delicate blondes whose beauty even in the forties is still fragile and ethereal. Where Jonquil was sleek and cool, her mother was fluffy and inclined to twitter.

"Jonquil, darling! I've been looking all *over* for you! Oh! do I know this charming young gentleman?"

Jay bowed and smiled. "I am Jay Pennington."

"Oh, how do you *do!*" She gave him her hand. "Are you, by any chance, related to Mrs. Thorne Pennington of Baltimore?"

Jonquil tried to interrupt but Jay replied, "Oh, yes, she's my Grandmother!"

"How *lovely!*" Her laugh tinkled like April raindrops. "We must have him for dinner. Jonquil." She floated away in a cloud of mauve chiffon.

When supper was served Jonquil and her seven stooges sat together. Jay made such a tremendous effort to be funny that he soon had two of the Escorts choking over their chicken a la King. Jonquil laughed too, and when she did, she became just a pretty girl having a good time. It was like seeing the sun come out from behind the clouds on a dull day.

Jay leaned over to whisper in her ear. "You know I think all the Escorts are taking more than a professional interest in you, and before someone beats me to it, may I ask to see you home—alone? Preferably with a stop-off at La Conga?"

She smiled at him. "All right, I'll go."

When the last of the guests were trailing out Jonquil told her Mother that she was going on to La Conga with Jay, then went to get her wrap, Mamma turned to Jay. "I am *so* glad! Jonquil needs more gayety, poor dear child! You must come soon for dinner—as a matter of fact, come tomorrow for cocktails."

"I'd love to," said Jay, as Jonquil returned. Her mother kissed her and gave her a little squeeze. "Now, you both run along and have a marvelous time! And don't forget tomorrow!" she called after Jay.

"I'll be there!" Jay called back.

"You'll be where?" asked Jonquil.

"I have been invited for cocktails tomorrow afternoon!"

Jonquil's eyebrows came down in a frown. "I don't think you'd better come. Someone might discover who you are—and Mother would simply die of humiliation. You shouldn't have told her you were from Baltimore—she knows everyone there. She'll find out that there is no Jay Pennington!"

"I'll fix it. I'll tell her that I wasn't bright as a child, and they kept me in a dark closet."

THEY arrived at La Conga, were given a ringside table, and were immediately surrounded by newspaper photographers and proudly solicitous waiters. Jonquil, her face a study in dismay, turned to Jay. "Oh, please, can't you make them go away?"

Jay's hand closed over hers reassuringly. "As the newest thing in débutantes, you're news. Give them a break, Jonquil! Remember, they have to make a living, too!"

"I never thought of that," said Jonquil. So she smiled, the pictures were taken, and the photographers said, "Thank *you!*" and disappeared.

"See?" said Jay. "It's very simple; you smile, and that makes them happy because it helps them make a living. The pictures will please the editors and make *them* happy; and when your mother sees you in all the papers, it will make *her* happy. It wasn't so bad, now was it?"

"—No—I guess not."

"Something ought to be done about you; you'll end up locking yourself in a tower!"

"No, I won't. Believe it or not, when I finish Wellesley, I'm going to be a doctor."

"What does your mother think of that idea?"

"Oh, heavens! I wouldn't dare to mention it! I have to work gradually, you know. Wellesley is my first big victory, and Coming-Out is my concession to Mother. I just came down for the week-end, and I go back Sunday night. *Thank goodness!*"

Jay tried to conceal the fact that this was somewhat of a shock to him. It hadn't occurred to him that she'd be going back, and he suddenly realized that he very much wished she weren't going!

They were among the last to leave the La Conga. In the taxi she sat in her corner looking out at the swirling snow.

"May I see you tomorrow night, Jonquil?" asked Jay.

"I'm afraid not," she said. "I'm going to the theater. Sorry."

"Okay. I'll see you tomorrow afternoon, anyway."

"No, you mustn-t—I don't—"

"Your mother invited me, you know. Don't you want to see me again?"

"Why, yes, but—"

"I'll be there then—unless I get an emergency call."

THE next morning Jay dropped into a florist's, selected two green orchids, and had them sent to Jonquil. By the time he arrived at the Stuart apartment that afternoon it was so crowded that at first he couldn't even see Jonquil. Then finally, over in a corner, he discovered her in conversation with a big, blond beast who was eyeing her in a predatory manner which Jay resented. He wormed his way across the room with all possible speed.

"Hello!" They both turned around. "Oh, hello!" Jonquil seemed glad to see him. "Oh—Mr. Gibbs, Mr.—Pennington." They shook hands. For a few minutes Mr. Gibbs lingered on and they indulged in three-cornered pleasantries—at least they *would* have been pleasantries if Jonquil had been a bit more cordial to Mr. Gibbs. Jay noted with a mixture of relief and dismay that she had resumed the insulated manner which she apparently used on all members of the upper classes. If he could only make her feel that there were worse things than being a son of the rich . . . .

She turned to him and said reproachfully, "You shouldn't have done it!"

Jay registered surprise. "Done what?"

"You know what I mean; you shouldn't have bought these orchids!"

"Why? Didn't you like them?"

"Of course I like them! They are perfectly beautiful—" she glanced down at the flowers on her shoulder, "but you shouldn't be spending your money that way!"

"Oh, well, the flowers were sort of an investment. I'm courting you."

"C-Courting me?"

"Yep. I'm going to marry you for your money."

Jonquil choked over her cocktail. Jay, undaunted, went on. "I'd make a grand husband, you know, and they're very scarce these days. Too many Big Business men. Women want Romance."

Jonquil was staring at him as though she couldn't believe her ears. "You don't mean that!"

Jay raised his eyebrows. "Of course I mean it! You said yourself that we don't get many chances! So our best bet, is to marry money—just like chorus girls do, you know!"

Jonquil was still looking at him in a stunned manner. She swallowed hard, and finally managed to gasp, "Please excuse me—" and moved away. Jay felt a bit remorseful about that hurt expression in her eyes, but he assured himself that it was all for the best. By the time he was ready to break down and confess that he had only been putting on an act, maybe she'd be good and glad he *wasn't* a gigolo! He was quite pleased with his brilliant idea.

During the rest of the party Jonquil carefully avoided him, and he made no attempt to track her down until the guests began to drift away, then he sought her out again. . . . "Are you ready to go to the Penguin Club now?"

She turned a sizzling stare upon him. "I am *not* going to the Penguin Club with you. Or any place else for that matter!"

"Oh, yes, you are! That is, if you're wise, you are. Because, if you won't go, I shall feel forced to report to one of those avid columnists that Miss Jonquil Stuart had to hire men to dance with her at her party."

She gaped at him in incredulous horror. "You mean—you'd actually b-b-*blackmail* me?"

"Tsk-tsk, Jonquil! Mustn't use naughty words like that! Now, run and get your coat like a good girl!"

Her face went white. "All right," she said, almost inaudibly, "I'll get my things."

In the taxi Jonquil stared straight ahead in frozen silence. The Penguin Club was crowded and noisy and their table was practically on the dance floor.

Jay leaned over to speak to her. "There's Reggie Pelham over there, collecting dirt for his column. Now, if you'll only try to look 'that way' about me, maybe we'll make his column!" Jonquil started to rise from the table. "I wouldn't do *that!*" said Jay. "It might look as though you were walking out on me."

At this point, she might have done exactly that, if a very personable young man had not bobbed up beside them. "Well, well, *look* who's here! Jay Pennington, III, himself!"

Jay looked up quickly. Feg Phelan! This *would* happen—He got to his feet. *"Hello,* Feg!" he said with forced gusto as they shook hands. If he could *only* guide the conversation—"Miss Stuart, may I present Mr. Phelan?"

Jonquil nodded icily and Feg bowed. "Well! So they *do* let you out sometimes! And here we've all been feeling so sorry for you—"

Jay hastily cut in. "Oh, yes, business is good. Out every night! How have *you* been?"

"Oh, fine!" He turned to Jonquil. "We call him the Baltimore Florence Nightingale, and we've been saying, 'Poor Old Pennington buried under all those thermometers and things, working like a slave!' "

JAY sensed that Jonquil's ears picked up like a police dog's. He grinned weakly at her. "One of my customers is a nurse."

"Huh?" said Feg. He looked puzzled then noticed the silly expression on Jay's face. "Say, are you drunk?"

"Oh, no, I'm just—" he floundered in an unconvincing manner.

"Well, I don't blame you!" Feg slapped his arm. "Have a good time, Fellow! You medicos work yourself to death anyway! Gotta run along, now. Glad to have met you, Miss Stuart. You've got a swell guy here!" He breezed away, and Jay sat down and looked at Jonquil. Her wide-open eyes flashed blue lightning.

"So!" she finally said, and her words were like chips of ice. "You *are* Jay Pennington of Baltimore. And you've been making a fool of me all this time! *Pretending* you were a gigolo!"

"Well," said Jay defending himself, "I'm not much *better* than a gigolo—I'm only an interne."

"Of all the low-down, dirty tricks I ever heard of—!" She made inarticulate sounds of rage, and began to scramble into her coat.

"May I remind you," said Jay in a low voice, "that these columnists love scenes? If you will pull yourself together, I'll take you home. You may explode all over the taxi."

When they were in the taxi, Jay leaned forward and spoke to the driver. "Will you please drive us through the park—slowly?"

Jonquil nearly sprang out of her seat. "You will not! Take me to the Ritz Tower—at once!"

"Through the Park!" repeated Jay.

"The Ritz Tower!" Jonquil fairly shrieked.

THE taxi slowed down. "Well, make up your minds!" said the driver.

"I *said* the Park!" snapped Jay. "Okay, get going!" They got going.

"Now, my enraged tigress!" said Jay leaning back, "I happen to have a *few* things I'd like to say to you! To begin with, it hasn't occurred to you as yet, that you started this—I didn't! I walked into the Sapphire Bar for a nightcap after having dinner with my uncle and aunt, and you were sitting there all alone. You ordered me to sit down and drink—and I did because I was too surprised to do anything else."

"It must have been great sport for you!—Laughing at me all the time—and telling me those fantastic lies!"

"Jonquil, I would have told you who I was right away if you hadn't so obviously thought that every male who wasn't up from the gutter was a washout. I wanted you to learn to like me before I broke down and confessed that I came from the right side of the railroad tracks."

"I think you're the most despicable person I've ever met, and I never want to see you again."

"Okay." Jay's voice was very cold now. "It's probably just as well, since you're such a snob!"

"A SNOB? I am *not* a snob!"

"Oh, yes, you are! You're an inverted snob. You're down on all the upper classes. You probably think I'll make a poor surgeon just because my father paid for my education. And while we're on the subject I may as well tell you that *you'd* make a very poor doctor. You'd probably refuse to operate upon a man because he was born at Newport!"

Jonquil was silent.

For a long minute they remained as animated as the stone lions in front of the Public Library. Then the driver slowed up and turned his head.

"Do you people realize it costs money to ride through this Park?"

"So what?" asked Jay.

"So what?" snorted the driver. "So you'd better make the most of it!" He turned back and picked up speed.

"Pretty fresh, isn't he?" said Jay.

"I don't think so," said Jonquil.

"No?"

"No! Somebody in this cab should have some sense."

"Meaning *me?"* asked Jay.

"Meaning *me,"* said Jonquil.

They both turned at the same time. Maybe there *was* a stone in the road that caused the driver to swerve suddenly. Anyway the lions came together and stayed there.

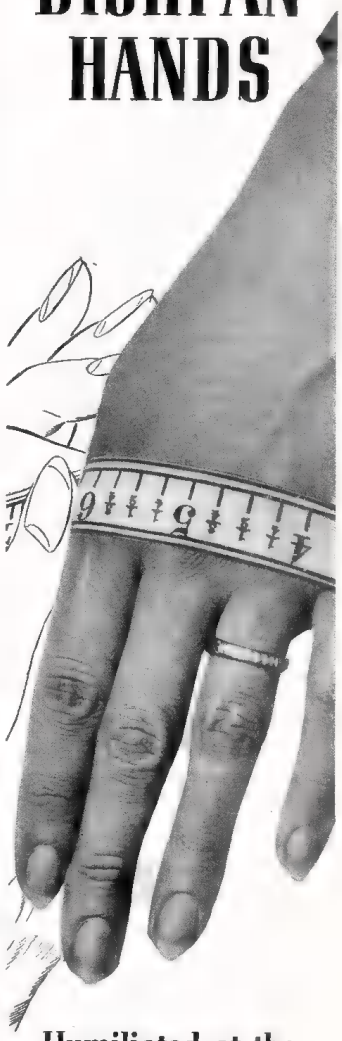
"That's better," called the driver, taking his eyes off the rear-vision mirror and settling down to a steady fifteen miles an hour.

Jonquil sighed. "What do you think can be done about me?" she asked. "Am I hopeless?"

Jay tightened his arms in case of another swerve. "I prescribe a few orange blossoms and an invigorating trip to the south of France, followed by fairly steady doses of me for the rest of your life," he pronounced.

"Well," said Jonquil happily, "you're the doctor!"

HATED
to show clerk her
DISHPAN HANDS



Humiliated at the glove counter . . .

Everywhere she went, they embarrassed her—those rough, red dishpan hands. Yet dishpan hands are so unnecessary! Clever wives use Lux for dishes every day.

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Use Lux for dishes..

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WHITE ROUGE
solves the problem of shade selection

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 58]

Jeff bit his lip. "He didn't waste any time. We've made a dent. We'll give him ten minutes."

They sat next to the phone, tense. The phone rang. Eden picked it up in a flash this time. "Yes?"

"Mrs. Day?" came Bennett's voice. "Mrs. Peter Day?"

"Yes." Eden nodded to Jeff.

"Mrs. Day. This is a friend of—your husband's."

"I haven't got a husband," said Eden in a monotone.

At the other end of the line Bennett frowned. "I mean your—er—late husband."

"I never was married," said Eden. Jeff grinned.

"See here," Bennett said angrily. "I called for Mrs. Peter Day—"

"That's me," said Eden. "I've got reasons for using that name."

"What reasons?"

"It'll cost you dough to find that out." Eden's voice was extraordinarily flat and hard.

"You're a fake," said Bennett ominously.

"Sure," said Eden. She hung up.

Jeff grabbed her, hugged her and lifted her into the air. "Perfect, honey! Perfect!"

"He didn't sound so happy," said Eden. "He said, 'You're a fake.'"

Jeff laughed.

"What next?" asked Eden. "I'm getting to like this. I think I'll hire out as a—"

"Give it the same way," said Jeff. "Like we decided. We'll have that baby groggy."

Eden nodded. "Jeff—" She hesitated. "What if he doesn't call?"

Jeff put his finger on her nose. "He will, my sweet."

FIVE minutes later the phone rang again. "Steady," Jeff whispered. Eden answered.

"Mrs. Day," Bennett's voice rang out, "you are aware, no doubt, that by using a false name—"

"Listen, Bennett!" said Eden.

Lionel Bennett almost dropped the phone. How did the woman know who he was? His tongue felt dry. "What did you say?"

"I said, 'Listen, Bennett.'"

Bennett's hands were trembling. "My name is—Smith."

Eden allowed herself one curt, metallic laugh. "All right, Al. I don't play twenty questions. Listen, Bennett. I'm in town. I mean business. If you won't do it, others will."

Bennett tried to control his voice. "I don't understant what—"

"You understand damn well," said Eden. "You didn't call me for a crocheting stitch."

"I—what kind of business are you referring to?"

Eden dropped her voice. "I'm not saying. I don't like telephones."

"I—I'll come into town. About three. Meet me—"

"No. I prefer your house."

"I—I have guests."

"Get rid of 'em."

Bennett said, "Suppose you drop in tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow's too late." Eden's voice rasped. "Make up your mind, Brains. I got things to do."

Bennett's palms felt dry. "Very well." He wasn't taking any chances. This woman—he couldn't make it out. She wasn't easy; she knew his name! "Come over now."

"No."

"Well—er—around noon."

"No. Tonight."

"Tonight?" Bennett sounded chastened.

"Tonight. Seven o'clock."

Eden slammed the receiver into the hook. Jeff looked at her and grinned. "You've got what it takes, baby."

He hurried down to the lobby and put through a person-to-person call to Macaulay Jones in Washington.

"Mac? Jeff. Get this straight. It's absolutely necessary that our friend Merrill be at home tonight from seven to nine St. Louis time!"

Mac said, "He'll be there."

"He'd better! Call me at the St. Francis, room 1016, as soon as you've settled it, Mac. You know how to spell my name? N-O-L-A-N. Theodore J. I'll be waiting."

In forty minutes Mac called back. "Okay, Mr. Nolan. Our friend Merrill will be at home from seven to nine St. Louis time."

Jeff said, "Sure?"

"Positive."

"Attaboy."

Jeff whistled as he went back to Eden's room.

MEANWHILE Tommy Norton was standing in front of the Paradise Peak Poolroom, waiting. A car pulled up and three men got out. They all wore snap-brim hats. One wore a brown suit with large lapels. One wore a kind of mauve shade with a thin herring-bone pattern. The third wore a dark green suit, a light green shirt with a tab-collar, and a plain dark green tie.

The three men went into the poolroom. Tommy didn't say anything to them. He just looked at the fellow in the green suit. The fellow looked him over and, just as he went into the poolroom, nodded shortly. Tommy waited a minute, then followed them in. They were walking all the way back, past the pool tables, to a door. Tommy went that way too. He went through the door and found himself in a hallway with some steps. He went up the steps to the next floor. There were two doors. One was closed, the other slightly open. Tommy went into the open one.

The three men were sitting at a table under an electric light. There were no windows in the room.

"This the punk?" the fellow in mauve said to the fellow in green.

The fellow in green said, "You the guy? You called me?"

Tommy nodded. "Who's Molly?"

"Me." The fellow in green pushed a chair to Tommy with one foot. Tommy closed the door and sat down.

"Well?" said Tommy. "What do you say?"

Molly looked at the other two and said, "Lay it down."

Tommy told them what he wanted them to do. He pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and put it on the table. "The time is all worked out here," he said. "And it's got to click, too."

The man in mauve picked the paper up and handed it to Molly. Molly didn't look at it. "We can learn our lessons later. Let's talk."

"All right," said Tommy. "Go ahead. Let's talk."

"What's in it?" asked Molly.

"Three hundred."

The fellow in mauve shook his head. "You slay me."

Molly said, "The boys don't think it's enough."

Tommy shrugged. "It's not my dough. I got orders."

Molly said, "It's not enough."

"Even in town it's not enough," said the fellow in brown. "This is twenty miles out. I got to find the way things lay."

"Bennett's got pull," said Molly. "He's got his boys too."

"We'll handle Bennett," said Tommy.

The man in brown began to pare his nails with a pocket knife. "I'll have to tap it raw. I won't monkey with the box."

"All right," said Tommy. "Four hundred for the job. It's not a big job."

"It's got angles," said Molly.

"We'll protect you."

The fellow in brown said, "Where'll the call be to?"

"Washington."

The man in mauve looked at Molly and said, "I won't tangle up with any federals."

Molly nodded. "Who'll be on the other end?"

Tommy said, "Not a government man. A private party."

"What's he called?" asked Molly.

"I can't say." Tommy's heart was pounding but he sounded cool. Jeff had given him the right slant all right. He kept thinking of what Jeff had told him. He kept remembering never to raise his voice, never to talk fast, always to say less, never to say more.

The fellow in brown looked at Tommy. "What if we get hooked?"

"We'll take care of that."

The fellow in mauve snickered contemptuously. "You're a pushover."

"I'll be with you all the way," said Tommy. "I'm taking it with you."

Molly said, "That's right. He'll be with us."

"We won't let him go away," said the fellow in mauve. "We like the way his hair is cut. He's a college boy. We wouldn't let a college boy go away."

"Lay off," said Molly. "Six hundred does it, college boy. That makes two C's each."

Tommy's pulse quickened. Jeff had told him to take it easy. They'd play him for a sucker and run out on him if he bit fast. "I was told to offer five."

The man in brown snapped his knife shut. "Listen to him. College boy was told to offer five."

"Let's roll college boy," leered the fellow in mauve.

"Can it!" Molly said sharply. "He comes by us okay." He turned to Tommy. "We got other things, fella. Six hundred."

Tommy said, "It's got to be done clean. No rattles or static."

THE man in brown looked at Tommy with disgust. "It'll be clean. I don't advertise. I never swing it."

Tommy stood up. They watched him. "All right, six hundred."

The three men nodded.

"We'll take it now," said Molly.

Tommy took three hundred-dollar bills out of his pocket. "Here's three. The rest when the job's done. I'll be with you."

"My old lady told me never to woik on credit," said the fellow in mauve.

Tommy shrugged. There were four hundred-dollar bills in the sweat-band of his hat. "Those were my orders."

The fellow in mauve said, "Let's take it from college boy. He's got it on him."

Tommy picked his hat up casually. "My boss wouldn't like that."

Molly said to the fellow in mauve, "You'll be sticking your head in a typewriter one o' these days, bright eyes. Okay, college boy. We're in."

[*Continued on page 103*]

Dear Marian Corey:-

All there is in the papers now is college shops, college shops, college shops!! That makes me mad——

It's fun reading about college clothes. I'll admit that. But look, everybody doesn't go to college. What about us working girls? Don't you think we wear clothes? How about giving us a little of your time and space? You may say that we have every day of the year to plan our clothes, and the college girl has only this particular time when she is getting ready for college. But still you don't give us the attention and make the fuss over us that you do over her. We're jealous.

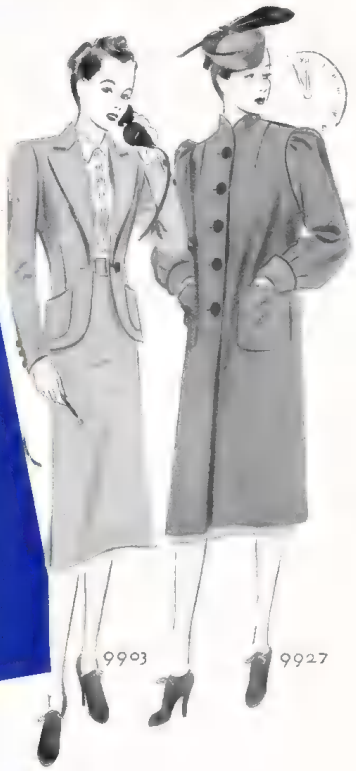
You may also say what is there to talk about in clothes for a working girl — she can wear a black dress and have a variety of collars or go on a spree and wear a flowered dress. But oh dear, that's so tiresome. We haven't much time to bother about different styles, changes, etc. We take what we think will be best for the summer or winter and let it last us a year or so. We can't afford to spend the money some college girls can, and yet we like to look well dressed. What to do?

So I am asking you, imploring you, earnestly pleading with you, to give us a little of your time, a little space in your magazine. Give us something to start on. Be a pal, be a real friend.

I am sorry to have taken it out on you, but I just read your article on college girls in the September issue — and I just had to get it out of my system.

Very sincerely yours,

Ruth T.



DEAR BUSINESS GIRL

I'm glad you wrote me. We working girls must stick together. As a matter of fact, I am always writing to business girls on this page—business girls and all girls. You see, I don't consider business girls a race apart. They are people, like everyone else. They wear the current clothes, like everyone else. A college girl, with her eternal tweeds and sweaters, *is* different, so she occasionally rates special attention.

But you, my dear, are one of the people we talk to every month in this section. These clothes are for you, and everyone else. For daytime, it is smart for all the world to wear suits and tailored dresses. So we show you suits and tailored dresses for the Job. For social afternoons, it is smart to dress up. So we suggest soft frocks for those all too few free afternoons that can be wrangled out of the Boss. For evening it is smart to look pretty and feminine and glamorous. We show you clothes like that, and that is the way you look in them.

So, having made all clear, let us now look at the clothes illustrated here. They are the nucleus of a good wardrobe for the Daily Grind.

A coat is a problem. We want one coat that will act like two. This one, No. 9927, will, if it is made of black bouclé. With a sports hat, it looks like a utility coat, and like a dressy coat when you put on one of those astonishing little afternoon hats, and add a muff or a fur scarf. And it is roomy enough to be worn over a suit. Which brings us to this suit.

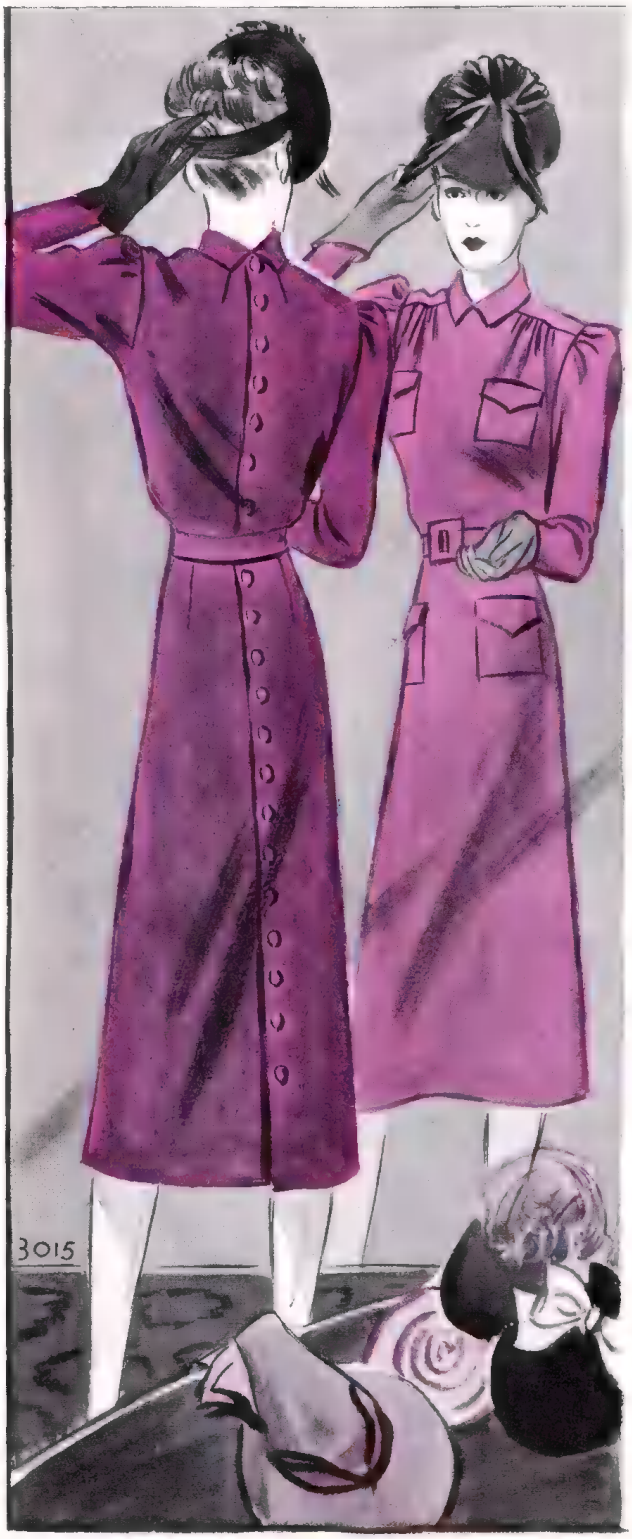
Do acquire the suit-for-the-office habit. Nothing looks smarter at a desk. If wearing a jacket all day cramps your style, then sit at your typewriter in the skirt and bright blouse. We see such smart looking secretaries dressed that way, their jackets draped over the back of the extra chair by their desks. When the buzzers buzz, they arise, dust off their noses, put on their jackets, pick up their pads and pencils, and are on their way. The boss is wearing a nicely tailored suit, but he has nothing on his secretary. She is just as nicely tailored. We especially like this mannish suit, No. 9903. Since the coat is black, the suit could be grey, or stone blue, or teal, or wine, or plum. The sports hat could be black, or match the suit.

The third item in this Daily Grind wardrobe is the dress you wear to the office on those days when something interesting is a-foot after five o'clock. Two things are required of such a dress. It must look all right in the office, and it must look special enough for the after-five engagement. Well, that is easy because the smartest dressy dresses are simple ones whose mission in life is to be just good backgrounds for accessories. This matelassé dress, No. 3004, is perfectly simple. That makes it all right for office hours. But when the office force has cleared out at five, then you start changing this dress into something more glamorous. After doing the necessary with comb, cream, powder, rouge and lipstick, you take out of your bag two huge jewelled clips, a bracelet and earrings, and put them on. Then out of a little hat box which you brought to work with you that morning, you lift a tiny *fuchsia colored velvet hat*. Perhaps it has a veil on it. Perhaps a bird is sitting on top. At any rate it has no go-to-business air about it whatever. Next from the hat box comes a short fuchsia-and-silver lamé scarf, just a bit of which will show above your coat collar. And last out of the box you lift a fuchsia velvet muff, all shirred! Now give yourself one last long lingering look in the mirror and decide that all's right with the world after all.

We hope you like this wardrobe. We hope you don't say it's too plain. All smart clothes are plain. You dress them up with interesting accessories—clips, necklaces, bracelets, scarfs, fancy hats, furs and whatnot. But the dress is plain.

One final word. The up-to-date business girl like everyone else, has put her hair up. Please don't tell us that the up-swept hair-do makes you look older. It is smart now *not* to look like a little girl! It is smart to look like a charming young lady. We don't, however, think the well groomed business girl ought to wear a bird's nest of untidy curls on the crest of her up-hair. Get the hair up, swirl it or twist it so that it stays, have a *few* curls on the top, and *plain* combs.

Sincerely, **MARION COREY**



BUTTONED FORE AND AFT

BACK-BUTTONED DRESSES are quite all right if the buttons are flat. The one here is all buttons at the back and all pockets in the front. That is what makes it look so chic. No. 3015.

FRONT BUTTONING is good looking also, and suddenly very much in fashion again. Two other good points about this buttoned dress are the square neck and the short sleeve. No. 3016.

A HIGH-LOW NECKLINE is found in the third frock. You need the high line for your up hair-do, but in this frock you can also have the benefit of the flattering deep line. No. 3010.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

"I was mad enough to jump overboard"

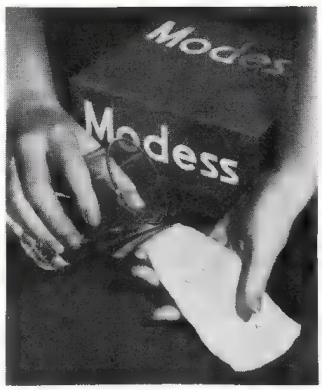
Gee—was I sorry for myself! And mad, too! Five precious days of the cruise I'd planned and saved for—to be spoiled by chafing discomfort and annoyance! I thought of the dancing and gay deck games, and inwardly wailed . . . Oh, *why* was I born a woman?

Well—at least I've drawn a nice cabin companion, I consoled myself, when I met the girl who was sharing my stateroom. And apparently it was mutual, for before we were unpacked we were friends . . . And I was telling her my troubles.

"Me, too"—she grinned. "But it doesn't get me down. Though I used to feel just as you do about it until I discovered Modess. But now—with Modess—I'm so completely comfortable I just don't think about it . . ."

"Here"—she continued, offering me a box of Modess. "Help yourself. Fortunately, I brought an ample supply." And while I finished unpacking, she explained how Modess is made and why it's so wonderfully comfortable . . .

"It's made differently," she said, and cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see and feel the *fluffy*, soft-as-down filler. "There!" she exclaimed. "Did you ever see anything so soft as this?" Then—she showed me how *safe* Modess is . . .



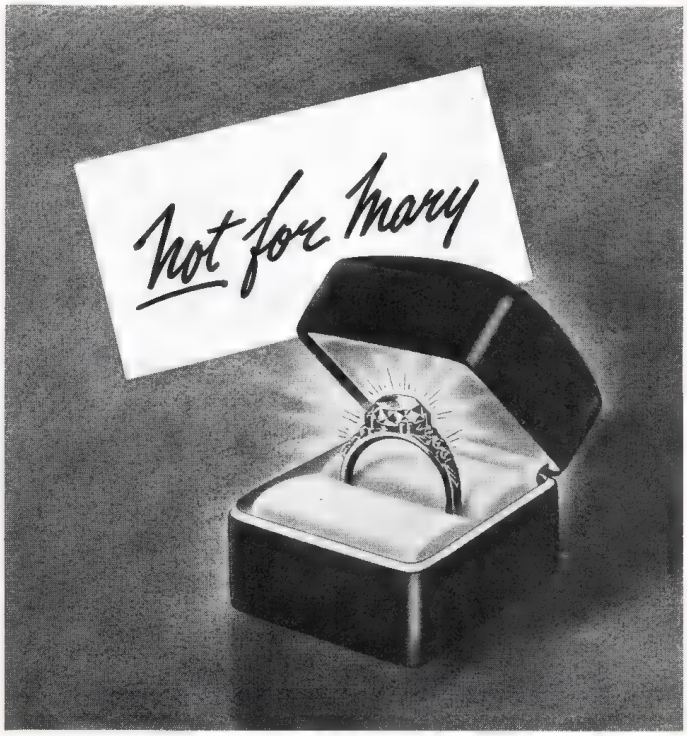
Taking out the moisture-resistant backing, she dropped water on it. Not a drop went through! "And," she pointed out, "there's a blue line on the back of every Modess pad that shows how to wear it for the greatest comfort and protection!"

Well—every day of that cruise was glorious! Not a single uncomfortable moment—thanks to Modess. So, naturally, I've been a Modess booster ever since. And just think—for all its comfort and security, Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, ASK FOR "JUNIOR MODESS"

NOT MARY'S YEAR TO GET MARRIED



Girls who win men's love
keep charming, keep attractive—with MUM

ANOTHER year gone slowly past—another engagement ring she didn't get! How Mary envied other girls! If *they* could be happy—if *they* found love—why couldn't *she?*

Mary could have found love, too—but she didn't give love a chance! Some day, perhaps, she'll learn that men marry girls who are dainty and sweet—girls who use Mum!

For Mum guards charm—Mum prevents underarm odor! No bath, however perfect, is enough for underarms. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Popular girls never risk offending others. Mum so quickly, so easily, so surely keeps a girl *safe!*

ONLY 30 SECONDS TO USE! A pat of this pleasant cream under this arm, under that, and you're through!

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is so soothing you can use it even after underarm shaving. Harmless to fabrics, too!

MUM LASTS ALL DAY! Without stopping perspiration Mum stops every trace of odor. Mum keeps you sweet the *whole day long.* Remember—no girl is attractive who isn't dainty. Get Mum from your druggist today, and be sure of your charm.

MUM AFTER YOUR BATH MAKES YOUR CHARM LAST!

I'VE GOT A DATE SO I'M USING MUM. A BATH JUST ISN'T ENOUGH!
TO HERSELF—
EASY TO TELL MUM KEPT ME FRESH! JACK HATES TO SAY GOODNIGHT!
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins
Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Avoid embarrassment. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

TIPS TO SANTA CLAUS

BY ELISABETH BLONDEL

KEEP an eye on the dolls! They've gone in strong for the national costume idea and are blossoming out this Christmas as bonnie Scotch lassies, Tyrolean peasant girls, etc. (633). A wise Santa knows that a set of such colorful costumes will go to a little girl's heart quicker than anything else if she has a "Movie" doll.

Those embroidered little outfits for baby dolls—to keep them snug while they sleep and dainty when they're dressed up—are heart winners too (632). A Dy-Dee doll couldn't have anything nicer for Christmas.

Buy patterns from McCall dealers, or by mail, prepaid, from McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio, at prices and sizes listed on the last page.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

VELVET appears in new colors. There are teal, beige, stone blue, rosewood and rust. The rosy rust velvet dress on this page, like all this season's frocks, is beautifully simple. It should be, for the fabric is the thing, and all dresses are designed to show it off. No. 3018.

THE PUSHED-UP SLEEVE, which you have heard so much about, can be seen in the matelassé frock. It is draped to look pushed up. And the sleeve tops are stiffened to stand up. This dress with its tiny band neckline is a perfect background for a necklace. No. 3006.

TWO-SLIT NECKLINES offer interesting possibilities for jewelry. The beige velvet frock puts clips above these slits. You can thread a necklace through them, or a big pin can span the space between them. This frock has a trim waist, with all fulness above it. No. 3011.

VELVET IN NEW COLORS

THE SHRUGGED SHOULDER

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

THE "UP SLEEVE," so important now, is shown here. The two-piece frock has the tailored type, with a stiffened half-moon section inserted at top. It gives one a kind of shrug. No. 3028.

GATHERED SLEEVES are stiffened to stand up in this shrugged manner. Look at those in the buttoned dress at the left. Taffeta was shirred in when the sleeve was shirred. No. 3003.

THE NECKLACE DRESS has a tiny band collar because this type of neckline makes the best background for necklaces. Also important is the above-the-waistline skirt, back belted. No. 3023.

SQUARE LINES and contrasting sleeves are important things about the black dress opposite. It may also be important to you to know that this dress can easily be made in a day. No. 3004.

SMOOTH SHOULDERS are smart, too. For those who do not care for frocks with "shrugged" sleeves, there is that dress opposite with its smooth sleeves, neck and yoke all cut in one. No. 3007.

THE SMOOTH SHOULDER

THE NEWEST HEARTBREAKER in the evening mode is the frock at the left. It is made of velvet with set-in bands of taffeta traveling from shoulder to hem. It has the gathered skirt and tight little bodice of a by-gone age, and the old-fashioned elegance of that day. But these things are the new fashion now. No. 3033.

HOOP SKIRTS are in the headlines. You can buy hoop petticoats to wear under wide skirted frocks like the one above. (It's almost eight yards around the hem.) Or you can stiffen the hem with a band of crinoline, or you can make the dress of taffeta or slipper satin and let it stand out by its own power. No. 3027.

For yardage see page following last fashion page.

HEART BREAKERS WITH NEW AND OLD WAYS

THE GIBSON GIRL GOWN at the left is the sensation of Paris. How right it looks with the up-swept coiffure! Long sleeves for evening are a surprise, but they are definitely in character, and just part of this new mode for things old. They are lined part way with something stiff to make them stand out. No. 3034.

VICTORIAN IDEAS have been working on the pink and purple frock. There are the huge sleeves for instance, all stiffened to make them stand up and away. And there is the wide wide skirt which measures almost eight yards around. And there is the heart-breaking, heart-shaped decolletage of the Victorian era. No. 3026.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

THEY STEPPED OUT FROM OLD PORTRAITS

STIFFENED SLEEVES

STIFFENING is put into all the new sleeves at the top. The wine frock is stiffened with taffeta, the taffeta being gathered in when the sleeve was gathered. To make sure that the sleeve will stand up in the new shrugged-shoulder manner, turn the armhole seam outward. No. 3030.

LAVIN'S "ROMAN PURPLE" is illustrated by the dress in the center. This dress, too, has sleeves stiffened at the shoulder. The fabric is matelassé. To avoid stretching of the matelassé, one could line the skirt with China silk three-quarters of the way down. No. 3020.

SET-IN BELTS have the virtue of always staying in place. They look very smart, too. In this buttoned frock the belt is set in across the front only. It and the panel and the run-up neckline are all cut in one piece. There is a belt at back to hold the waist in closely. No. 3031.

For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

ABOVE-THE-WAISTLINE skirts give a much more graceful line than the usual belted skirt, provided one has a nice waistline to begin with. If not, one can add a belt to the lovely red frock shown above. Its neckline and waistline have the same swooping curves. No. 3024.

HIGH NECKLINES are again all over the place. They go with the high hair fixes, for one thing. They are so young looking, for another. The blue frock—this is the new "stained glass blue," by the way—shows the favorite high neck, and a new draped bodice. No. 3022.

RUN-UP NECKLINES

For yardage and back views see page following last fashion page.

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For back views and yardage see page following last fashion page.

SOFT TAILORING

VELVET SLEEVES in a wool dress, is a new idea. And it's smart to accent the sleeves with a velvet hat. We have done that in the dress at the far left. The little band collar is velvet, too. No. 3019.

THE TEAL BLUE dress is a styled-up shirtfrock, with something quite new in standing-band collars. It is cut in one with the fronts and open at the throat. This takes away all severity. No. 3009.

SATIN AND WOOL is a smart combination. The black dress not only has a satin yoke, but the half-moon tops in the sleeves are satin. The collarless neckline is two-way, turning back in revers. No. 3013.

LEATHER BUTTONS trim the brown wool dress above. It is a buttoned shirtwaister, all softened up and made becoming by the shirring at the shoulders and the shirred-and-stiffened sleeves. No. 3025.

No. 9903. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 35-inch material or 3 yards 54-inch.

No. 9927. Size 36, 3 yards 54-inch material, lining 3 yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 3003. Size 16, 4⅜ yards 35-inch material or 4 yards of 39-inch, or with nap 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 3004. Size 16, 2¾ yards 35-inch material, 2½ yards 39-inch or 1½ yards 54-inch, sleeves 1⅞ yards 35-inch or ⅞ yard 39 or 54-inch. All one material 3⅝ yards 35-inch, 3 yards 39-inch or 2⅛ yards 54-inch.

No. 3006. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 35-inch material, 2⅞ yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch, or with nap, 3¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 3007. Size 16, 2⅝ yards 35-inch or 39-inch material or 1⅝ yards 54-inch, yoke and sleeves, 1⅛ yards 35 or 39-inch or ¾ yard 54-inch.

No. 3009. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch material, 3⅜ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 3010. Size 16, 3½ yards 35-inch material, 3¼ yards 39-inch or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 3011. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch material, 3½ yards 39-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch.

No. 3013. Size 36, 3½ yards 35-inch material, 2⅞ yards 39-inch or 1⅞ yards 54-inch, ⅝ yard 35-inch or ½ yard 39-inch contrast.

No. 3015. Size 16, 3⅞ yards 35-inch material, 3¼ yards 39-inch or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 3016. Size 16, 3½ yards 35-inch material, 3⅛ yards 39-inch or 2⅛ yards 54-inch, corded braid 2¾ yards.

No. 3018. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35 or 39-inch material or 2½ yards 54-inch.

No. 3019. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 35-inch material, 2⅝ yards 39-inch or 1¾ yards 54-inch, contrast, ⅞ yard 35-inch, ¾ yard 39-inch or ⅝ yard 54-inch.

No. 3020. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch material or 3½ yards 39-inch.

No. 3022. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch material, 3½ yards 39-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch, or with nap, 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 3023. Size 16, 3¼ yards 35-inch material or 2¾ yards 39-inch, ½ yard 35-inch or ⅜ yard 39-inch contrast.

No. 3024. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch material or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 3025. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 35-inch material, 3⅜ yards 39-inch or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 3026. Size 16, 7¼ yards 35-inch material, 7⅛ yards 39-inch, 6¼ yards 50-inch or 6½ yards 44-inch organdy, 1¼ yards 35-inch, 1 yard 39-inch or ⅞ yard 44 or 50-inch contrast.

No. 3027. Size 36, 7⅝ yards 35-inch material, 7½ yards 39-inch or 7⅜ yards 44-inch organdy, or with nap, 8⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 3028. Size 16, jacket, 2 yards 35-inch material, 1⅝ yards 39-inch or 1⅜ yards 54-inch, skirt, 2 yards 35- or 39-inch or 1⅛ yards 54-inch.

No. 3030. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch material, 3⅝ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 3031. Size 36, 3¾ yards 35-inch material, 3⅝ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 3033. Size 16, 5⅛ yards 35-inch material, 4¾ yards 39-inch or 3⅝ yards 50-inch, or with nap, 5⅜ yards 39-inch, 1¾ yards 35, 39 or 50-inch for bands.

No. 3034. Size 36, 5⅛ yards 35-inch material, 4¾ yards 39-inch or 3⅜ yards 54-inch.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 90]

He picked up the three bills.

The man in brown asked, "You got the machine?"

"It's at the hotel. Plenty of wire and rolls. What else do you need?"

The man in brown said, "That's enough. I'll use my own clips."

"What if he don't make the call?" asked Molly casually.

"He will."

"What if he don't?"

Tommy said, "You'll strong-arm him."

Molly nodded.

"The time is worked out on the schedule," said Tommy. "We'll send the machine down in a trunk at five. Pick it up at the baggage room of the St. Francis. I'll meet you here at a quarter to six. We'll drive out together."

They nodded.

"I'll be seeing you."

"Okay, fella," said Molly.

Tommy went downstairs, out the back door and to room 1016 of the St. Francis.

Jeff locked the trunk, gave the key to Tommy, and had the porter take it downstairs at five. At five-thirty Tommy went back to Paradise Peaks. At a quarter to six Molly and the two men drove up in a big car and Tommy got in. The trunk was fastened to the rack in the back.

At six o'clock Eden walked into a Drive-Ur-Own-Car place and rented a black coupe. She gave the man a twenty dollar deposit and signed the contract "Eden Fleming." She made the man check the gas, oil, water and tires while she watched. She set the "trip" mileage speedometer to zero. Then she drove out. She stopped three blocks away, in front of a market. Jeff was on the corner waiting. He came over to her. "All ready, honey. What does your watch say?"

"Six-twenty," said Eden.

"Good. Got it straight?"

Eden nodded. "I think so. I get there at seven-thirty. I'll have to keep down to a crawl."

"It's under twenty miles on the map," said Jeff.

"I see Tommy a mile this side of the place on the right side of the road, with his trouble squad. I get there seven-thirty. Mr. Bennett, gnawing his nails in anguish by this time, meets me at the door with orchids, takes my opera cape with a low southern bow, and we go into a minuet. I stall. He fumes. I stall. Then I take the poisoned dagger, cry 'Lafayette, we are—'"

Jeff smiled. "You ought to be a writer. I'll ring him seven thirty-five on the dot."

"I hope so. I stall feebly."

"Okay. Get going."

EDEN looked at him sadly. "Darling. *Must* I leave now? I could leave at seven and make it hands down."

Jeff shook his head. "You're leaving now. We can't take chances. You might run a flat, get off the main road—"

"Jeff," Eden pleaded. "Five minutes more. Get in and talk to me and we'll—"

Jeff wouldn't get in. "Uh-uh. You've got to go. Right now."

Eden wrung her hands. "Love, honor and obey. You'd think we were married already. 'Tain't fair."

"It may not be fair, but it's smart. Start moving, half-wit. I like a woman who can take orders."

"I'm not your woman."

"You will be."

Eden made a move. "Jeffrey, you never even asked me to marry you."

Jeff groaned.

"Come on. Ask me."

"I'm asking you. Start, Eden, start."

Eden put her hands before her face. "I'm blushing. Ask me."

"Will you *please*—"

Eden shook her head coyly. "Ask me, Jeffrey, ask me."

Jeff yanked her half out of the car, to the window. "Will you marry me, Eden?"

"Darling!" she cried and threw her arms around him. They kissed. Eden clung to him: her lips were warm. Jeff pushed her back, not without considerable difficulty. "Now *move*."

Eden laughed and raced the motor. "Mr. Brett, I fly, I flee, I go on wings of song. You're a dear, Jeff. I'll marry you. That was a proposal. I've got witnesses. You can't get out of it now. You've got to marry me. I'll haunt your closet if you don't."

Jeff got off the running board and began to wave. "Goodbye, grandma, goodbye. Be careful, grandma. Goodbye!"

People stared at them. Jeff was grinning like a lunatic. Eden clenched her teeth. *"Cad!"* She threw the car in gear and tore away.

When she had turned the corner, Jeff walked back to the Drive-Ur-Own-Car and picked out a big, fast sedan with a large trunk-case in back. He signed as "Jeffrey Brett," checked the gas and oil himself, looked at the tires, looked at the spare, had a few more drops of water put in. He set the "trip" speedometer to zero and drove out. He parked in front of a restaurant, turned off the motor, looked at his wrist-watch and waited.

THE black coupe purred along. Eden kept looking at her speedometer and slowing down. It seemed to her she had never gone so slowly. She kept close watch on her mileage.

The sun was down but the cool light made things stand out sharply; the trees had etched-like precision against the sky; the road serpentined before her like a steel-gray ribbon. It would be almost dark soon, Eden thought, and dark enough at seven-thirty. By eight—Tommy and his boys needed it dark to work their end of it. Everything was going beautifully; everything was checking. She hoped the tough boys wouldn't have to— She looked at her watch, looked at the speedometer, checked her mileage. It was seven o'clock. She had gone twelve miles. She sped up for several miles, unable to resist the temptation, then slowed down to a crawl. The sky was somber, slipping into shadow. Eden turned on her lights. The road made several turns, went up a hill, then down. It was seven-twenty. Eden looked at her mileage and then at the road. She saw a big car ahead of her, parked under an enormous tree whose branches swept across the road. It had lights on. Eden turned her own lights off, on, off, on, off, on. She saw the lights in the big car ahead go off and on three times. The tail-light looked like an evil little red eye as it blinked.

Eden passed it very slowly and waved. Tommy was in the front seat next to the driver, and waved back. She couldn't see the driver's face or the faces of the two men in the back. She saw a rambling house now and

[*Continued on page 104*]

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WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 103]

slowed down, stopping at the stone pillars at each side of the road leading up to the house. She checked the numbers. It was the house. It was seven twenty-eight on her watch. She drove up to the first door, turned off the ignition, took her keys, but didn't lock the doors. She went up the stairs and rang. In a minute a butler opened the door. She went in, tightening her lips. Lionel Bennett was in the living room.

"You're late," he said.

"So what? I'm always late."

He frowned. "Be seated, please, Miss—"

"Mrs. Day. Mrs. Peter Day."

"You told me your name wasn't Mrs. Day," Bennett said.

"That's right. But I would still like to be called that. It gives me confidence."

Bennett said slowly, "How did you happen to choose that name?"

"You guess."

He picked up a letter-opener and said, "What *is* your name?"

"Rose."

"Rose what?"

"Rose Marie."

Bennett waved his hand impatiently. "Rose Marie what?"

"Rose Marie I love you."

Bennett's jaws worked. He started to swear, stopped, put the letter-opener down. "See here. I'm not—oh, speak up. What's your game? What's this 'business' you think is important to—"

There was a clock in the room and its hands crawled toward seven thirty-five. Eden's ears strained for the sound of the phone ringing. She could hear Bennett's asthmatic breathing. He had asked her something, something she'd missed.

"I want a cigarette," she said.

That would take time. It was just seven thirty-five. Why didn't the phone ring? Why didn't Jeff call?

Bennett held a cigarette-box out to her. He didn't take his eyes off her. She chose one casually. He struck a match, cupped it with his hands, and held it before her. She pretended to inhale, but blew the match out by exhaling through her nose.

"Tsk!" she said.

Bennett struck another match impatiently. She puffed in. She inhaled very deeply, leaned back, crossed her legs.

"Well. Let's not waste time." Bennett was beginning to boil. He couldn't make her out. "Talk."

"You know why I'm here."

Eden flicked an ash to the carpet. "You know why I'm here."

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"You ought to." Eden wondered how much longer she could string him along.

"Young lady!" Bennett stood up and came to her. His voice was threatening. "I think you would be wise to—"

THEN the phone rang and despite herself, Eden smiled. "All right, mister. I'll talk. I'll dash it out. I'll put it in cold storage."

The butler came into the room with an apologetic cough. "Mr. Bennett—"

"Yes?"

The butler coughed again. Bennett went over to him. The butler whispered something to him. Bennett's forehead went into wrinkles and he walked out of the room without a word. He picked up the phone. A voice hit him in the ear like a hot needle.

"Bennett? This is Jeffrey Brett. I don't have to tell you who I am or who I've been working with in Washington." Jeff was calling, from the restaurant back in St. Louis. "No, I'm in town. Just got here. Listen. Last night a woman by the name of Eden Fleming took a plane from Washington to St. Louis. One of our boys tailed her to the airport. I followed. That woman's been working with the Morley crowd on the investigation—"

Bennett's heart did things.

"She means trouble. Plenty of it!" Brett said. "I don't know what she's up to but I'm going to find out fast. Thought I ought to warn you. If she contacts you, get her over to your house and—"

"She's here now," Bennett said in a low voice.

"What?" Jeffrey Brett might have been a great actor. Horror, incredulity, rage were in his voice. "Keep her there! Don't tell her anything! Stall her along! But *don't* let her out of your house! I'm coming over!"

Bennett put down the phone and wet his lips. He started to smile once, then looked puzzled. He went back to the living room. The woman hadn't moved from the chair.

"Well, *Mrs.* Day. Pardon me. So sorry we were interrupted. I had an important call. From Phoenix, as a matter of fact. A friend of mine owns a ranch near Scottsdale, Arizona, and each year about this time he—"

"Skip it," said Eden. "You wanted me to quit stalling. All right. Now you talk up."

THE one thing Bennett didn't want to do now was talk up. He stalled. He lit a cigar, rang for coffee, settled in his chair. He got up and opened windows, closed windows, talked aimlessly.

Eden let him get away with it for a while. Then she stood up. "You're stalling. You're up to something. We can't do business."

Bennett jumped up. "No, no, no, Mrs. Day. *Please.*"

Eden started for the door. Bennett moved to block her. She let him get there.

"Please, Mrs. Day. I—I'm very eager to do business. I—my mind's been preoccupied. I was planning a fishing trip. Lots of details. You know how those things are." He was standing right in the middle of the doorway. "Let's go on with our talk. Sit down, please. Forgive me. Sit down. Tell me what you want. I'm interested. I'm *most* interested."

Eden sat down. She thought Bennett was a pretty bad hand at stalling. She wished Jeff would get there anyway. Bennett was still standing in the doorway.

"Bennett . . ." Eden's voice was low. "How much is it worth to you to have me forget I know who Peter Day is?"

Bennett's hand shook. He stared at her.

"Get what I mean?"

Bennett shook his head, but it wasn't very convincing.

Eden talked a lot without saying much.

At three minutes to eight the front doorbell rang. Bennett hurried to answer it himself. A tall, well-built man with a rugged face stood in the doorway.

"I'm Brett. Where is she?"

Bennett nodded toward the living room.

"I want a look at her."

Brett peeked through a crack in the door and cursed. "That's the Fleming gal all right. She's poison. Where can we talk?"

Bennett led him into the library.

Brett turned on him. "We're on the spot, Bennett. I have an idea what this dame is up to—and it's plenty hot. The Morley investigation re-opens Monday. They're wise to something. They've sent her out here to work on you. What does she want?"

Bennett spoke very carefully. "I—she said she knows who—"

"How'd she get out here? What was her line?"

"She said her name is Mrs. Peter Day," said Bennett.

Brett's mouth fell open. "Mrs. Peter Day! They know! They're pulling a fast one!"

Bennett wet his lips. His ears were ringing. Things were happening too fast for him. "One moment, Mr. Brett. Who *are* you? I have no reason to believe—"

Brett pulled out a card. It identified him as publicity man for "Merrill Drew and Associates." It was signed by Merrill Drew. Brett talked fast. "Listen, Bennett. Drew was pretty worried yesterday. We had conferences all day. I think the Morley outfit's got the dope on you and Drew *and* the $75,000!"

Bennett turned white. "That's a—" he began.

"Don't waste your breath. I've known about it for months. So have half a dozen people. That dame in there probably knows too."

Perspiration began to stand out on Bennett's forehead. "She asked me how much it's worth—"

"Drew's trying to cover up," Brett went on swiftly. "But they're crowding him. Drew's getting fidgety. The Fleming doll is here to keep an eye on you and stall you along so they can serve you and get you to Washington by Monday! They'll go through you like a buzz-saw. They'll get your bank-books. They'll want to know about your deposit-boxes. They'll hammer away at your income for the year Drew passed out the seventy-five grand!"

Bennett wet his lips again and again. This fellow Brett knew plenty. That woman knew plenty. They knew about the $75,000. They were wise to the Peter Day angle. Washington was wise.

"Drew'll take care of it," Bennett said suddenly. "Drew'll take care of it all."

Brett gave him a pitying look. "Sure he will. Sure. *Drew* never gets caught."

Bennett bit. "He won't let me down! You don't think he'd let me down? You don't think—"

BRETT shrugged his shoulders elaborately. "It's getting too hot for *me,* mister. *I'm* getting out. I know Drew. Maybe you do too. Maybe—It's your funeral, Bennett. Not mine. *I'm* getting out!"

Bennett grabbed him. "Wait a minute, Brett. Wait!"

"I'm calling Drew! He never gets caught! *Drew's* a smart guy." Brett picked up the phone. He got Washington. He got Merrill Drew. Then he handed the phone to Bennett. "Find out! Find out!"

Bennett took the phone. "Drew, Drew?" His eyes were glassy. "This is Bennett. A lady named Fleming is here passing herself off as Mrs. Peter Day. She says she knows about it!"

On the other end of the wire Merrill Drew broke his cigar. *"What?* Listen, Bennett. Stay clear of her!

[*Continued on page 106*]

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WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

[Continued from page 104]

Get me, stay clear of her! She's with Morley!"

The walls began to crumble for Bennett. "I know, Drew! That's why I called you! The Morley crowd sent her. They told her to use that name. Mrs. Peter—They *know*, Drew! What are they up to? You've got to cover me up! I won't go to Washington again! I won't! It won't work this time! You can't let me down! I'm not holding any bags! You told me—"

"Shut up!"

"I'm taking no chances!" Bennett cried. "They're on to us! They're on to the Peter Day angle. They've *got* something on me and you and the seventy-five thousand—"

"You fool!" cried Drew. "Stop it! Stop talking!"

"You've got to take it too, Drew! You won't run out on me! We're sunk! We're—"

And then Bennett saw several dark shapes outside the window of the library. He tore the curtain aside. He saw two men standing on guard in the garden. He saw two more men crouched around a machine. They wore snap-brim hats. One of the men had earphones on. Wires led from the earphones and the machine to some place on the wall. To some place near the telephone outlet.

BENNETT ripped the telephone back as far as he could, tearing the wires out of the box. He screamed at Brett. "Who *are* you? You double-crossed me!" He had his hand in a drawer of the desk. "You tapped those wires!"

He pulled his hand out of the drawer. He had a gun. Jeff hurled himself across the desk, smashing the ink-well against Bennett's arm. The shot hit the ceiling. Bennett tried to shoot again, then hit Jeff with the gun. Jeff let him have it. His right fist caught Bennett in the throat; his left hit Bennett in the jaw. Bennett went all weak, falling like an empty sack.

Jeff ran out. Eden had the black coupe running. Jeff jumped on the running board and she tore away. Ahead of them, they saw the big sedan shooting down the road. Eden honked her horn three times. They saw the tail-light on the sedan wink three times. Then Jeff slipped into the car and howled with joy. Eden laughed and Jeff kissed her on the hair and cheeks and hands. They sang mad songs while the car roared down the dark road toward the city.

THERE isn't much more to tell. The Morley committee hearings opened before a packed Caucus Room. The press tables looked like a lineup of the most brilliant names in journalism's Who's Who. Robert Durant's paper had brought him all the way from Warsaw to be on hand. René Bardèche arrived that morning from Paris, and had two photographers at his elbow. Floyd Slosson, G. H. Treveleyan, Stanley Kosters—all were there. Guards were stationed at the doors of the Senate Office Building to keep out an overflow mob. Jeffrey Brett's "smearing" campaign had achieved its purpose.

Merrill Drew and a battery of attorneys consulted up to the last minute. Drew had been "apprehended" several hours before on his way to a sudden vacation in Rio de Janeiro. Macaulay Jones's message to Senator Morley and the Attorney General's office had spiked that little plan.

Merrill Drew was sworn in. It was amazing how much poise the man had. He seemed as suave, as urbane, as unruffled as ever. He was the same Merrill Drew who had dominated the sessions three months before. He began to parry Morley's questions with careless gestures. He indulged in skillful repartee. He worked his way out of interrogatory traps.

The sound of sirens came into the chamber from the street. An attendant went over to Senator Morley and whispered to him. Morley smiled and nodded.

The doors were opened and two men and a girl rushed down the main aisle. The girl was beautiful, but she had no hat on and she looked as if she hadn't slept for several days. The young man looked embarrassed and grinned foolishly. The other man was tall and rugged—unshaved, his hair wild, his tie askew. He was scowling. He carried a valise under one arm and dragged an ominous black box along with the other. The only words one could distinguish out of the jumbled undertone of murmurs which went through the room were, "Jeffrey Brett."

The disheveled girl and the grinning young man sat down in the chairs reserved for witnesses. The tall rugged man went up to the committee tables, put the valise down, opened it, took out several cylinders. Attendants carried the black box up to the front of the room. They set it on a little platform, opened it, and took out a machine that looked like a dictaphone.

Senator Morley said, "Can you connect it to the public-address speakers?"

One of the attendants nodded.

The tall, rugged man said, "Hi, 8-ball!" to Merrill Drew, for some insane reason, went up to the machine, lifted the top, and put one of the cylinders in it . . . A rasping, frantic voice came out of the loud-speakers. "Drew? Drew? This is Bennett. . . ."

It was all over for Merrill Drew.

HALF of the men at the press tables dashed for phones. The other half scribbled on sheets as fast as they could and jammed them at assistants who rushed for the corridors.

The uproar of the audience soared out and hung in the air like twisted ropes. Senator Morley stood up and rapped his gavel, trembling as he said:

"Senators of the Investigating Committee, and gentlemen of the press. You will forgive me if I depart from the strict formalities of procedure at this point. I cannot close these proceedings without expressing my gratitude, and my apologies, to a man known to you all. This man was—nay, *is*—a Washington correspondent, one of that distinguished group of men who serve as the eyes and ears of our nation in the capital. But before that, he is my everlasting friend! And before *that*, he is an American who has done a great and lasting service for our country. Through great personal sacrifice, forfeiting by intention the most precious privileges to which he had been entitled, this man deliberately led men to think him dishonorable, corrupt, a betrayer. But his courage and resourcefulness have brought to this committee, and to my personal defense, the evidence by which we can at last purge our political life of a figure and an organization who tried to obstruct the processes of democratic government, who threatened the integrity of the democratic way of living. . . ."

To the horror of the audience the tall, rugged man tried to slip out of the room at this moment. The disheveled girl sprang up from her chair and caught him. They must have been mad! They kissed quite shamelessly. They whispered two lines to each other—and forgot they were standing right in front of one of the microphones!

The girl said, "You *promised* in St. Louis."

The man said, "Why d'you think I'm getting out of here?"

WASHINGTON SPOTLIGHT
by
Thomas Norton

WASHINGTON, D. C. September 4. (Exclusive to the St. Louis "Express").

Jeffrey Brett and Eden Fleming were married today and left the capital for a honeymoon to parts unknown. At Union Station, where the blushing bride and glowering groom were being wished bon voyage by a special congressional committee, a representative from the White House, and a record turnout of the press corps, the beautiful Mrs. Brett was the victim of an extraordinary accident. Her slip, her *lovely* slip. . . .

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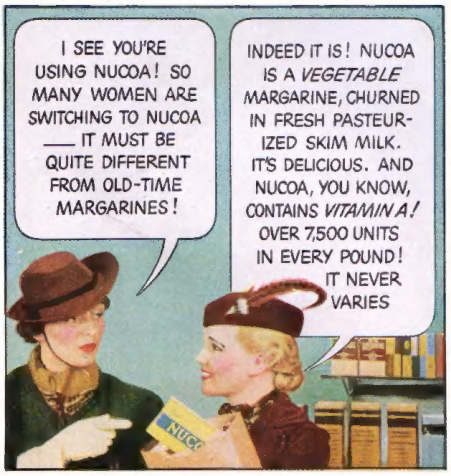
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